

Weymouth Gazette

AND TRANSCRIPT

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, AUG. 1, 1913.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Four Score Years and Five.

Mrs. Lanora Fuller Sanborn observed the 85th anniversary at the home of her son, Prospect street, Tuesday. About 50 friends and neighbors called during the afternoon and evening and extended their congratulations. Mrs. Sanborn was born in Wilton, Maine, July 20, 1828 and had lived in this town for more than half a century. She is the oldest member of the First Baptist church having joined over forty years ago. Her husband, Woodbury F. Sanborn died a few years ago and since his death she has made her home with her son. Besides Mr. Sanborn she has a daughter, Mrs. F. A. Sulis. Children, grandchildren and great grandchildren were present also her sister, Mrs. Cora Cobb and her brother, Oliver Fuller, who is 88 years old. Mrs. Sanborn received a number of handsome gifts and a purse of gold. Punch and cake was served during the afternoon and evening. A feature was 85 small birthday cakes each surmounted with an American flag, on a prettily decorated table.

Dewey's Loss 2 to 0.

In the first of a three game series, Braintree White Sox defeated the Deweys of Weymouth, on French's Common, Braintree, last Saturday afternoon 2 to 0. Burrell, catcher for the White Sox, got hit on the cap of one of his knees in the eighth inning and had to be taken to a physician's office. The score by innings:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Deweys	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Braintree	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Runs by—Taylor, Burrell. Three base hit—Taylor. Stolen base—Dennehy. Base on balls by—Ross, Mack. Struck out by—Ross 16, Mack 7. Sacrifice hit—Morales. Double plays—Pratt and Burrell; Taylor and Denbroder. Time—1 hr 40 m. Umpire—Landry.

Mrs. Margaret Lufkin Dead.

The funeral services of Mrs. Margaret Lufkin who passed away the first of the week, was held on Wednesday from her home, 50 Grant street, East Weymouth. Rev. George A. Grant, pastor of the M. E. church, conducted the services. Interment was in Fairmount cemetery. Thomas M. McLearn, F. R. Hobart, Harry Belcher, Harvey McLearn and Wallace Hobart were the pallbearers.

Poor Substitutes for Home.

"It is a sad fact, but one which cannot be disputed, that the modern city parent has relegated the secular education of his children entirely to the public school and their religious instruction to the church. Both of these institutions are struggling to meet the requirements forced upon them by the indifference of parents. There is no institution on earth which can take the place of the good home, and those children who are thrust upon strangers to learn the most sacred duties of life are defrauded of their birthright."—Suburban Life—The Countryside Magazine for August.

A Matter of Gender.

The bell of a Scottish church was giving out a very poor tone, and a committee was appointed to inquire as to what was wrong and to report on the best means of putting it right. After an examination the members were divided in their opinion, and the clerk officer, who was in attendance with the keys, was asked his view. "Fine. A ken what's wrang' w' the bell," he remarked. "It's a she-yin," meaning that it was of the feminine gender. Pressed to explain, he added, "Its tongue's owre lang—it's needin' to be clippit!" And this turned out to be really the fault. The tongue had become loosened to the extent of an inch or so and was overlapping the curve at the rim and therefore not striking truly.

Dogs of Belgium.

Belgian dogs that are harnessed to carts often work themselves to death. They may enjoy their work for a time, when they haul themselves into the collar to drag the milk cart (and often the lazy milkman as well as his cans), but they do not enjoy the ensuing paralysis. The sight of a dog dying of starvation in the streets because his paralysis jerked him away from food every time he attempted to take it is not conducive to happy memories of Belgium.

He Didn't Put it Off.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Statelate. "It's nearly midnight. I should be going pretty soon, I suppose." "Yes," replied Miss Patience Gonne. "You know the old saying, 'Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Much Worry.

"Oh dear," pouted the pretty girl in irritation, as the trolley car came to a standstill. "What is worse than waiting on a switch?" "Trying to pass on the same rail, madam," responded a gentleman beside her.—Judge.

TOWN BUSINESS.

Chief of Police Butler has filed an objection with the selectmen to persons holding the double position of regular police and active members of the Fire Department as the separate duties conflict when combined.

The dog question was a matter of discussion by the "Board" on Monday and orders are issued that licensed dogs must be restrained unless dogs killed.

The Light & Power Co. have been granted permission to erect eight poles on West street and on the 11th inst. a hearing will be given on a petition for corner on Washington street near Lovell's Corner.

The trolley freight question is again to the front. No further action will be taken on the petition which has been before the board and discussed pro and con for the past two years but the matter now comes up under a new petition by the Bay State Street Railway Co. and a hearing will be given the same at the selectmen's rooms, August 20th at 7:30 p. m.

The much talked of and long worked for lockup for East Weymouth is now coming in sight. As per vote of the town, land of Daniel Reidy adjoining to Town Hall lot was purchased some time ago but the committee have experienced a difficulty in finding a contractor who would produce the desired building within the figures appropriated. There have been some modifications in the plan and the contract signed by the committee and builder, C. A. Batson of Brockton, and ground broken for the construction.

Baseball Notes.

Stetson 15; Samec 8. The South Weymouths had their batting eyes with them all right last Saturday, getting 15 runs and 17 hits.

Carson who is pitching for the Braintree A. A. this season is certainly delivering the goods in fine style. He got away to a bad start in the first inning against Clapp last Saturday, but after the first session he had the C. M. A. boys feeding from his hand, and the longer the game went on, the better he got. 17 strikeouts is some pitching.

McCarthy, the "Maraville" of the C. M. A. is playing a fine game at shortstop for the East Weymouth aggregation.

The Stetson Shoe Co. nine has leased the field on Union street, a minutes' walk from Columbian square, and will finish the season with games on the new field. The field has been graded and put in first class condition for the first game tomorrow, when the Braintree A. A. will be the opponents. Previous to the game the players will form in front of the Norfolk club in Columbian square and with the Stetson Shoe Co. band in the lead, will march to the new grounds. During game the band will give a concert. Captain Hazelton's nine has given a fine account of itself thus far this season and expect to win a majority of the coming games. Hazelton will pitch for the Stetsons tomorrow while Carson, who defeated the C. M. A. last Saturday and got seventeen strikeouts, will pitch for Braintree.

Two league scouts were at the Brockton vs Lawrence game in Lawrence last Saturday, looking over the work of Leo Dowd, the South Weymouth boy playing second base for the Shoe City nine. Dowd is hitting the ball at a 280 clip and is fielding better than any second sacker in the league.

Leo Fraher of East Weymouth is playing shortstop for the New Glasgow nine in Nova Scotia and is playing a fast game. In his first game with New Glasgow against Westville last week he secured one of the two hits allowed by the Westville twirler and fielded his position in grand style.

For the Old Man to Decide.

Old Gotrox (savagely)—So you want to marry my daughter, do you? Do you think two can live as cheaply as one? Young Softly (slightly embarrassed)—I hardly think you will notice any difference, sir.—Puck.

Improved Shiny Cloth.

To improve shiny serge or cloth lay it flat on the table and pass a piece of fine sandpaper very gently over the shiny part. The sandpaper will roughen up the nap again, but be careful not to rub too hard, as it may wear a hole in your material.

Change of Scene.

Irritability is often cured by a change of scene. If a family could separate for a day or so, many of the little annoyances would be cleared up by the happy reunion.

Sixty-five is an Average Age.

Taking the statistics of the world, one person in every hundred lives to be sixty-five years of age.

Weymouth Town Home.

Neat, Clean and Airy Rooms, Mammoth Barn, Fine Herd of Cattle and Broad Fields of Growing Crops.

Of the 18,000 and more people of Weymouth there are probably many who do not know where the Town Home and Town Farm are, many who if they ever knew where it is, know little or nothing about it because they have never seen it but at a distance.

There are few, if any of us, who care to go there and live but yet we might any or all of us know more than we do about it without sustaining any personal injury, in fact, one can spend an hour or more there and come away feeling that the hour has been well spent.

The present superintendent and matron are people whose acquaintances it is a pleasure to make and they are pleased to have visitors call and learn of the home, its management and condition of the town's poor and unfortunate.

Mrs. Eldridge, the matron, has a keen eye to all the interior conditions of the home and it is a model of neatness and good order. On the basement floor one sees the dining rooms, for male and female occupants separate, a complete culinary department from which every thing which is served is of a clean and wholesome nature and in sufficient quantities so that there is no complaint of lack of food.

There is also in connection with this floor large and commodious bins and rooms for storage of vegetables and other foods with sanitary arrangement to keep them in good condition for daily use.

The second or main floor is entered from the rear as you approach and here is the office of Mr. Eldridge, the superintendent, from it extends the living rooms of himself and family and while in many respects the arrangement and equipments are not modern they have been materially improved since the advent of Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge and as now in use meet all the requirements of the household.

Another feature of this particular floor are two rooms, one on either side of the long hall which are especially set apart for sick or disabled inmates and we would here say that if there is any one thing in connection with the Town Home which comes short of the town's need it is this particular feature while these few rooms are pleasantly located and comparatively easy of access there is no provision about the place, neither can there, be for cases which need extreme isolation on account of contagion or other unpleasant features.

The second floor is devoted to sleeping and living rooms for the inmates and here much improvement has been made within the past two years, new hard wood floors have been laid, walls improved, wardrobes placed in the rooms and not a sign of disorder is apparent.

There is also a feature of this floor which is worthy of more than a passing notice. In a large room at the eastern end a chapel with seating capacity for

about 70 people has been fitted up, furnished with movable chairs, desk and organ and here from time to time as arrangement can be made Sunday afternoon services are held which seem to be enjoyed by the inmates. For the month of August the King's Daughters of East Weymouth have arranged to supply Sunday afternoon services of singing and other exercises.

As far as possible there is a complete isolation of male and female occupants and most of the men find their living and sleeping rooms on the third or upper floor as comfortable as the inmates who have the same accommodation in the rooms below.

We have said this much in regard to the house and we now leave Mrs. Eldridge and the house, and place ourselves in the hands of the superintendent with the barn as the first objection point and here, as in the house, we find ease and comfort in well arranged stalls for the horses and the 20 cows which stand in a row or are lying down, speak of care and kind treatment.

There are now mows well filled with hay, oats, barley, and other fodder, all raised on the farm, and a 225 ton silo waiting to be filled as soon as the growing fodder is in condition to cut. There is also in connection with the building a model milkroom but so separate that no stable odors can reach the running water and cooling tank.

While one may be impressed with the neatness and comfort of the house, admire the live stock and think well of the loaded mows he has as yet not taken in all that goes to make up the attractions and assets of the place.

We leave the stable for the fields of growing crops and while they may not be as extensive as the great corn and wheat belts of the west or even the State Farm at Bridgewater none of those can show anything in quality or excellence of culture which surpass the Town Farm of Weymouth. There are fields of table corn, field corn and silo corn, fields of vegetables of all kinds and notable among them a two acre field of potatoes where but two years ago one would have looked at the place and said it was not worth reclaiming. Nothing but stones, briars, brambles, huckleberry bushes and cedar trees but now not a sign of what used to be, but a good highly cultivated field of potatoes which promises much at harvest time and the best part of it is this wonderful transformation has been brought about by the labor of the inmates of the home.

Such has become Mr. Eldridge's hold and influence on the men of the place that they readily co-operate in making the best and most of every thing which is undertaken and the result of co-operative labor is seen in everything about the Town Home on Essex street.

FEROCIOUS DOLPHINS.

Marine Monsters That Are Known as Whale Killers.

There really is such a sea monster as the whale killer. It is one of the largest and most ferocious of all the dolphin family. It is also known as the grampus. It is characterized as a genus by its large size and the conical and depressed head, devoid of a beak. The back fin is of great length, especially in the males, and the flippers are large and broadly ovate.

The teeth are comparatively few in number, varying from ten to thirteen on each side of the jaw, and are much larger than in any dolphins yet noticed, being often an inch or more in diameter and having an oval section. The coloration is striking, the upper parts and fins being black, while the lower jaw, chest and under parts are whitish.

The white area of the under parts does not, however, extend to the flukes, but ends posteriorly in a trident, of which the lateral and shorter prongs extend obliquely upward on the flanks. There is a large white streak above and behind the eye, and frequently a faint purple crescentic area extends across the back behind the fin. The latter attains a length of at least twenty feet.—St. Louis Times.

LOBSTER AND BUTTERFLY.

Widely Apart in Appearance, They Are Close Relatives.

Few would hardly think it to look at them, yet the lobster is a relative of the butterfly. The kinship is not mere

ly that of two members of the animal kingdom. The lobster and the butterfly are actually in one and the same great group of the kingdom, like the clam and the snail or the whale and the giraffe, whose spheres of activity are so widely separated.

It is simply, as Darwin pointed out in the case of all other creatures a great many years ago, that the lobster and its friends, the crab, the prawn and the shrimp, chose one method of life, while the butterfly and its set chose another.

So the first group developed characteristics suited to the conditions in which it lived, including as one of the most important, as its members do not move rapidly, a coat of armor to protect them from their innumerable enemies, while the butterflies and the great host of other winged insects shed every bit of superfluous weight, trusting to swiftness to carry them out of danger and to protective coloring to conceal them when flight is unavailing.—London Family Herald.

Eggs Long Used as Food.

Just how long people have been eating eggs is not known, certainly long before breakfasts were "invented" or made a custom. There is no doubt mankind in a barbaric state had learned of the use of certain eggs as a food.

Their Weakness.

Some men are great successes in making money, but terrible failures in selecting ways to spend it.

Stetson Shoe Co. 15; Samec Club, 8.

At the Weymouth Fair Grounds Saturday afternoon, the Stetson Shoe nine defeated the Samec Club of Dorchester 15 to 8. The feature play of the game was the home run drive of Gleason with the bases filled. The score—

STETSON SHOE.		1b	po	a	e
Blackburn, cf		2	0	0	0
Hendrickson, c, 1b		1	6	1	1
Carlisle, 1b, c		3	9	0	0
Gleason, ss		3	1	2	1
Hanson, 2b		2	4	2	0
Hazelton, rf		1	2	0	1
Cross, 3b		2	2	6	1
Bates, lf		1	2	0	0
Anthony, p		1	0	1	0
McMahon, cf		1	1	0	0
Relsler, lf		0	0	1	0
Totals		17	27	13	4

SAMEC CLUB.		1b	po	a	e
Wolf, cf		0	1	0	0
Whooft, lf		2	2	0	0
Dempsey, 1b		2	10	1	1
Sullivan, ss		0	0	4	3
Peterson, c		4	6	0	1
Powers, 2b		1	2	0	0
Perry, 3b		0	3	4	0
Goodwin, rf		1	0	0	0
Phinney, p		0	0	2	0
Totals		10	24	11	5

Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Stetson Shoe Co. 1 1 4 3 2 0 4 0 —15
Samec Club 2 0 2 0 0 0 0 2 —8

Two base hits—Bates, Gleason. Three base hits—Whooft, Blackburn. Home runs—Gleason. Stolen bases—Dempsey 3, Sullivan, Peterson 2, Perry, Blackburn, Cross. Left on bases—Stetson Shoe 6, Samec Club 9. Base on balls off—Anthony 3, Phinney 4. Sacrifice hits—Perry Double plays—Perry to Dempsey, Cross to Carlisle. Wild pitches—Phinney 2. Umpire—T. Murray. Time—2 hours.

Braintree A. A. 9, C. M. A. 3.

In a game featured by the grand pitching of Carson, the Milton high school star, the Braintree A. A. easily defeated the C. M. A. at East Weymouth last Saturday afternoon 9 to 3. Carson's work was decidedly fine. He only allowed seven scattered hits, struck out 17 men and only passed two. The score:

Innings		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Braintree A. A.		0	3	0	4	0	1	1	0	0—9
Clapp Memorial		3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—3

Runs made by—Dam 2, Mulligan 2, Donaher 2, Davenport, DeYoung, McKenny, Scudder, Hoyt, Gloster. Two base hit—Gloster. Three base hit—Wall. Home run—Donaher. Stolen bases—Orr, Scudder, Hoyt, Gloster. Base on balls—by Carson 2, by Sullivan 4. Struck out by—Carson 17, Sullivan 10. Sacrifice hits—Wall, McCarthy, Orr. Double plays—Donaher to Mulligan. Hit by pitched ball—Hoyt. Umpires—Fitzpatrick and McLaughlin.

Governor Entitled To Amusement.

Still with his labor troubles on his hand and the bother of packing up for that Canadian junket, the governor is entitled to be amused. He stands pat as far as I. W. W. and organized labor generally are concerned, and he stands everybody else off.

The fact that his excellency is reaching out for everything in sight and discussing the weather whenever asked anything like a pointed question, is responsible for a large part of the popular amusement at the present time. Whatever one may think of the gentleman who presides over the destinies of the commonwealth on Beacon hill, he has certainly started things moving in all directions. No wonder the political animal is non-plussed and is lost in the labyrinthine mazes of speculation.

The governor has been enjoying it all. He smiled at the movement to "force" him into the republican contest for the gubernatorial nomination; he read with complacency the suggestion that men were seen stealing around the department of the secretary of the commonwealth to pull out papers to place him in the running for the democratic nomination; he smiled when "Dave" Walsh asked him on Wednesday how he felt, and then he laughed outright when Herman Hornel of the Boston republican city committee tried to "force his hand" by offering to assist him to the republican nomination if he (the governor) would in writing agree to accept—Practical Politics.

"Please."

Telephone users have noticed that since Thursday, the telephone operators have been using a new form of response when asking for the number with which the calling party desires to speak. The old way has been to put the query "Number?" with a rising inflection. The new form is "Number, please?" This operating feature has been adopted by the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company beginning on the first of August. The two-word query will undoubtedly be more pleasing to the ear, and the addition of the polite word, "please" to the questioning "Number?" will give a fresh touch of courtesy to the service to which the public will respond with a similar spirit.

WATCH OUT FOR IT.

Weymouth Board of Trade Harvest Auto Parade September 11.

Although but a week has passed since the formation of plans by the Committee of the Board of Trade for its fall opening yet those plans have met with such a ready response that the committee meets again this week to enlarge them.

Roughly the plans are as follows: All automobile owners will be personally invited to enter this parade and to decorate their machines in keeping with the season.

Each owner will be expected to invite enough men of Weymouth to fill his machine. The parade will probably form at Lovell's Corner and from there visit all parts of the town, ending at the Fair Grounds on the afternoon of the first day where it will be judged by a committee consisting of three mayors from nearby cities.

Then will follow a collation and entertainment at the Forz Opera House in the evening.

Cash prizes will be given for the best three decorated machines and also special prizes for added features.

While this affair will be given under the auspices of the Board of Trade yet it is intended as a town affair and to make it the success expected, it must have the aid of all.

There were in Weymouth on April first of this year one hundred and fifty one pleasure cars, of this number we have at this writing, thirty four pledged to enter and undoubtedly there will start in the parade at least one hundred cars.

This will mean that the parade will extend over a mile in length. It will mean that with the publicity which the committee will give, that thousands of outside people will come to Weymouth to view it, and that means that Weymouth will secure publicity of a very desirable nature.

It will mean also that over four hundred Weymouth men will take an auto trip through the town extending over twelve miles, that it will be the greatest get-together affair that could be planned, and will undoubtedly prove to all, that Weymouth will wake up.

But you must help to bring this about! Within a few days, entrance blanks will be mailed to all auto owners and it is hoped that the response will be immediate as the committee must have ample time in which to make arrangements. There will be no charge of any sort, all the Board of Trade asks is that the machines be decorated and well filled with Weymouth men. They will do the rest.

Lorenzo Wood, Dead.

After an illness extending over a long period, Lorenzo Wood passed away at his home in Quincy Tuesday morning.

While not a native of East Weymouth, in his early manhood, Mr. Wood made it his home and in time married Sarah, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burrell and both were well known in business and social circles and carried to their new home in Quincy the friendship of the people with whom they had affiliated, either in social or business life.

Funeral services will be held at the home in Quincy this Friday afternoon.

Mr. Wood is survived by his widow and one daughter, Mrs. Edna W. Blanchard of Newark, N. J.

Mrs. Margaret Loud, Burial.

The funeral of Mrs. Margaret Loud, widow of Richard E. Loud took place from her late residence on Station avenue, Weymouth, Saturday afternoon and was attended by many friends of the deceased. The service was conducted by Rev. Robert H. Cochrane of Holbrook, a former pastor of the Union Congregational church of Weymouth and Braintree of which deceased was one of the oldest members. The interment was in the family lot at Village cemetery.

Mrs. Margaret Ford, Dead.

Mrs. Margaret Ford, a long time resident of East Weymouth, passed away at her home on Cain avenue, last Friday morning. Funeral services were held on Monday morning in the Church of the Immaculate Conception at East Weymouth.

At the High Mass of Requiem, Rev. Maurice Lynch, assistant rector, was the celebrant. The music was by the church choir and Miss Nellie F. Noonan, organist. The bearers were James Madigan, John Fraher, Thomas Louergan and William Fraher.

Dodging Promotion.

There is a chafing dish period for every college girl; but when the time comes for the promotion to the higher position hard by a grand square cooking stove, most of the graduates prefer to toot the alarm-while on a limousine.

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A Decade In Transit

By ALICE T. BURGE

What a receptacle for miscellaneous articles are books! When one closes a book he or she—most probably she—will take up almost anything to mark the place. Then, too, things that may be well preserved find their way between the leaves of volumes. Flowers, photographs, old letters, bits of paper of all kinds, may be shaken out of books.

One day one Joseph Werner, a man of thirty, strolled into a library to nose about among the volumes on the shelves. He was a scholarly fellow, and the books he sought were such as few persons cared for. Passing a shelf marked "History," he took down a copy of "Josephus," an eminent Jewish historian, who wrote during the first century of the Christian era. Turning over the leaves, he came upon an unfinished letter written in a woman's hand. The words "Dear Joe" caught his eye, and since his name was Joe he was interested. Glancing at the date, he saw that ten years had passed since the letter had been written.

He pictured in his mind the history of the volume from the day the letter had been placed in it. A girl was writing to a man. Some one entered the room whom she did not wish to see the letter. "Josephus" was lying open on a table. She placed the letter in the book and closed it. Either she had forgotten it or had been called away and never saw it again. The volume with the letter in it had found its way into the library, where it may not have been opened up to the present time.

While Werner was dreaming about the letter he was looking at the chronology. It reminded him of writing that he had seen long ago. It was all very vague, but there was something inexpressibly tender connected with it. He glanced down to see who was the writer, but since it was unfinished there was no signature.

His mind drifted back to a period about the time the letter was written. Perhaps it was an association with the handwriting. He was then entering upon his first, and thus far his only, love. How delightful that gradual fusing of two young hearts! Loving was as natural as breathing. Then came the serious part. He was about to go away to fight on the world's battlefield for a living—a competence, a fortune. He had spoken his love, which was returned, but the girl must have time to think about it. She was farsighted and thought it unwise to engage herself to one who had not yet even made a start. She would let him know before he went away. But he did not hear from her.

While thus reverting to the past his eyes were fixed on the letter. He read without knowing that he was reading. The writer evidently was giving to a lover an answer such as he had hoped to receive.

Leaving the volume on the shelf, he took the letter to a window, where he could get a clearer view of the handwriting. It looked more familiar than before. Gradually a belief came to him that the letter had been written to him. He remembered the date that he had left home, and that on the letter was the day before his going. As he looked and continued to look the old familiar hand came back to him. There was no mistaking it. The letter had been written—not finished—to him. But it had never been sent.

Why? Ah! There was the mystery. The letter went into Werner's pocket instead of the volume in which it had been inclosed. He knew where the writer lived, though he had not seen her since he parted with her a decade ago. He determined to go to her for an explanation.

They stood face to face. Each recognized the other. He drew the letter from his pocket and handed it to her. She looked at it in wonder, recognizing it, but evidently being dazed at holding it in her hands.

"How did you come by this?" she asked.

He related to her the strange happening by which he and the letter had drifted to the library and met there. His memory seemed to be confused in part, though as to writing the letter it was clear.

"I wrote this," she said, "the day before you left us. Mother suspected that something was between us and had advised that we remain each free until you were able to marry. Nevertheless I resolved to answer you in the affirmative. While I was writing I heard mother coming. A book—I don't remember what book—lay open on the table near me. I put the unfinished letter in it and closed it.

"Mother asked me what I was going to do about you, and I gave her an evasive answer. She drew a promise from me to take no action without consulting her. I was but seventeen, and uncertain what to do, therefore I did nothing. The letter remained in the book where I had closed it. When we came up tomorrow morning our hearts were as old and our heads to a degree. Then it came into the library where you found it. I can't imagine how the letter found its way from the book.

"Your mother, who was present," he said, "I believe, took up your hand for you then. It behooves me, who am now present to make it up for you now. Let us consider this letter finished, signed, sealed and sent. Nothing remains but to make up for lost time."

And they did.

ON THE FARM

Read this column and you can have it delivered at your house with something new every week for a full year by sending \$2.00 to this office now.

No cow can do her best or even keep up a normal flow of milk when compelled to stand out in the hot midday sun of July or August and fight the flies.

Cellars are usually poor places for milk, as there is not sufficient air circulation to drive out the stale odors, and milk is such an absorber of ill smelling things.

Plenty of room should be provided for the young pullets to develop and this can be accomplished best by getting rid of the old stock which shows signs of deterioration.

Up-to-date dairymen who make a practice of currying their cows are usually the ones to get the greatest amount of dollars and cents per head. The currying may not account for all the difference, but it is a factor.

If any poultry is to be confined in yards in warm weather, do not forget to furnish green feeds in the form of waste garden vegetables or lawn clippings.

Lima beans must be picked regularly while green for a long season of bearing. If the pods are allowed to ripen and dry, the vines will soon cease to yield and die. The latest crop may be allowed to ripen for seed.

Do not let weeds form seed in either the fruit or vegetable gardens. A single well-matured weed may supply seed enough to stock a very large area with weed plants next season.

The man who thinks it is a woman's work to keep a garden going was not built on right lines. The garden should be considered as important as any other part of the farm and treated accordingly.

Farm boys and girls have splendid opportunities for home study during the long vacation. Of course, there is much work to do and not much time for reading, but we can study while we work if we go about it in the right way. We can keep our eyes and ears open for seeing and hearing many things which will prove useful in after life.

In theory summer pruning has a strong tendency to check the superabundant growth of the tree, to encourage the formation of fruit buds and to make the tree generally more fruitful. When the work is done carefully it doubtless has this result. It is quite possible, however, by summer pruning to force a weak growth from side buds which might otherwise develop into fruit buds, and such a course naturally tends to diminish the fruitfulness of the tree.

Some farmers act as though a harness needed no care. They buy a new one, use it the first season when they go to town or carry the milk to the factory; come home, take it off the horse and throw it on a peg or a barrel, as the case may be. After the first season it is put to general use. It soon becomes dry, hard, brown and stiff, and then breaks, in half the time it would had it been cared for properly.

Both for pasture and for general cultivation, it is better to have shade trees located along the fence lines and in corners of the field. It is not well to have them scattered at random except in permanent pastures. Along fence lines and in corners they are out of the way of implements, and take up less ground. Often a field contains a wet or otherwise unproductive corner, and such a spot is a good place for trees. A half dozen trees in a corner will do less damage than a single tree in the middle of a field.

How the weeds and grass away from the trees in the orchard, and while you are hoeing the grass and weeds away, dig down into it and stir the soil for 2 or 3 feet around the base of each tree. Keeping the grass and weeds away will destroy nesting places for mice and prevent them from gnawing the trees. Digging into and turning up some of the surface soil will bring some insect pests to light to be destroyed, and the stirring of the soil around the base of the tree will do some good in the way of cultivation.

There are many choice short science stories now in print. Any farm boy or girl can easily read a half dozen of these during a summer vacation. The story of bacteria is one of the most wonderful and useful of these nature stories. Bacteria are the smallest living things in existence, yet we live among countless millions of them daily. Some of these work for us, and some work against us. Some help to make us food on which we live, while others are the cause of the most fatal diseases. The more we know about these smallest of living things the more intelligent we become. By all means read a book on bacteria during your vacation.

Deep plowing is another means for allowing the soil to ripen deeply and more perfectly. The deeper we dig in most

soils the heavier and more compact they become. Deep plowing lifts up the heavy soil and allows the air to penetrate to greater depths. The farther down the air can penetrate and work the deeper and richer the soil will become. "Spade deep while sluggards sleep" is founded on deep agricultural science. Few Americans have ever spaded or plowed deep, but they will and must in the future. The area of the tillable land must be increased by increasing its depth. Good soil goes down to solid rock, if air and other agencies can be let in and down to ripen it and make the compounds available plant foods.

No animals will do their best in summer pasture without shade of some kind. On the hottest days they will suffer from the heat of the sun, and hence growth and production will not be as good as when the animals can seek cool shade for rest. It is cruel as well as poor management to confine animals in a hot field or lot without shelter from the hot sun in summer. From the fact that cattle, horses, sheep and hogs seek shade often on hot days should be evidence that shade is essential to their well being.

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Burdett College Adds Two New Departments.

The college's latest catalogue announces that a new department in Applied Business and Management will be opened at the beginning of the fall term, September 2. This department should meet with splendid success because it combines a training in the elementary commercial subject with the advanced topics in Finance, Commerce, and Industry. The progressive spirit of Burdett college is well illustrated by its policy of meeting the demand of the times. Burdett college finds situations for all of its graduates.

Why Church Pews are Empty.

"Sunday golf is not the cause of empty pews. But both Sunday golf and empty pews are symptoms of a new feeling that is growing up toward Sunday. Sunday golf is only one symptom. Sunday automobile, Sunday tennis, Sunday baseball, immersion in the depths of the Sunday newspaper, all are expressions of the same attitude of mind. The tendency of the present time in this country is toward a freer and fuller use of Sunday for recreation and play and away from the exclusive use of the day for religious observances. We are, broadly speaking, playing golf and tennis and motoring more and going to church less"—Harold J. Howland in *Suburban Life—The Country-side Magazine* for all of its graduates.

Mother's Sphere.

There's never a place on the whole wide earth
There's never an hour or minute,
But something happens—for grief or for mirth—
There's always a mother in it.
Oh, maybe a Little Boy Blue has died,
Or maybe a wedding ring
Somebody's darling and somebody's pride—
There's always a mother in it.

There's always a crown or coveted seat—
Some one stands to lose or win it;
What'er the issue be, or sour or sweet,
There's always a mother in it.
Whether a wedding dress or whether a shroud—
There's always a hand to spin it.
Sighing and sad or radiant and proud,
There's always a mother in it.

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dread disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
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Barber—"Congratulations, old man! My best girl has just accepted me over the telephone!" Candidus—"Are you sure she understood what you were saying?"—Judge.

Hard to Get Right Course.

Playfulness is a good means of softening social distances. A stiff, grave man is always in danger of being feared too much. On the other hand, as the self-love of many people is suspicious in the extreme, you must expect that your innocent playfulness will often be mistaken for ridicule.—Sir Arthur Helpe.

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Two of A Kind

The Widow Won
Out

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Maria Fish was baking molasses cookies while I sat in the hot kitchen reading aloud from the column of "Social Jottings" in the Quince Harbor Weekly Echo.

"Our genial neighbor, Captain Barnabas Fish, spent Thursday in the great metropolis," I read at last.

"Trash!" snorted Maria, popping a pan of cookies into the oven and flying back to the table to grease another pan.

"It's true," I remarked mildly, for I found the Echo fascinating in the extreme, for it carelessly tossed a halo of adventure or romance about the most trivial facts of daily life in the little Long Island village.

"That's as it may be," retorted Maria grimly, "but 'tain't no news to nobody that the cap'n went to the city. Every Tom, Dick and Harry in town saw him go off on the stage, and those that didn't was up to the station looking around when the train went."

"True," I murmured, "but it does sound so impressive when one reads that Captain Barnabas went to the 'great metropolis.' It's much more suggestive than plain New York or the city."

"You air romantic, Miss Telham," Maria wagged her head severely at me. "You can see romance in almost nothing. Maybe you can find a speck of rosy color in the fact that Barnabas met that old scamp, Ananias Silne, in New York and has invited him down to Quince Harbor for a spell."

"Ananias Silne—here?" I cried joyfully. "Oh, Maria, isn't that too splendid! Just think of hearing his yarns at best hand instead of having the captain relating them!"

"More lies, Miss Telham. I don't encourage Barnabas in repeating those old yarns of his shipmate."

"Has Mr. Silne any relatives?" I asked, with interest.

"Has a sister somewhere who dress-makes for a living and I reckon provides a home for him when he's ashore. He was married once and had a wife, but I hear she ran away and left him because he was so mortal mean and stingy. I don't blame the woman. Most any human being would get tired of living with a goggle-eyed codfish!"

"A goggle-eyed codfish! Oh, Maria, is he as homely as that?" I gasped.

"Judge for yourself. Here he comes!" said Maria sulkily as she threw off her gingham apron and marched into the front hall. "Come along, Miss Telham. You'll have to talk to him while I'm getting dinner."

Maria's bark was always worse than her bite. So it proved in this particular instance when she greeted the dapper little man whom her husband introduced.

"Maria, let me introduce my old shipmate, Ananias Silne. Ananias, shake hands with my wife. Ha, hum!" The captain smiled delightedly as Maria gave pleasant greeting to the little man, who did bear a striking resemblance to the goggle-eyed codfish that Maria had so graphically described.

"Pleased to meet you," grunted Ananias, bobbing his long head first at Maria and then at me. At last, with a great effort, as if the mere formalities of conversation caused him agony, he muttered, "Nice day."

"Pretty fair, considering that the wind's in the east," retorted Maria. "I guess I'll leave you to talk to Miss Telham, Mr. Silne, while I tend to dinner. Captain, can you clean them fish now?"

"Course," assented the captain cheerily as he picked up Mr. Silne's shiny black bag and left it at the foot of the stairs. "Make yourself comfortable, Ananias. Smoke if you want to; Miss Telham don't mind."

"Really, I don't object," I said.

"I've given up smoking," he said solemnly.

"Indeed? Since when?"

"About an hour ago. I've taken a position in the bank," said Ananias, turning a fishy eye toward me, "a position of trust."

"How very nice. You mean in the Quince Harbor bank?"

"Yes'm."

I pondered carefully what position of trust might be unfilled in the village bank.

At that moment Captain Barnabas drifted on to the porch and sat down in his old hickory chair.

"Ananias been telling you about his good job?" he asked.

"Yes, isn't it splendid?"

"Fine. Rollins has been talking about taking on a janitor there—said he could act as night watchman, too—and I thought to myself that Ananias was the man for the job, and he got it too!"

Ananias shot a sly glance at me. "Thanks to the captain," he murmured.

"Oh, I happen to be one of the stockholders," explained the captain.

"Then Mr. Silne will live in Quince Harbor," I remarked.

"He's going to board with the Widow Rowell. She'll make him slightly comfortable," chuckled the captain.

"Dinner's ready," interrupted Maria, appearing in the doorway to lead us to the dining room.

It was directly after dinner that Ananias Silne disappeared. For three

hours we searched high and low for some trace of the tall little seaman, but he had disappeared, shiny bag and all, and Maria was almost as upset as the perturbed captain.

"What in time ails the man?" muttered the captain for the hundredth time as he trudged back from the beach, having searched every square inch of the little home acre. "Ain't got a grouch and gone back to the city? You don't think that, Maria?"

"Don't ask me," admonished Maria darkly. "After slaving myself over them flatfish and an extra high short-cake—and I may say that I never saw a little man that could tuck away such a sight of food, Barnabas—after slaving myself all the morning, not to mention molasses cookies, because you said he was partial to 'em, to have him eat and run in this way is jest downright scandalous!"

"I don't blame you, Maria," said the captain meekly.

Maria rocked herself to and fro, fanning herself with a corner of her gingham apron.

"I'm going down to the postoffice to inquire if anybody's seen him. If Maria Pitt once clapped an eye on him she would never forget him. Always reminds me of a camera, that woman does," growled the captain, shrugging himself into his blue coat and dragging his cap over his white hair.

When his stalwart form had disappeared over the bridge by the flour mill I leaned back in my chair and looked up into the leafy greenness of the big paper mulberry tree.

I remained in this attitude, gazing upward, open mouthed and staring.

"Miss Telham! Land sakes! What's the matter?" gasped Maria suddenly.

"Look!" I murmured, pointing upward where the pale face of Ananias Silne peered down at us from the high branches of the mulberry tree.

"Land!" shrieked Maria. And she, too, gaped at the strange sight.

Nothing was visible save Ananias' mean little face, and that was pale and drawn with fright. There was something elusive about the face up there. It reminded me of the Cheshire cat in "Alice in Wonderland," and I wondered if Ananias' face would fade away as did the cat's, leaving only a smile behind.

It looked possible, for Mr. Silne's mustache was twitching in an attempt at a smile, but every now and then his prominent blue eyes rolled downward to the lower branches of the tree as if there was something to be feared beneath him.

Presently I followed his glance and saw, and Maria saw at the same time, and we were speechless before the queerest of it all. In a lower crotch of the tree, her back supported by the smooth trunk, her feet incased in balbrigan stockings and congress gaiters, was the Widow Rowell. Ananias' prospective landlady. Her hawklike nose and her sharp chin almost met in witchlike fierceness as she knitted busily away at a long, red woolen stocking.

Maria was the first to recover herself.

"Hettie Rowell, whatever do you mean by such actions?" she shrieked, going to the edge of the piazza, where her head was on a level with that of Mrs. Rowell.

Mrs. Rowell smiled sweetly down upon Mrs. Fish, and her almost vortical eyebrows went up to meet her gray hair.

"Dear Maria," she lisped pleasantly. "I'm just waiting for my boarder, Ananias. He thought he'd like to get a view of the harbor from the top of the tree."

"Pshaw, Ananias! What does this mean?" shouted Maria up into the treetop. "What air you doing with your carpetbag up there and the widow sitting here in the tree like a—catbird!"

"Like a cooling dove, Maria Fish," interrupted the widow with a dangerous smile.

"Like a cooling dove knitting a red wool stocking," amended Maria grimly. "I ask what is she doing here, Ananias?"

"Waiting for me, Mrs. Fish," said Ananias quite meekly. "She came after me, she did, saying she'd been waiting dinner for me two hours, and when I told her I'd been invited to spend the night here and I couldn't come to her house till tomorrow, why, she up and flew at me so's—well, I'm a seafaring man, as you may see, ma'am, and 'tain't no hard job for me to get up into the rigging when things are hot below." Now Ananias actually smiled.

"Well, Hettie, what you got to say? Air you crazy?" demanded Maria angrily.

"The captain engaged board for Mr. Silne from me, Maria, and, 'tain't no manner of use for you to try to keep him away from my house, a tempting him with all sorts of cookery," she said in her dulcet tones. "He's my boarder, and he's going home with me if I have to stand here all night and wait for him."

Maria was pale with anger. "Take your boarder and go," she said coldly. "And I wish you joy of each other." And she went into the house.

Half an hour later I saw Ananias Silne come down the mulberry tree with his shiny black bag. He cast a reproachful glance at me as he passed, but he followed closely in the wake of Mrs. Hettie Rowell.

When we related the incident to the third Captain Barnabas he shook his head dismally.

"I foresee the end already," he murmured. "Ananias has met his match in the Widow Rowell. She's buried two husbands and calculates to plant a third before she dies. I'll warrant Ananias will be the third."

"Until that happy release I'm sure I wish them joy of each other," sniffed Maria meaningly. "They're two of a kind."

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CHARLES T. CHANE, Treasurer.
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Francis H. Cowing, Henry A. Nash.

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Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Willard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
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Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Willard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
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Meet at the Town Home every first Tuesday of the month and at the Town Office, East Weymouth, every third Tuesday from 2 to 5 o'clock p. m.
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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of MARY C. TOBIN, late of Weymouth in the County of Norfolk, deceased, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to said estate as aforesaid.

THOMAS S. TOBIN, Administrator.
(Address.) Care of D. W. Haggerty, Atty., 404 Barristers Hall, Boston, Mass. Boston, July 15, 1913.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the will of JONATHAN RECORD, late of Weymouth in the County of Norfolk, deceased, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called to make payment to said estate as aforesaid.

J. D. LONG, Executor.
(Address.) Hingham, Mass. July 17, 1913.

NOTICE OF HEARING

Upon the petition of Robert C. Steele, to keep and sell gasoline on his premises, 73 Church street, North Weymouth, a hearing will be held by the Board of Selectmen at its office on MONDAY, August 19th, 1913, at two o'clock P. M., for the consideration of said petition.

By order of the Board of Selectmen of Weymouth.
19-20 BRADFORD HAWES, Secretary.

NOTICE OF HEARING.

Upon the petition of James E. Furke to keep and sell gasoline on his premises, near Independence sq., South Weymouth, a hearing will be held by the Board of Selectmen at its office on MONDAY, August 19th, 1913, at two o'clock P. M., for the consideration of said petition.

By order of the Board of Selectmen of Weymouth.
19-20 BRADFORD HAWES, Secretary.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Warren W. Pope to Henry T. Bicknell, dated July 1, 1890, and recorded with Norfolk registry of Deeds, book 112, page 10, for the purpose of foreclosing the same and for breach of the conditions thereof, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on Tuesday, the twelfth day of August, A. D. 1913, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein bounded and described as follows, namely: A certain parcel of land with a dwelling house thereon, situated in Weymouth, Massachusetts, containing about one-third of an acre and bounded northerly by a road, easterly by land formerly of George H. Bicknell and land of James Hancock; southerly by land now or formerly of Prince L. Thayer; and westerly by land formerly of Jacob Lord, or his heirs or assigns. Grantee to maintain fences on northerly and westerly sides. Being the same premises conveyed to said Pope by Jacob Lord by deed dated January 14, 1865, recorded with Norfolk Deeds, book 458, page 275. \$10.00 will be required to be paid in cash at the time and place of sale. Other terms at the sale.

JOHN O. BICKNELL,
Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.
Weymouth, Mass., July 16, 1913.

THE EAST WEYMOUTH Savings Bank.

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Vice-Presidents. { T. H. Emerson.
J. H. Carter.
Treasurer. John A. Raymond
Clerk John A. MacFauln

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- 143—South Braintree Engine House.
- 145—Fountain St. and Pearl St.
- 146—Corner Plain St. and Grove St.
- 147—Town St. and Pond St.
- 121—Corner Howard St. and Hayward St.
- 225—Corner Liberty St. and Stetson St.
- 244—Corner Tremont St. and Hubart St.

Weymouth Gazette
AND TRANSCRIPT

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY THE

Gazette and Transcript Publishing Co.

WEYMOUTH, - MASS.

M. E. HAWES,

Editor and Manager.

NORTON F. PRATT, Assistant.

MARK J. GARRITY, Supt.

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FRIDAY, AUG 1, 1913.

The Gazette and Transcript is printed and mailed Friday afternoons, and is for sale at all News-stands in the Weymouths and at the South Terminal, Boston.

All communications must be accompanied with the name of the writer, and unpublished communications cannot be returned by mail unless stamps are enclosed. Notices of all local entertainments to which admission fees are charged must be paid for at regular rates, 10 cents per line in the reading matter, or regular rates in the advertising columns.

The town of Revere seems to be having a large share of trouble with its town officials. The assessors are being riddled with shot and shell from all sides. At a recent town meeting the committee on Claims was instructed to remove the town solicitor; the selectmen to remove the committee on Claims and then came a discussion as to who should remove the selectmen.

Co-operative banks are a comparatively new institution of saving but statistics just issued show not only their popularity but also the prosperity and saving habits of the wage earners in the State, as the total assets of these institutions in this commonwealth now aggregate more than \$75,000,000 and at the same time, regular savings banks all over the state are showing large gains in deposits.

The police are gathering information concerning bicycle riders who are using the sidewalks. It is a misdemeanor which is punishable by severe fine and the police are determined to put a stop to it.—"Mass. News."—Our observation has been that men and boys who ride bicycles had much rather ride on a good concrete or even gravel sidewalks than on an oiled road.

The narrow skirt, or, at all events, its wearers, have scored a victory in the town of Munice, Ind. A petition was presented to the street car company that cars with low steps be sent from Indianapolis instead of the high-step cars that were giving so much trouble, and the company acceded to the request.—"Exc." The narrow skirt is here and no doubt some of the wearers experience the same difficulty as existed in Munice. We have a little sympathy for them but our sympathy goes further than that and goes out every day to the aged, heavy and infirm women who ask for help every time they mount or dismount the cars now in use.

FROM WEST TO EAST.

There is a mistaken idea, says the Kansas City Journal, commenting on the statement, that the rural newspaper is having its reason for existence whittled

away by the growing complexity of modern development. The farm is being drawn nearer to the small town and the small town is being drawn nearer to the large one, year by year. But the time is far distant when the field of the rural paper will be materially circumscribed. There is no logical competition between the rural and the metropolitan press. The latter can no more hope to cover the local rural field than the rural paper can hope to cover the general news field, and in these times of general prosperity there is no patriotic reason for failure to support the rural press that has a local field entirely to itself. The residents of small towns and of farming communities owe it to themselves to keep in touch with the outside world through the medium of the metropolitan dailies and weeklies, and they owe it to both themselves and to the communities with which they are identified and to which they are bound by every tie of self-interest, to maintain the home papers which labor unceasingly in their behalf.

FRISKY SENATE PAGES.

They Are Great Mimics and Discourage Burlesque Legislation.

They are the greatest mimics in the world. They can take off the idiosyncrasies and humorous peculiarities of the senators to a "T."

Sometimes when the senate is not sitting and too many visitors and page bosses are not around to observe the proceedings the pages themselves go into a solemn senatorial session. One will impersonate the vice president, another the chief clerk, and so on. Various other boys will pretend to be either their favorite senators or the senators of home states. Each boy occupies the seat to which the real senator is entitled.

Bang! goes the vice president's gavel, and the extraordinary session of pages has convened. There is always an argument as to which senator shall be recognized when the regular order of business is reached. Every conceivable current subject is discussed, with a goodly sprinkling of "baseball legislation," which always carries with it a rider by which each page senator shall be entitled to an annual self-renewing pass for all the season's games.

A bill which is almost sure to be introduced is one which proposes to increase the salaries of the pages and shorten their hours of duty.—"Robert D. Heine in Leslie's Weekly."

Hit Them Both.

"You remember old St. Collins, what used to be around here last season, don't you?" remarked the station master at Seekonk.

"You mean the chap that always had a way of doing things differently from any one else?"

"That's the feller," replied the station master. "Well, he committed suicide 'bout a month ago."

"Why, that's terrible! But did he do that differently too?"

"Differently?" ejaculated the station master. "Why, I should say he did. Say, that feller went out and bought a couple of quarts of gasoline, drank her down, then lighted up his old clay pipe and started smoking. The folks hereabout wanted to have services held over the remains; but, Lor', all we ever found was a section of St.'s old vest that somehow got ketchered in a tree. Well, St. was bound to do things different."—"Chicago Record-Herald."

Almost Right.

It was in the kindergarten. A review on the subject of "The Indian" was in progress. "Now, children," beamed the teacher, "who can remember what the Indian woman is called?" There was an interval of profound silence; then an eager voice piped up: "I know, teacher; squab."

NORTH WEYMOUTH.

—Weymouth Will Wake Up September 11.

—Bev. and Mrs. R. H. Dix are spending their vacation in Warren.

—J. J. Byrne is enjoying a two weeks' vacation from his duties at the office of the Bradley Fertilizer Co.

—The many friends of Mrs. J. H. Pratt will be glad to learn that she is recovering from her illness.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Farrington attended the Old Home Week celebration at Carver this week.

—Mrs. Maria Cushing and Mrs. Martha Kearney were guests of Mrs. George Nash last week.

—Mrs. I. H. Walker is very ill with pneumonia at her home on Pearl street.

—A. H. Alden and J. W. Colgan spent the week end at Marblehead with J. P. Holbrook on his yacht, "Meda."

—Miss Elizabeth Holbrook is the guest on Miss Esther Magill of Braintree.

—Mrs. D. J. Sampson has been visiting relatives in Marshfield this week.

—Joseph O'Rourke has been unable to attend to his duties at the store of H. O. Tutty this week on account of illness.

—Mrs. H. T. Bicknell is visiting relatives in Whitman and Carver.

—W. B. Dasha has returned home from a two weeks' business trip in Philadelphia.

—Lawrence French and family of Somerville have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. James B. French at their summer cottage on Bayside road.

—Mrs. N. P. Keene is seriously ill at the home of her son, Chester Keene.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Sampson are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Nickless of Meriden, Conn.

—In aid of the St. Jerome's church building fund, a social party with whist and dancing was held in Bradley's hall, Rose Cliff, on Tuesday evening.

—Mrs. John Taylor entertained a number of friends at a covered dish party at her home on Shaw street on Tuesday in honor of her birthday.

—Mr. Frank W. Manuel and Mrs. Elizabeth M. Boyle were married at Quincy on Wednesday, July 16.

—A well attended dancing and whist party was held at the Bayside Inn on Thursday evening.

—A motor boat race was held under the auspices of the Wessagusset Yacht Club on Saturday afternoon, the "Seabird" winning. On Saturday evening there was a military whist party in the club house. On Sunday evening a song service was held and on Wednesday evening a hurdy-gurdy party.

LOVELL'S CORNER

—Miss Edith Smith is visiting relatives at Plymouth.

—Mrs. Mary Chapman of Roslindale has been spending the past two weeks with her son, Albert Chapman.

—Miss Marion White is visiting her cousin, Miss Rita Holgate of Weymouth Landing.

—Bert Doble has moved his family to Nash's Corner.

—Miss Susie Hawes is attending the Narragansett assembly held at East Greenwich, R. I.

—Miss Mildred Gaddess of Wollaston was the guest last week of Mrs. James Smith.

—A number from this place attended the Grocers' picnic at Newport, Wednesday.

Much Gold in World's Coin.
Seventy per cent. of the gold in civilized man's possession is in the form of coin.



\$2.98 OUR AUGUST SALE PRICE
of these Beautiful
Fumed Oak Rockers or Chairs

Nothing wrong about them except the price. They were built to bring double what we ask. And if bought in the regular way would have to be sold for six dollars. We took all the factory had left at a clean-out-price. They're selling fast **\$2.98**

Yellow Sale Tags all over the store show savings worth while on High Grade Home Furnishings.

FREE PROMPT DELIVERY TO YOUR HOME.

HENRY L. KINCAIDE & CO., QUINCY.

Open Friday, Saturday and Monday Evenings. Closed Wednesday at 1 P.M.

FURNITURE—PIANOS—RUGS—RANGES

WEYMOUTH
HEIGHTS

—George Stevenson and family are visiting relatives in New Haven, Conn.

—George Lunt is enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

—Moses Newell of Woonsocket, R. I., was a week end guest of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Merrill.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Macker have been spending a week with relatives in Worcester.

—Rufus Bates and family have returned from Jackson, N. H., where they have been spending ten days.

—Henry A. Nash has been visiting relatives in Rockport, Me.

First Church Notes, (Old North)
There will be the usual services both morning and evening next Sunday, Aug. 3. Communion will be observed at the morning hour. Special offerings will be received at both meetings to defray the yearly church expenses.

In the morning, the pastor will tell of "The Peace for the Vigorous Soul." The question for the day will be, "Who Sits on the Throne?" Everyone is welcome.

Services will be held Sunday evenings at 7 o'clock during the remainder of August and will be in charge of the Deacons.

The Sunday school will not be in session next Sunday. Its 98th year of usefulness will begin September 7 and will extend to August 1, 1914. Persons having perfect attendance will receive at a special public meeting a new Pilgrim Hymnal, a Bible or a Bible Story Book.

Four absences will be allowed, one for each quarter of the year.

Suddenly Smitten.

Maud—"I've just heard of a case where a man married a girl on his deathbed, so that she could have his millions when he was gone. Could you love a girl like that?" Jack—"That's just the kind of a girl I could love. What's her address?"

Non-negotiable.

Crawford—"Are those dollar watches any good?" Crawshaw—"They're all right, except when you're broke."—Judge.

Accounted For.

"I must congratulate you, Katie," said the lady of the house. "You didn't break any crockery yesterday." "No, ma'am," replied the girl. "You see, I had a bad headache, and didn't feel very strong yesterday."

FOR

SUNSHINE BISCUIT

—GO TO—

GORDON WILLIS, THE COLUMBIAN SQUARE GROCER,
South Weymouth

The HARDWARE STORE

Lawn Mowers, Warranted Hose, Sprinklers,
Hose Repair Kits, Screen Doors, Screens
Screen Wire, Hay Rakes, Scythes and Snaths

We Have the Right Paint FOR EVERY USE.

J. H. MURRAY

759 Broad Street - East Weymouth

TELEPHONE 272-J WEYMOUTH



C. R. Denbroeder

**Straw Hats Marked Down One Third
MEN'S and BOY'S**

SUITS AND FURNISHINGS

750 Broad St. - East Weymouth

"The White Store"

SUBSCRIBE for the GAZETTE

**When You
Own A
Gas Range**

You will save money.
You will make your work lighter.
You will save drudgery.
You will have meals on time.
You will have more leisure time.
You will not get hot or fussy.
You will save your temper.
You will be happier.
You will not have to wait on the fuel.
You will not have smoky ceilings.
You will not have splinters in your hands.
You will not play fireman half the time.

**For \$2.50 We
Install a Gas
Range, and You
Pay the Balance
Monthly.**

OLD COLONY GAS CO.

We have added the two following Collecting Stations for the convenience of our patrons:—

MR. D. A. JONES, 8 Sea Street, East Weymouth.

MR. JOHN L. BEAN, Independence Square, South Weymouth.

SPECIAL SALE

Now Before The People

BOSTON CASH MARKET CO.

LINCOLN SQUARE

Tel. Weymouth 248

Butter 30c and 32c lb.
Best Creamery Butter received daily
Eggs sale price 25c doz.
Coffee 35c, sale price 25c
Evaporated Milk all kinds 3 for 25c
Corn 7c each, 4 for 25c
Sardines 10c value, 3 for 25c

Catsup 10c size, 4 for 25c
50c Tea sale price 30c lb.
Shredded Wheat 12c
Lenox Soap 7 for 25c
Welcome Soap 6 for 25c
American Scouring Soap 11 for 25c

SUGAR, with other goods 4½c. No stamps

FLOUR

MUSKETEEER 75c, sale price 72c

CAPITOL 80c, sale price 77c

PILLSBURY'S 85c, sale price 82c

GOLD MEDAL 85c, sale price 82c

SPECIAL PASTRY FLOUR 72c

Kellogg's Corn Flakes 9c Pure Cocoa 22c, sale price 15c
Class Mustard 8c, 3 for 25c

Legal Stamps on Teas and Coffees Only

THIS WEEK OUR DISPLAY WINDOWS ARE FOR THE LADIES EXCLUSIVELY.

Gossard Corsets, from \$3.50 up.
Undermuslins—Hosiery—Fancy Articles.
Right Goods at Right Prices.

Vaughan's Daylight Store BATES BLOCK
Washington Sq.

BASE BALL

SATURDAY, AUG. 2, 3.30 P. M.

Clapp Memorial Grounds, East Weymouth

Commonwealth Shoe Co. of Whitman

vs.
Clapp Memorial Association.

The C. M. A. Nine has been strengthened by the addition of Gill, the Crack Boston College High School Pitcher, and Jenkins of the Makarias of Quincy, at first base. A good game is assured.

SPRING DELICACIES

ASPARAGUS, TOMATOES, CUCUMBERS,
DANDELIONS, RADISHES, LETTUCE,
SPINACH, RHUBARB, BERMUDA ONIONS
NEW MAPLE SUGAR and SYRUP

Hunt's Market Grocery
Washington Sq. Telephone 152 Weymouth

GO TO LOUD'S FIRST

TO SAVE TIME, TROUBLE AND MONEY

FOR

Hardware, Cutlery, Paints and Oils

Family Groceries, Table Delicacies,
Crockery, Patent Medicines

Cigars and Tobacco.

Jackson Square

East Weymouth, Mass.

Advertise in the Gazette

SOUTH WEYMOUTH

—Weymouth Will Wake Up September 11.

—Miss Eva Robinson of the Stetson Shoe Co. is enjoying her annual vacation from her office duties.

—Miss Florence Tinkham has returned to her home in Medford after a two week visit with relatives in town.

—Miss Marjorie McBride is on a vacation trip to Maine.

—Miss Bertha Ball of Rockland has accepted a position in the office of the Stetson Shoe Co.

—Samuel Hutchinson has returned to his duties with Lee, Hutchinson Co. In Boston, after his three weeks' annual vacation.

—A fine crowd gathered in Columbian square last Friday night to enjoy the concert given by the Stetson Shoe Co. band.

—At a recent meeting of the Pond Plain Improvement society the following officers were elected for the coming year: W. H. Robinson, president; Jacob B. Denbroeder, vice president; Harold Proctor, clerk; J. L. Nesbitt, treasurer; G. E. Perry, Ernest Dunbar and George Ecker, directors.

—Master Warren Spearin underwent an operation for adenoids a few days ago.

—Rev. William W. Rose, pastor of the Second Universalist church will pass his vacation this month at his former home in Philadelphia.

—Seth C. Vining Jr. of Medford was in town over Sunday visiting his parents of Central street.

—Kenneth Brennan, the letter carrier, is enjoying his annual 15 days' vacation.

—John Goff, one of the most popular drivers of the South Weymouth Custom Laundry was taken to a Boston hospital last Thursday, where he underwent an operation for appendicitis. From last reports Mr. Goff was slightly improved.

—Amasa Stoddard attended the annual reunion on Wednesday of the Assinippi Institute association in Assinippi.

—Thomas Reidy, a former resident of this place, is manager of the Rome, Ga. baseball nine and is playing a fine game in this outfield.

—Louis Nolan has taken a position in a store in Rockland.

—Miss Genevieve Leary of this place was presented with a traveling bag and a gold neck chain by her shop mates at the Emerson Shoe Co. factory in Rockland, previous to her departure for Montreal, where she will reside.

—Rev. Henry C. Alvord and wife have recently taken an automobile vacation trip through the Connecticut Valley, visiting friends and former parishioners and enjoying the fine scenery of that part of the state.

—Miss Lucia Nash is visiting friends in Boston.

—A son was born recently to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Vining of Columbia street.

—Francis Carroll is spending the week at Bayside, Nantasket.

—Miss Eva Craven of Lowell is visiting Miss Dorothy Nash this week.

—Raymond Sherman celebrated his eighth birthday at his home last Wednesday afternoon by entertaining a party of young friends. Games and refreshments made the afternoon a very pleasant one for all. Master Sherman was remembered with a number of gifts from his young friends.

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STRENGTH OF HUMAN BONES.

More Powerful In Some Ways Than the Stanchest Oak.

Human bones are really tremendously strong and possessed of marvelous resisting power. Indeed, the bones of the fairest, most delicate looking woman are stronger than the strongest oak.

Of course a bone is hollow, and that is one of the chief reasons it resists such extreme weights. For instance, a small bone which is no more than a square millimeter in diameter will hold in suspension without breaking some thirty-five pounds, while a stick of best oak of similar width will not hold more than twenty pounds. Indeed, the average bone of the average man is stronger by one half than that of solid oak.

The principle on which our bones are constructed, being made hollow and consequently stronger than if they were solid and heavier, is the same mechanics have followed the world over. Constructive engineers employ tubes instead of solid cylinders.

In the case of animals thousands of years ago one reason of their bulky frame is attributed by scientists as due to the fact their bones were solid and added to their weight.—Chicago Tribune.

AVIATION TAKES NERVE.

And When That Is Lost the Aeronaut Should Fly No More.

He who flies constantly must look to one personal risk, which may vary according to the characteristics of the individual. This is the danger a man may incur by becoming a little careless while in the air. There is the possibility, in fact, that familiarity may breed not actual contempt, but a temporary relaxation of vigilance, and piloting an aeroplane needs such watchfulness, such minute precision, that any "staleness" on the part of the man at the wheel or lever represents a peril that is very real.

The pilot who flies a great deal should remind himself constantly that there is no room for error in the handling of aircraft.

A loss of confidence not difficult to understand is suffered by an air man sometimes after he has been the victim of a serious fall, and in similar circumstances a jockey, or, say, a racing motorist, may be robbed of nerve. When a pilot does lose judgment as the outcome of a bad mishap his wisest course is to cease to fly. With a broken nerve he is a menace to himself and to others as well.—Claude Grahame White in National Review.

For the Earache.

"I am afraid I have greatly interfered with my own practice," said a celebrated aurist, "by giving the following advice to many of my friends. At the first symptoms of earache let the patient lie on the bed with the painful ear uppermost. Fold a thick towel and tuck it around the neck, then with a teaspoon fill the ear with warm water. Continue doing this for fifteen or twenty minutes. The water will fill the ear orifice and flow over on the towel. Afterward turn over the head, let the water run out and plug the ear with warm glycerin and cotton. This may be done every hour until relief is obtained. It is an almost inviolable cure and has saved many cases of acute inflammation. The water should be quite warm, but not too hot."—Family Doctor.

She Wasn't Affected.

Mrs. Brown from Boston has a colored cook—from Georgia. The other day Mrs. Brown went into the kitchen, and Liza put in a request:

"Miss Brown," she said, "won't you please, ma'am, git me a calendar?"

"Why, Liza, there's a calendar hanging by the door. You don't want an other calendar?"

"Yas'm, I does. But I mean a calendar what you presses things through. Dat's de kind ob calendar I wants."

Mrs. Brown had a glimmer.

"Oh, Liza, you mean a calendar?" she exclaimed.

"Well, it's de same thing," said Liza patiently. "You uses de broad'n, but I doesn't. I just says plain calendar."—New York Globe.

Keelmen of Newcastle.

The Newcastle barges claim a place in English song, for they are the inspirers of that ancient ditty "Weel May the Keel Row." According to A. G. Bradley, "it is a very old Newcastle air, and the keel, a local coal barge which has been used from earliest times to convey the coal from wagons to the vessel, the word being, I believe, the old Saxon equivalent for ship or boat. The keelmen of Newcastle were a distinct body of men, and their boats were constructed to measure, like the wagons, for the convenience of the customs and the trade generally."—London Chronicle.

Harry's Opinion.

The teacher was giving a test on the value of foreign money in America. When it was little Harry's turn, she asked:

"Harry, how much is a guinea worth in this country?"

Harry smiled and answered, "A dollar and a half a day."—Lippincott's.

What We All Do.

Jones—That was a scathing sermon on mean men the parson gave us last Sunday. Wonder what Smith thought about it? Brown—Smiling: I met Smith yesterday and he said he'd like to know your opinion on it.—London Telegraph.

When one has really learned the joy of giving it is useless to talk to him of hoarding.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Stolen Hair Means Death.

In many parts of the modern world the believer in witchcraft still gets hold of hair, nail parings and so forth from an enemy's head and hands, and burns, buries or does something else with them in order to entail unpleasant consequences upon that enemy. And universal folklore reveals the concern of savages to dispose of their own hair and nail clippings to prevent an enemy from getting at them. Australian native girls who have had a lock of hair stolen from them expect speedy death as a certainty.

Word Much Misused.

"Fix" is one of the words that we Americans habitually misuse, but it is not often that the mistake leads to such absurdity as it does in the label of a certain stain-remover now on the market. "It will fix the stain," says the notice. Since "fix" means to make permanent, the manufacturers of the stain-remover have not said quite what they intended to say.—Youth's Companion.

We All Feel That Way.

To the unthinking, senseless knocker who is nothing more than a monumental nuisance that planks his bag of bones upon everything for the common good that comes up. May the bubonic plague grasp him.—Pottama Courier.

Save Time!

Time lost because of headaches, lassitude and depressions of biliousness, is worse than wasted. Biliousness yields quickly to the safe, certain home remedy—

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c, 25c.



HIGHLAND LINEN

is a writing paper especially adapted to vacation time. It comes in neat boxes that you can be proud to carry around with you at your summer resort. It is a paper that doesn't crumple easily and it is just heavy enough to let you write upon it outdoors without having it flutter in a breeze.

In texture and shape Highland Linen meets every requirement of the most exacting person. Yet with all its good taste, this is not a paper restricted to those who can afford to spend a great deal on their stationery. You will be surprised when you ask us to tell you the price—most agreeably surprised. Let us tell you today.

HUNT'S

On The Corner
EAST WEYMOUTH

OFFICE OF THE SELECTMEN OF THE TOWN OF WEYMOUTH.

JULY 28, 1913.

Upon the petition of the Bay State Street Railway Company, a street railway company operating a street railway in the town of Weymouth, to approve of said Company's acting as a common carrier of newspapers, baggage, express matter and freight in said town, upon such parts of its railway, to such extent and in such manner as the Selectmen for the Town and the Public Service Commission for the Commonwealth shall by order approve, it is

Ordered, that a hearing be held upon said petition at the office of the Selectmen, in Weymouth, on Wednesday, the 20th day of August, A. D. 1913, at 7.30 o'clock P. M.

And the said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice of said hearing by publishing this order in the Weymouth Gazette and Weymouth Times newspapers published in said Weymouth, 14 days at least before the date of said hearing.

Witness our hands this 28th day of July, A. D. 1913.

EDWARD W. HUNT,
BRADFORD HAWES,
GEORGE L. NEWTON,
WILLARD I. DUNBAR,
HENRY E. HANLEY,
Selectmen of Weymouth.

A true copy. Attest:
BRADFORD HAWES,
20-21
Secretary.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of JOSEPH H. MARTELL, late of Weymouth, in the County of Norfolk, deceased. Intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to
JULIA A. MARTELL, Administratrix,
289 Front St., Weymouth, Mass.
July 28, 1913.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has been duly appointed executrix of the will of RICHARD L. HUNT, late of Weymouth, in the County of Norfolk, deceased, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to
EMMA A. HUNT, Executrix,
109 Front St., Weymouth, Mass.
July 28, 1913.

WEYMOUTH DIRECTORY.

Men are canvassing for a new directory, which is issued every two years. This town covers a large territory; it is a hard town to canvass, besides being quite expensive. The merchants and residents will appreciate this fact and encourage it. A map of Weymouth will be included, also diagrams of the Boston theatres, street directory, etc. The book will be issued early in the fall. Union Publishing Co., publishers, Old South Bldg., room 1013, Boston.

ICE ICE

IN ANY QUANTITY.

COAL, WOOD,
HAY, STRAW.

TEAMING. Heavy or Light Teaming. Piano and Furniture Moving.

J. F. & W. H. CUSHING,
EAST WEYMOUTH.
Telephone Connection.REAL ESTATE
AND
INSURANCE

John B. Whelan

21 Quincy Avenue East Braintree
— TELEPHONE BRAINTREE 21402 —

TOWN CLERK'S OFFICE

East Weymouth Savings Bank.

OFFICE HOURS, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 5 p. m.
At all other hours at Residence on Hillcrest
Road, opp. Catholic Church.

JOHN A. RAYMOND, Town Clerk.

HERBERT A. HAYDEN
PIANO TUNER.
PIANOS FOR SALE
78 Cleverly Court, Quincy Point.
Telephone 1153-M Quincy.HAYWARD BROTHERS
Carpenters and
Builders : : :
QUINCY AVENUE,
East Braintree.
P.O. Address, Weymouth.N. R. ELLS
General
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"Mazie Gayway says she makes her husband pay her a dollar every time he kisses her. She's saving for a limousine." "Now, if she'd only adopted a similar plan before she met Gayway, she might have had a whole garage." —Judge.HOW DAN
DELIVERED THE
SENIORA Tale of Revolution
In Mexico

By ROY KILMAN

Big Dan, deputy United States marshal, glared good naturedly at me, and removing two huge feet from the top of his desk, complimented the floor with his weight.

"Well," he growled, bunching up right his two hundred and fifty odd pounds.

Without a word I shoved into his reluctant hand my last story.

"You fakin' little rascal," he grinned, biting into the tobacco that in the interest of loquacity I presented him. "It's not another line you can screw out of me. See? You bell it all up. And them crazy guys give you good money for that dope?"

"They may and they may not," I answered, staring out of the window. "Read it to me."

From the tail of my eye I saw the keen glance he shot at me. With exaggerated nonchalance Dan handled back the typewritten sheets. "My eyes ain't much good any more," he complained. "You read it."

When I finished my giant was doing. In common with most raconteurs Dan was a poor listener. I coughed a modest literary cough and he sat up. "Yes, yes; it'll do, I s'pose," he said without interest. "But did I ever show you this?"

From a drawer in his desk he took a folded letter. I reached for it. "A minute, son," he said, with an ominous look. "I've had that letter over a year now and the only man I ever showed it to laughed."

Dan's feet, with a ponderous, hoist-like movement, went again to the top of the desk, and his eyes took on a faraway expression. I sought to make inconspicuous my presence in the room and took a pagan vow never again to wear a red cravat.

"Maybe you don't know it," Dan resumed, after a moment, "but the fellows around these here offices is a kiddin' bunch. And I got and give my share, but when word come from the head office that I was to take Seneyor Recaredo Meneses, pointed beard and all, back to Mexico, I thought the boys would never let up. It was durin' one of the hottest times of that revolution in the little pepper pod of a country, and they figured the man who delivered the seneyor would see some lively doin's."

"Now, no man—and you can clamp a leg iron on the proposition—ain't lookin' to get himself shot full of holes, leastwise I ain't, and I said so. When it comes to takin' care of myself"—Dan held up a massive fist—"with this, I'm right there. I referred incidentally to that too. But gun play! I didn't like the outlook; didn't like it no more than—than I like that red tie you got on."

"However, it was up to me; the chief had said to go. This seneyor fella was the queerest kind of a critter ever ketched with a caplin. He weighed just ninety-seven pounds and couldn't speak a word of English. But he seemed able to read it—an' that's somethin' I don't understand either; how a fella can read it and not talk it, eh?"

"Appears he'd got in some sort of trouble down there. Been a station agent or somethin', and he'd let the rebels into the railroad warehouse, where they'd swiped a lot of ammunition intended for the government troops. And while the government got its ammunition finally, it came in small doses at about the rate of a mile a second, to all of which they made due, proper and legal objection."

"Well, after that the seneyor doped it out he didn't stand no more chance with the fella runnin' the bull fight than a tramp steamer with no juice in her boiler and me after her with a writ. So he let loose a couple of vivas, filled in half a dozen blank railroad orders for transportation for himself, and hit the trail for God's country, armed with a typewriter."

"Our government, hearin' of a Mexican who was deadheadin' it all over the U. S. on forged railroad orders, starts a search for him and I pick up my man right in this town."

"At the hearin' before the United States commissioner, seems the seneyor told the interper the Mexican government didn't honest want him or makin' out the orders for tickets without authority—that's inecy and what he was held extradited for—but for lettin' the rebels get that ammunition, and Seneyor Recaredo Meneses figured that soon's they got him down there they'd line him up in front of a stone wall and shoot him. But he was ordered extradited and I got the job to take him to Mexico City."

"As I said, they's a kiddin' bunch 'round here, and when the boys found I was elected, what they didn't profess for me wa'n't worth thinkin' up. Meantime the fightin' was goin on fierce, and hopin' things'd ease up a bit, I was kind of nursin' the trip along. But the Mexican embassy at Washington began firin' telegrams askin' why in the name of hot tamales the fugitive wa'n't removed; so I finally starts with my man for Mexico."

"He left the town yellin'. And the boys, pretendin' to wipe their eyes and grinnin' on the Q. T. bid me good-by as if I wa'n't ever comin' back."

"Well, sir; we rode and rode, every one over where we'llin' about the fightin', and me and the seneyor gettin' more and more uncomfortable. Every time we'd stop where they was any U. S. deputies, a couple of the smilin' devils would gumshoe the train and hunt me out. They have a bunch of newspapers full of war news, and it was 'Goodby, Dan,' with bandanna handkerchiefs on the side."

"And it sure did look bloody; the paper accounts they read me was bad; they was killin' 'em by the hundreds. And the seneyor? He was studyin' them out word for word by himself, with the sweet standin' in beads on his forehead. I didn't know no more about what they was fightin' over than I knowed about the revised statutes, but once or twice I tried to chirk him up. It didn't do no good—he was takin' it like some disburstin' clerk had cut items out of his subsistence voucher, and the closer we got to the border the less gimpy he had."

"We reached El Paso in the middle of the night, and I was sound asleep when I felt a poke in the back. It was the seneyor. He had me by the arm, excited-like, and lookin' as if he hadn't slept a wink. Outside I could hear shouts, and I thought for a minute it was the greasers at our train."

"Slippin' off a leg iron I went to the vestibule. Here was a kid sellin' the news. 'All about the great battle' he boomed, and I buy a couple of papers. The seneyor could hardly wait for me and snatches one of 'em out of my hand. Next instant he was a chatterin' maniac. Never saw a fella change so quick in my life. He just jumped up and down and boomed, and it looked like the dinky little cuss had lost his wits."

"As near as I could make out the little bull fighter was happy. 'Sl, sl,' he squealed, pointin' to the front page of his newspaper."

"I looked, and there, a'help me, was the little whiffet's picture! It was him! There wa'n't no mistakin' his monkey face and pointed whiskers. I'd 'a' knowed it a mile off."

"Well, sir, after that there wa'n't no use tryin' to sleep; that Mexican just grinned and jabbered away, lookin' first at the picture and then at me. I decided the funny little man was proud of his mug; appeared he

like as if he really was lookin' forward to bein' shot. I had my eye on the window when we slowed down, and what do you s'pose I saw?"

Dan paused impressively.

"A big bunch of shoutin', yellin' dagos! Guns was goin' off, every one was hollerin', and the crowds was rushin' here and there like mad. Then the seneyor jumps up, nearly pullin' me out of the seat—I had him handcuffed to me—and begins viva-in' at the top of his lungs. By that time the train had stopped, and catchin' sight of some guards or soldiers I yanks the runt back and unfastens the handcuffs."

"Quick! says I, makin' for the door. 'Get off you little two spot or I'll stick a pin through you and wear you back for a watch charm.'"

"And he understood!"

"A bigger yell than ever came when the crowd sees us, and son, my heart was workin' like a revolvin' door, they makes one grand rush just as if they was expectin' us. There was two fellows in front plastered with gold braid, and placin' my pocket edition of a prisoner in front of me, I yell, 'With Uncle Sam's kindest regards,' and gives my man a swift kick."

"As he left the ground, I took to my heels."

An elephantine sigh interrupted Dan's narrative.

"Son," he said, swinging his chair around, "they're still talkin' about that run I made. Old Ben Rice seen the finish of it, and he'll go to his grave regrettin' he didn't have a stop watch on me."

"First, I started back over the railroad bridge, but a switchin' engine was in the way, so I took across the first vacant lot I come to, with a couple of thousand yellin' lookers after me."

"As luck would have it, I went in the direction of another bridge not far up the river, my legs poundin' under me like piston rods—I was carryin' 200 pounds then—and my breath comin' in chunks. I could see a couple of Mexicans where I was headin' for. They stood lookin' at the race wonderin' what it was all about, and then I made out they was gettin' ready to stop me. But by that time there wa'n't nothin' I could do it."

"The crowd behind me was yellin' to add to the distractions, and so I think I'll show 'em a little lung work myself in their own lingo. And I screws up my face and bear down on them gate tenders hollerin' 'Viva! Multa-gravty! Castanets! Chile con carne!' the first things that popped into my head."

"Two or three more high hatted individuals hearin' the noise run out of a shanty and the little insects prepare to hold me up."

Dan laughed. "I went through 'em like a chief office deputy servin' subpoenas on a holiday. Now that bridge is a fairly longish one, and up to that time I reckoned my speedometer 'd been registerin' pretty high, but Lord, it wa'n't nothin' to what I did when them greasers started playin' seven up on my cantails with Mauser bullets."

"Anyway, I've figured since that I swung on to American soil in the nick of time. And the first man I see was old Ben Rice. He was that excited he was dancin'."

"You thunderin' galoot! I heard him shout as I come around the end of the bridge. 'Where you goin'?'"

"Go! I says, keepin' right on. 'I'm goin' home.'"

"And the old man begins to jog along after me."

"Wait a minute, you leather headed kid," he hollers.

"I can't, Ben," I answers him over my shoulder. "I'm on a through ticket."

"And I was. I knowed there was a train pulled out for the north at 8:47, and I caught it on the dead run half a block from the station."

"The last thing I saw in El Paso was old Ben. He was shakin' his fist at me."

"Two days later I get back to the office, thinkin' I'd done somethin' pretty smart in gettin' rid of the seneyor at Juarez and wonderin' whether they'd shot him yet."

Dan spat thoughtfully as he unfolded the letter in his hand.

"Waitin' for me," he added, "was this."

This time my friend allowed me to take the message. It ran:

Dan—We looked for you in El Paso the morning you arrived, as I had orders from the secretary of state directin' you to deliver Recaredo Meneses at Juarez."

You corn fed, spay footed galoot, what did you run for? Didn't you know the bunch of rebels Meneses was tied up with won out the very day you got in El Paso and that crowd at the station was a public reception for your prisoner?"

The newspapers were full of it, and ten minutes after you left Juarez Meneses was made provisional governor of the state of Chihuahua."

If I ever catch you in the western district of Texas I'll jail you on general principles.

BEN RICE.

I saw Dan refrain as he watched my face, and I frowned from smiling. I remembered his tone of voice when referring to the other who had laughed when he read the letter.

"But, Dan," I nevertheless said, "You saw the newspapers that mornin' in El Paso; the paper with Meneses picture in it must have told all about the altered political situation. Didn't you learn then what had happened?"

I realized that Dan's gaze rested on me and knew the big fellow had penetrated my disingenuousness. He reached for the letter and tucked it in his pocket.

"And they shot men like Lincoln," he said, simply.

And never again in the presence of the deputy marshal did I refer to Recaredo Meneses, for I had known some time the one precise thing about which it was generally recognized in the federal building that big Dan was sensitive.

He had never learned to read.

CHURCH SERVICES

Under this heading the pastors of ALL the churches are cordially invited to make such announcements of services, etc., as they may wish. We only stipulate that such notices be inserted shall reach us at the latest on Thursday morning of each week—the day before publication.

OLD SOUTH CHURCH (South Weymouth). Rev. H. C. Alvord, pastor. Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School, 11.45. Baraca Young Men's Class, 12.00. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.15. Evening service at 7.00. Thursday evening, 7.30.

TRINITY CHURCH (Weymouth) Rev. William Hyde, rector. Service with sermon at 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday School at 12.00 m.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (South Weymouth). Rev. Albert V. House, Pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6 p. m.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (North Weymouth). Rev. Rufus H. Dix, pastor. Sunday school at 1.15 p. m.; preaching at 2.30 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East Braintree). Rev. Nelson Allen Price, pastor. Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School, 11.45. Junior League, 4.30 p. m. Epworth League, 6.30 p. m. Evening preaching service 7.15. Prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7.30. A cordial welcome is extended to all these services.

BAPTIST CHURCH (Weymouth) Lord's Day services: Preaching at 10.30 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Bible School 12 p. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday, evening, 7.45 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6.45 P. M. on Sunday.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (Weymouth and Braintree). Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6.00. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7.30. All are invited to attend these services.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East Weymouth). Rev. George A. Grant, pastor. Morning worship and preaching at 10.30. Sunday School at noon. Epworth League meeting at 6.30 p. m. Evening service at 7.30. Tuesday evenings, 7.45 p. m. prayer meetings. Holy Communion, first Sunday in every month following morning service.

OLD NORTH CHURCH (Weymouth Heights). Rev. Edward Yaeger, pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Evening service at 7.00. Sunday school at 11.45 a. m. Thursday evening at 7.30. A cordial invitation is extended to all of these services.

PILGRIM CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (North Weymouth). Rev. Charles Clark, pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday school, 11.45 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. 6.15 p. m. Evening service at 7.00. A cordial welcome is extended to all of these services. Preaching at both morning and evening service.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (East Weymouth). Rev. Walter H. Commons, pastor. Morning worship at 10.30. Sunday school at 11.45. Evening service at 7.00. Tuesday evening service at 7.30.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (Weymouth). Rev. Rufus H. Dix, pastor. Sunday morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. C. U. at 5.30 p. m.

SECOND UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (South Weymouth). Minister: William Wallace Rose. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m.

PORTER M. E. CHURCH (Lovell's Corner) Rev. J. W. Reynolds, pastor. Preaching service at 10.30 a. m. Sunday School at 11.45 a. m. Epworth League at 6.00. Social and Praise service at 7 p. m. All are cordially invited.

CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER (South Weymouth). Rev. D. J. Crimmins, rector. Sundays—Masses 8.00 and 10 a. m. Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. Rosary and Benediction at 3.30 p. m. Week days: Mass at 7.30 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART (Weymouth). Rev. J. B. Holland, rector. Sunday—Masses at 7.30, 10.00 a. m. Sunday School at 11.00 a. m. Vespers at 4 p. m. Week days—Mass 7 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION (East Weymouth). Rev. James W. Allison, rector. Rev. Maurice Lynch, assistant. Masses Sunday at 8 and 10.30 a. m. Sunday School at 5 p. m. Vespers at 7.45 p. m. Masses week days at 7 and 7.30.

ST. JEROME'S CHURCH (North Weymouth). Pastor, Rev. James W. Allison, Assistant, Rev. Maurice Lynch, Mass, Sunday at 9. Sunday School at 3.

ZION'S HILL CHAPEL (East Weymouth) Social service at 2 and 6.30 p. m. Rev. E. W. Smith, Preacher.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Braintree). Preaching at 10.30 A. M. Kindergarten class in charge of Miss Elizabeth B. Pray at 10.30. Second session of this class at 11.45. Regular Sunday school at 11.45. All are welcome.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST (of Quincy, Alpha Hall cor. Hancock at and Cottage Ave.) Morning service and Sunday School at 10.45. Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., an experience and testimony meeting. Reading room open every week day from 3 to 5. All are welcome. Subject, Sunday morning Aug 3, "Love."

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Following Are a Few of the Items Which Appeared in the Gazette Years Ago This Week.

TWENTY-TWO YEARS AGO.

The fishermen are busy catching mackerel; they report them as very plenty. A number of big catches were made this week.

The best blast made yet at the ledge on Quincy avenue, was made yesterday noon. There were fourteen holes, some of which were fourteen feet deep. Forty pounds of dynamite was used, and about 350 tons of stone was blasted out.

A gentleman writes: "Your want column is a grand good thing. My advertisement of a piano for sale brought a number to see it within three hours after the paper was out. It is now sold, so take out the ad."

Our venerable citizens, Mr. Reuben Loud and thirty-two descendants from California, Rhode Island, New York, Vermont, Quincy, Weymouth and South Weymouth, enjoyed themselves Monday, by taking an excursion to Weymouth Neck and eating one of Gilman B. Loud's famous clam chowders. Although Mr. Loud has reached the age of 92, yet he seems to be as smart as many men at 70.

TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.

A man while riding a bicycle on the sidewalk a few nights ago, ran against a little boy and knocked him down. Why n't they put a muzzle on the bicycle riders?

Superintendent Reis has completed the laying of the water pipe to the Rockland line. The work has been somewhat retarded by the heavy rains, obliging the big pump to be kept in motion nearly all the time.

A wet sheet, a flowing sea, a wind that followed fast, and filled the white and rustling sail, and bent the gallant mast, were the accompaniments of the postponed from Saturday championships sail of the Monaquet Yacht Club last Tuesday afternoon.

Plymouth was a lively place yesterday, with marching hosts, music and banners; the Masonic fraternity, Odd Fellows, Grand Army Posts, Sons of Veterans, Infantry and Artillery Corps, and firemen parading the streets in honor of the dedication of the majestic memorial to the Pilgrim Fathers. Post 58, G. A. R. of Weymouth, attracted much attention and favorable comment.

FORTY-SIX YEARS AGO.

The Shamrock of East Abington and the Wolf Tones of East Weymouth played on the grounds of the Wolf Tones last Saturday. Score, Wolf Tones 51, Shamrock 21.

The Mechanics Club of East Weymouth played a District game with the Ammon Club of Mansfield on the Stoughton grounds last Wednesday. Score Ammons 57, Mechanics, 43.

The Independence club of East Weymouth went to Cohasset on Saturday and played with the Minots club. Score, Minots 35, Independents 23.

A match game of baseball was played at Weymouth Landing on Saturday last by the second nine of the Liberty square club of South Weymouth and the second nine of the Excelsior club of Weymouth resulting in a victory for the Liberty Square club. Score 57 to 23. Umpire, Ezra F. Tirrell. Scorer, J. E. Gardner for Liberty square, Clifford Nash for Excelsiors.

At an adjourned parish meeting of the 1st Universalist society on Monday evening it was decided to procure a new organ at an expense of \$1,500 to be paid for by subscription and the committee have contracted with George Stevens & Co. of East Cambridge for the same.

Home Made.

"My dear," said Mr. Wombat, "you look as fresh as a budding tree in your new spring dress." "The comparison is good," sneered Mrs. Wombat. "Like a tree, I had to make it myself."

Carry Flint.

The Norfolk peasants always regard pointed flints as thunderbolts. So consistent are the simple folks that they will often assure you that they picked them up red hot. They carry flints and stone arrow heads about with them in the belief that this custom will prevent them being struck by lightning.

A DEACON'S WIFE

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1913, by Associated Literary Press.

Deacon John Goodman was forty-eight years old when he lost his wife. They were a peaceful, good tempered twain and had never had a quarrel. There were no children, and a sister came to keep house for the deacon.

"He'll marry again within a year or two, of course," was the general opinion of the villagers.

The deacon didn't remarry, and after eight years had passed away he was given credit for being one of the few exceptions. He had just passed his fifty-sixth birthday when he drove over to Grafton one day with horse and buggy to transact some business. It was a splendid June day, and if anybody had told the deacon that he was going to run into a cyclone within an hour he would have laughed at the prediction. He was yet four miles from Grafton and toiling up a long hill when the cyclone appeared.

It had been sitting down on a stone to rest. It was a woman with a bulging satchel. She was about forty-five years old and had a pleasant face. She was asked if she didn't want a lift on her way and was invited to take a seat in the buggy. She didn't look at all to the deacon like a cyclone on wheels—not then. Both were naturally talkative, and inside of ten minutes they were talking away like old acquaintances. The cyclone was a widow named Parlon. She had been sewing at the house of a farmer. She had a married sister living in Grafton. She had been a widow for five years, and, while life was going very well with her, it was a bit lonesome.

Deacon Goodman confessed that it was also a bit lonely for him.

Widow Parlon had never considered a second marriage, but if she should happen to find the right sort of man it might set her to thinking.

"I understand," replied the deacon as he nodded his head.

"I make my own dresses, and I should be saving. And I can cook a boiled dinner fit for a king."

"I guess I'll stop and see your sister about it. I don't see no sorer use in waitin'." Hanner was complainin' this very mornin' about the hardness of the housework.

"Put it off for a week, and think it over. I also want to think."

The widow was left at a house in the village, the deacon's business transacted, and he returned home to say to his sister:

"Hanner, you can have your liberty purty soon."

"What d'ye mean by that, John?"

"I'm goin' to get married."

Deacon Goodman was known among men as a "reasonable man." He could be argued with, and he had often changed his mind, but in this matter he was as obstinate as a mule. The minister and others talked to him, but without avail. He was on hand on the day named. The sister had nothing to say for or against, and it was decided that the marriage should take place in two weeks. It came off according to schedule, and the deacon took his bride home and was a happy man—for three or four days. Then one morning he suggested that he liked his coffee a little stronger than the wife was making it, and she whirled on him, throw the utensil at his head and opened such a tornado of abuse that he sat with his mouth open and stared at her in dumb surprise.

The good man was still wondering what had broken loose when the wife slapped his face and pulled his hair and ran for the river vowing that she would drown herself. He sprang up and followed her, of course, and caught her just as she was going to take the plunge. Ten days later there was a second outbreak. The deacon got abuse, profanity and more vigorous slaps, and again he caught his wife on the bank of the river. In one year there were ten or twelve outbreaks, and, of course, the matter became town talk. The good deacon finally went to his minister about it, and the latter said:

"I have been waiting for three months, Brother Goodman."

"And you can tell me what I should do?"

"In a very few words, brother."

"Separate?"

"No."

"Get a divorce?"

"No."

"But it's got to end, parson. I can't stand it any longer."

"I think I have a plan to end it. When do you look for the next outbreak?"

"It may come any day now."

The minister whispered in the deacon's ear for the next ten minutes, and the plan was laid. Three days later there was a dispute over a roller towel, and the outbreak came. At the proper moment the wife ran for the river and was pursued. She was not overtaken, however. She was not seized and imprisoned. She was under such impulse that she went into the river with a great splash. There was a man with a boat there, but he let her bubble several gallons of water and sink twice before he rescued her. She was in bed for a week, and when she crawled out she was an altered woman. She was humble and contrite and never again had one of her spells. In fact, she made one of the best wives in town, and Deacon Goodman had reasons to congratulate himself many times over before he was gathered to his fathers. What she needed was the water cure to drown the temper out of her.

Checking It Up to Father.

That parents should exercise the greatest care in speaking of family secrets in the presence of little children was proved by the experience of a North avenue resident recently:

The man in question was visiting a maiden aunt, who is extremely stout and very sensitive about it.

A four-year-old boy who accompanied his father looked very carefully at the round form of his relative and then inquired, with a friendly smile:

"Aunt Myrtle, you don't have to put ashes in the bed to keep from slipping out, do you?"

Then when the man held up his hands in consternation the youngster exclaimed:

"There, papa; she says she doesn't."

—Youngstown Telegram.

Fun In Space.

I dreamed last night that I was present at a committee meeting of the sun, earth, moon and stars.

"I'm no coward," said the earth.

"No, but you have two great fears," said the sun hotly.

"And those are?"

"The hemispheres."

"You've forgotten the atmosphere," put in the moon. And the comet, who had no business to be there, wagged his tail with joy.

Two Serious Matters.

"There are two things," remarked Fog in a contemplative mood, "that I don't understand. One of these is how the world got along before I came into it, and the other, how it is going to get along after I have left it."—London Opinion.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.—Fuller.

Having Too Many Things.

Many nervous, irritable, dissatisfied, unhappy women would become calm and contented if they would store, give or throw away half of their belongings. Some have abandoned elegant residences and taken their families into hotels or boarding houses who could have continued to keep up their homes if, instead of giving up the houses themselves, they had done away with the superfluous furnishings.

Chas. H. Chubbuck, Jr.

34 CHARLES STREET

EAST WEYMOUTH, MASS.

Telephone, Weymouth 149-W

Insurance

of every

Description

Boston Office:

69 KILBY STREET

Telephone—Main 4095

WEYMOUTH FIRE ALARM BOXES.

- 12—Pole, River and Parnell Sts.
- 13—Bradley Fertilizer Works.
- 14—Pole, Wessagusset Road.
- 114—Pole, Wessagusset & Hobomac St.
- 15—Pole, Bicknell square.
- 115—Pole, Pearl and Norton Streets.
- 116—Pole, Bay View Street.
- 117—Pole, Bridge and Saunders Sts.
- 118—Pole, Sea and North Sts.
- 119—Pole, Lovell and Bridge Sts.
- 120—Pole, Church and North Sts.
- 21—Pole, Grant and High Sts.
- 221—Pole, Wharf St.
- 23—Pole, Jackson Square.
- 223—Pole, Commercial and Putnam Sts.
- 24—Pole, Electric Station, private.
- 224—Pole, Charles St.
- 25—Pole, Central square.
- 225—Pole, Middle St., near Lake.
- 26—Pole, Broad St., near Essex.
- 226—Pole, Cedar and Hawthorne Sts.
- 27—Pole, Broad St. and Bates Ave.
- 28—Pole, Shawmut St.
- 29—Pole, Strong's Factory, priv.
- 31—Pole, Summer and Federal Sts.
- 32—Pole, Congress and Washington Sts.
- 34—Engine House No. 3.
- 35—Pole, Prospect and Granite Sts.
- 36—Pole, Garland Square.
- 38—Pole, Washington Square.
- 39—Pole, Commercial Street, opposite Wharf.
- 41—Pole, Lovells Corner.
- 42—Pole, Elm and Pleasant Sts.
- 43—Pole, Nash's Corner.
- 45—Pole, cor. Park Ave. and Main Sts.
- 46—Pole, Middle and Washington Sts.
- 47—Pole, Pleasant and Canterbury.
- 48—Lake View Park.
- 49—Pole, opp. Pratt School, Pleasant St.
- 51—Pole, Pleasant, opp. Olds Torrey's.
- 52—Engine House No. 5.
- 53—Pole, Independence Square.
- 54—Pole, near Depot.
- 55—Pole, Pond St., near Robinson's.
- 56—Pole, Thicket and Pond Sts.
- 57—Pole, May's Corner, Union St.
- 58—Henry Chandler's, Union Street.
- 61—Corner Randolph and Forest Sts.
- 62—Pole, E. C. Staples, Main St.

NO SCHOOL SIGNALS

2-2-2 Repeat once.

At 7:30 o'clock a.m., no school in any grade during a.m. The same signal at 8 o'clock, no school in grades 1 to 4 inclusive during a.m. The same signal at 11:45 o'clock, no school in grades 1 to 4 inclusive during p.m. The same signal at 12:45 o'clock p.m., no school in any grade during p.m.

Town Officers of Weymouth and their Post Office Address.

TOWN CLERK.

John A. Raymond, East Weymouth.

TOWN TREASURER.

John H. Stetson, South Weymouth.

SELECTMEN.

Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.

Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.

George L. Newton, North Weymouth.

Villard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.

Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.

OVERSEERS OF THE POOR.

Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.

Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.

George L. Newton, North Weymouth.

Villard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.

A. Francis Barnes, South Weymouth.

ASSESSORS.

John F. Dwyer, Chairman, Weymouth.

Frank H. Torrey, Clerk, North Weymouth.

Waldo Turner, East Weymouth.

Warren T. Simpson, South Weymouth.

Edward I. Lord, South Weymouth.

Regular meeting of Board first Wednesday evening of each month at Town Office Savings Bank building, East Weymouth.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

Clarence F. Whittle, Chairman, Weymouth.

A. Lillian McGregor, Secretary, E. Weymouth.

E. E. Leonard, East Weymouth.

Arthur H. Allen, North Weymouth.

Theron L. Tirrell, South Weymouth.

Prince H. Tirrell, South Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.

Parker T. Pearson, East Weymouth. At

case of school on Monday will be at the Athens

building; Tuesday at Jefferson; Wednesday at

Howe Thursday at Hunt.

WATER COMMISSIONERS.

Frank H. Torrey, Chairman North Weymouth.

George E. Bicknell, Clerk, Weymouth.

Robert S. Hoffman, East Weymouth.

John H. Stetson, South Weymouth.

Edward W. Hunt, Weymouth.

BOARD OF HEALTH.

George E. Emerson, Chairman, So. Weymouth.

Nelson B. Gladwin, Clerk, North Weymouth.

John S. Williams, Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF WATER WORKS.

Ivers M. Low, East Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF STREETS.

John L. Maynard, East Weymouth.

TAX COLLECTOR.

Winslow M. Tirrell, East Weymouth.

FIRE ENGINEERS.

M. O'Dowd, chief, South Weymouth.

W. W. Pratt, clerk, East Weymouth.

J. O. Hunt, East Weymouth.

Charles W. Baker, Weymouth.

Philip W. Wolf, North Weymouth.

TREASURER.

Charles L. Merritt, South Weymouth.

POLICE OFFICERS.

P. Butler, chief, East Weymouth.

Thomas Fitzgerald, Weymouth.

A. H. Pratt, East Weymouth.

John D. Walsh, Weymouth.

Elbert Ford, South Weymouth.

Geo. W. Nash, North Weymouth.

CONSTABLES.

Isaac H. Walker, North Weymouth.

George W. Nash, North Weymouth.

Patrick Butler, East Weymouth.

Arthur H. Pratt, East Weymouth.

Thomas Fitzgerald, Weymouth.

John D. Walsh, Weymouth.

RUSSELL B. WORSTER, Auctioneer
8 Commercial St., Weymouth, Mass.

Household Furniture at AUCTION.

23 Reservation Road, East Milton, Mass.

Belonging to F. X. DELOREY, will be sold at Public Auction, on

TUESDAY, AUGUST 5th,
AT 1:30 O'CLOCK P. M.

A Household of Elegant Furnishings, consisting of 1 \$500 Vase Piano, Oil Paintings, Parlor Sets, Dining Sets, Rugs, Brass Beds, Bedroom Sets, Cut Glass Ware, Ancient China, China Ware, Kitchen Range, Piazza Chairs, a few Antique Articles, and such other articles as would be found in a first-class home. The house will be open for inspection Monday afternoon, Aug. 4th, from 1:30 until 4 o'clock.

TERMS CASH. SALE RAIN OR SHINE

Wants, For Sale, To Let, Etc.

Four lines or less under this head, 25 cents each insertion; each extra line 10c. Count 5 words to a line. No ads. accepted in this department unless accompanied by the cash.

ASHES FOR SALE—Delivered in carloads by the Bay State St. Ry. Co. Apply to Thomas Gammon, Supt., 954 Hancock street, Quincy, Telephone, Quincy 6. 9 tf

UTO To Let for parties, weddings, christenings, for long or short trips, 6 pass Buick. Tel. Wey. 255-W. Pine Point Auto and Motor Co., Bridge street, North Weymouth. 29 tf

CLOTHING—Men's and young men's. Hand-some patterns, Two hundred suits, \$4 to \$12. Bargains not to be found elsewhere. Geo. A. Hunt, 78 Front St., Weymouth. 11tf

CAN place a few mortgages, with private parties, and on reasonable terms if property is right. Address Box 553, E. Weymouth. 11tf

EXCHANGE—Eclipse Gas Range, never used, for a Truitt Coal Range, in first-class condition. F. L. BICKNELL, 295 Front St., Tel. 386-M. 20-tf

TO LET—Six-room tenement on Federal St. F. L. BICKNELL, 295 Front St. Tel. 386-M. 20 tf

TO LET—House, Barn and Stable. Apply to H. H. HALE, Pleasant street, East Weymouth. 19-20

TO LET—An up-to-date tenement with modern improvements, on Broad street, in East Weymouth. Apply to W. H. Pratt, Broad street, East Weymouth. 11tf

WANTED—A room for lodging in a private family, within five minutes' walk of Lincoln square. Apply to M. GORDON, tailor, Lincoln square. 20-tf

WANTED—People to know that it costs only 48 cents to make known their wants in this column.

Real Estate

Do you want to BUILD or BUY?

I have property for sale in Weymouth and vicinity, of all kinds.

Call and see me and make known your wants Reasonable terms.

CAREY'S REAL ESTATE AGENCY

733 Broad Street

East Weymouth.

Telephone

DOG DAYS.

The dog days are upon us now
With all their sultriness;
They will not to our comfort add
Nor to our happiness.

It will be hard to keep the smiles
On our perspiring face;
And to maintain a dignity
Becoming to our race.

But one thing certain we can do
In these hot sultry days;
Give heed to some of my advice
And brighter make life's ways.

For instance try our nice Baked Beans,
Some of our Sweet Krust Bread;
A Jelly Roll or Walnut Cake
And you'll be nicely fed.

WHITCOMB'S

WEYMOUTH AND EAST BRAINTREE

—Weymouth Will Wake Up September 11.

—Mrs. Thomas Sweeney has been spending a few days with her sister in Jamaica Plain.

—Misses Evelyn Floyd and Lena McCarthy have been visiting in Provincetown.

—The setter dog owned by Dr. L. W. Pease was badly injured Sunday evening by being run over by an automobile on Broad street.

—Misses Elizabeth and Mary Backrie were in Bridgewater over Sunday. Their cousin, Miss Mary Costa returned with them and has been their guest for a few days.

—Mrs. Matthew Gloster and daughter, Evelyn, have been spending a week at Raymond, N. H.

—George Dalton is home from a trip to the White Mountains.

—Arthur Osborne is ill with an attack of lumbago.

—Mrs. John A. Neal and children have returned from New Hampshire where they have been for some weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bryant and daughter are home from a two weeks' outing at Jay, Maine.

—Parker C. Hayward, who sustained a shock of paralysis while at his summer home, Laconia, N. H., a few days ago is reported as improving.

—Walter H. Butcher is enjoying his annual vacation this week.

—Fred Quinn of the U. S. department of Agriculture is home from South Royalton on a three weeks' vacation.

—Louis Backrie moved into his new house on Walnut avenue yesterday.

—James DeNeil is spending the week end with friends in Cohasset.

—Mr. and Mrs. Franklin P. Whitten have been visiting Miss Nellie Phillips at Hanover.

—Lucetia, the 6 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Dalton fell under the feet of a horse while listening to the band concert in Washington square, Saturday evening. She escapes with slight bruises.

—Misses Elizabeth Hall, Helen Hunt, Madeline Hunt, Edith Bicknell and Nellie Howe with Mrs. Florine Ducker as chaperon are spending the week at Peep Island.

—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Vinal are entertaining Mrs. Mary A. Cook of Providence, R. I.

—Miss Jennie Richmond is home from a visit to friends in Gorham, N. H.

—Mrs. Fred B. Dwyer and daughter are spending the week at Squantum.

—George Smith is taking a week's vacation from his duties at the White garage Boston.

—Mrs. Rebecca Siggins and Miss Gladys Prophet of Somerville and Samuel Derby of North Easton have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Morse of Washington square.

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bullard of Milford have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Niles.

—Members of Mayflower chapter order of the Eastern Star went on a trip to Plymouth, Wednesday in auto car "South Shore Tourist."

—Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Berry move today to Richmond, Me., where he has taken a position.

—Mr. and Mrs. George Horte of King's avenue have moved to Montclair.

—Rev. Fr. James Bradley, president of St. Mary's seminary, Baltimore, Md., is here on a visit to his sisters, the Misses Bradley of Commercial street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Millard P. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Bryant and Mrs. Sarah Bourne went on an auto trip to the Cape, Wednesday.

—A large and enthusiastic meeting of members of Trinity church was held on Monday evening at the residence of Mrs. H. Davidson, Summer street, Weymouth.

At this meeting committees were elected to serve at the Country Fair to be held at the residence of Rev. William Hyde on August 30.

—Miss Sarah Marr has been visiting relatives in Brockton.

ANSWER THE CALL.

Weymouth People Have Found That This is Necessary.

A cold, a strain, a sudden wrench, A little cause may hurt the kidneys. Spells of backache often follow. Or some irregularity of the urine. A splendid remedy for such attacks, A medicine that has satisfied thousands. Is Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands of people rely upon it. Here is one case:

A. F. Howes, 204 Commercial street, East Braintree, Mass., says: "I had severe pains across my back and kidneys and the kidney secretions were scanty and painful in passage. A neighbor was kind enough to tell me to try Doan's Kidney Pills and I began taking them. One box regulated the kidney and removed the pains in my back. I do not often require a kidney remedy, but I keep Doan's Kidney Pills on hand in case the old trouble should come back."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

EAST WEYMOUTH AND WEYMOUTH CENTER.

—Weymouth Will Wake Up September 11.

—Mrs. Michael Gorman of Center street has been on the sick list the past week.

—Mrs. William Kierstead of Lowell was in town over Sunday visiting relatives.

—Leo Ford of New York and Philadelphia spent a few days the past week with his parents of Middle street. Mr. Ford will spend the remainder of his vacation around Lake Champlain.

—Miss Gertrude Moran is enjoying an outing in Newport, where she is the guest of friends.

—William Connell is breaking in as motorman on the local street railroad.

—One of the finest residences in this place is the newly remodeled home of W. E. Ames of Chard street. Mr. Ames has had the exterior remodeled, and a large spacious piazza built on the south and east sides, while inside, the several rooms have been receiving the attentions of decorators and electricians for the past few weeks, and with the many modern conveniences the house presents a most attractive appearance indeed.

—Fred Nolan, night chief operator at the New England Tel. & Tel. Co. office is enjoying his annual vacation which he is spending at Nantasket as the guest of Braintree friends. Dave Linberg of Quincy is substituting during Nolan's absence.

—A. E. Burrell of the Edison Electric Illuminating Co. of Boston has been on an auto trip through New Hampshire and Maine as the guest of friends. Old Orchard, Maine, was the headquarters of the party on the trip.

—Weymouth Lodge, Loyal Order of Moose, is arranging for a series of social events to begin early in the fall.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brown of Washington, D. C., are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, last Sunday. Mrs. Brown was formerly Miss Mabel Cushing of this place.

—Miss Mary McIsaac is spending the week with friends in Whitman.

—Mr. and Mrs. Parker Tirrell leave today for Litchfield, Maine, for a two weeks' vacation trip.

—John A. McFawn, clerk at the East Weymouth Savings Bank, is enjoying his vacation in Goffstown, N. H.

—Harold Joy who is connected with a large Boston clothing concern, is having his annual vacation.

—In honor of his eighth birthday, John Alden, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Alden of Whitman road, East Weymouth, entertained a party of young friends last Monday afternoon. Games and music made up the program. At the dinner served on the piazza, a "Jack Horner" pie was the feature, with a ribbon running from the pie to the plate of each guest.

At a given signal all drew the lines and each one was favored with a very handsome souvenir of the occasion.

—Mrs. Charles Phillips is enjoying a two weeks' vacation from her duties at W. M. Tirrell's store.

—Mrs. Abbie Brant leaves today for a visit in Wolfboro, N. H.

—A large delegation of railroad men from the local car barn went on the grocers' outing on Wednesday to Newport. While in Newport the "boys" availed themselves of the opportunity of renewing the acquaintance of "Tim" Donahue until recently foreman of the East Weymouth barn.

—Leighton Thompson of Hawthorne street is playing first base this summer for the Hyannis line which has won 12 straight games thus far this season.

—Miss Mildred Ellis of Middleboro is spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. F. A. Levitt of Grant street.

—Miss Florence Earle of High street is having a two weeks' vacation from her duties in a Boston office.

—Miss Helena Reidy of Pleasant street is at Sunapee Lake, N. H. for a few weeks.

—Miss Isabelle McIsaac is the guest of Miss Ruth Scrivenir of Attleboro at her summer home Triguers Island, Maine. Miss Scrivenir is a former resident of this town.

—Robert B. Raymond of New York was home over Sunday.

—Robert Hussey of Washburn street is reported as improving from his recent attack of appendicitis.

—William Doyle, clerk in the local post office is enjoying his annual vacation which he is spending in New Hampshire.

—A good sized audience gathered in Jackson square last evening to listen to the concert given by the Stetson Shoe Co. band.

—Cedric Watson is enjoying his two weeks' vacation in Maine.

—Mrs. Jessie Bufum and Miss Blanche Bates are at Round Pond, Maine, on an outing.

—Miss Mildred Newcomb has taken a position as bookkeeper at the market of J. F. Otis in Commercial square.

—Mr. and Mrs. George H. Loud are already at their cottage in Old Orchard, Maine. Mrs. Martha Loud of East Milton is their guest. Quite a company of the East Weymouth Branch will leave here on Friday in time to attend the opening meeting of the C. and M. Alliance Convention which promises to be the largest held there in several years. Those who expect to attend from here are Mrs. F. L. Glover, Miss Hattie Gilliat, Miss Clara Luces, John Crossaboom, Merrill Barter,

Mr. and Mrs. William Penny, Mrs. Annie Andrew, Mrs. MacDonald and Miss Minnie MacDonald. Rev. Frederick F. Kidder will have charge of the work in Faith Mission hall during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Loud and services will be held as usual.

—Mrs. Herbert Woodwell and son, Roland of Newburyport, and Master Lewis Horton are visiting their aunt, Mrs. L. W. Cain.

—Mrs. Edward Bicknell of Lewiston is visiting her sister, Mrs. M. A. Williams of 789 Commercial street and would be pleased to see her friends informally next Tuesday, August 5.

—Miss Grace and Miss Mabel Sawyer of Chelsea were the guests of Mrs. L. W. Cain over Sunday.

—In honor of her approaching marriage Miss Geneva Burrell, one of East Weymouth's most popular young ladies, was tendered a miscellaneous shower at the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Holbrook at Bayside, North Weymouth, last Saturday evening. Guests were present from the Weymouths and surrounding towns and Miss Burrell was the recipient of many beautiful gifts from her host of friends. A program of music, games and refreshments made the evening one to be remembered by all.

Methodist Episcopal Church Notes
Sunday, Aug. 3. 10:30 Communion service with short sermon, 12:00 Sunday school. At 7:30 p. m., the final sermon in series on "The Apostles Creed." The church quartette is to be present and sing.

By vote of the Official Board, the Sunday services of the church will be suspended from August 10 to August 31 inclusive. The Sunday school will meet on August 10 and 17, but at 10:30 a. m. instead of the regular hour. Tuesday evening meetings will be held on August 5 and 12 at 7:45 o'clock.

Congregational Church Notes.
Rev. W. H. Commons begins his vacation this week and it will extend to the first Sunday in September. Services, however, will be held at the church a part of the time of which notice will be given here from week to week.

Next Sunday there will be the usual morning service and Rev. D. W. Waldron will occupy the pulpit. Miss Raymond musical director, will be at the organ, there will be a vocal soloist and Silas Russo will give violin solos. The Y. P. S. C. E. service will be at 6:30 p. m. and will be in charge of Miss Adella G. Rix. There will be no Sunday school session during the month.

The Tuesday evening service will be at 7:45 with Deacon C. B. Cushing, leader.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to all those, who in any way, helped to comfort us during our recent bereavement.

ANNA M. FORD,
MRS. JOHN T. FRAZER,
MRS. JAS. F. MADIGAN.

Oiling Japanese Umbrellas.

The vegetable oil used in making paper umbrellas in Japan is pressed out of the seeds of the rubber plant. This oil is made in the various islands famous for oil and seeds from these plants. Sandy ground is favored for the cultivation of the plant. The yield of seeds is estimated at twenty bushels per acre. The annual production throughout Japan amounts to 350,000 bushels, from which over a gallon of oil per bushel is extracted. The oil, before it is used, is boiled and then cooled until it can be applied by hand to umbrellas with a piece of cloth or waste. No machinery or tools are used in applying the oil. When the oiling is completed the umbrellas are exposed in the sun for about five hours. This oil is also used in making the Japanese lanterns, artificial leather, printing ink, lacquer, varnish, es, oil paper and paints.

His Wedding Present.

"I willingly countenance your marriage with my daughter," wrote a physician to his prospective son-in-law, "conditionally on your accepting as a wedding present her mother. As a wife she has not been a success; as a mother-in-law she is at least problematical. At all events, I can endure her temper no longer, and as she expresses a wish to live with her daughter I am sending her along by the next train."

In due course the lady arrived and lived with the young couple for many years.—London Mail.

Apply Your Knowledge.

"A college education is worth \$25,000 in increased earning capacity," declares a western university. It is, and it isn't. There are college men who could not earn this sum in twenty-five years. There are men earning twice as much in a year who never even walked by a college. It's a fine thing to have, but its earning capacity depends upon the practical use made of it, says the wise man in Power.

When the Cake is Done.

It should pull from the sides of the pan.

Should not stick to a toothpick when it is put into the center.

It should spring back in place when the finger is pressed on the top.—Woman's World.

Compensation.

"Bobby, won't you be a good boy and go to Sunday school this morning?"

"Mamma, will you let me skip my bath if I do?"—Chicago Tribune.

All faults may be forgiven of him who has perfect candor.

KINCAIDE THEATRE

HANCOCK STREET QUINCY CENTRE
HIGH CLASS REFINED MOVING
VAUDEVILLE PICTURES

Daily Matinee 2:30 P. M. Prices 5c, 10c, 15c. Evenings at 7:45, 10c, 15c, 25c.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin Upside Down"

The Kincaide Players Farewell Sketch.

"Twill make you laugh till your sides ache, for its a scream from start to finish, and then some. This is your last chance to see these clever comedians. So come Friday or Saturday afternoon or evening."

Beginning Monday, Aug. 2.

FOUR ACTS VAUDEVILLE. FOUR PHOTO PLAYS
AND OUR REGULAR FULL ORCHESTRA.

A COOL PLACE TO PASS 2 HAPPY HOURS.

GENERAL SURVEYS TOPOGRAPHICAL SURVEYS

RUSSELL H. WHITING

CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR

56 Sea Street

NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

SURVEYS MADE AND PLANS PREPARED FOR THE LAND COURT

GOOD CLEAN MERCHANDISE

AT CLEAN SUMMER PRICES.

Reliable, Dependable, Clean Fresh Goods that we will guarantee, stand back of us as long as we are in business. No shopworn, out-of-style or shoddy articles in this good old store, that has served the public honorably for the last 43 years. No goods bought for a sale—everything is our regular sterling quality, worth every cent you pay for it.

RALSTON SHOES,

—Ahead of any other Man's Shoe.

AMERICAN LADY SHOE,

—The best Shoe for Women ever made.

EARL & WILSON SHIRTS,

—For Fit, Style, Comfort, Quality.

GEORGE W. JONES

1 Granite St. "Just around the Corner" Quincy

COAL

FOR RANGE OR FURNACE

Free Burning White Ash and genuine Lehigh, Franklin or Shamokin

WOOD

SAWED and SPLIT

HAY, GRAIN AND FLOUR

AUGUSTUS J. RICHARDS & SON

Weymouth and Quincy. Tel. Con.

Daniel H. Clancy FARM WANTED

Formerly with H. M. Ford Estate

In Weymouth, Hingham or Braintree

OF 5 ACRES OR MORE, NEAR R. R. DEPOT. STATE LOCATION, PRICE, ACREAGE, ETC.

T. E. BENNETT,

43 WHITNEY ROAD, Quincy.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

NORFOLK, ss. PROBATE COURT.

TO all persons interested in the estate of

DEBORAH J. BAKER,

late of Weymouth, in said County, deceased: Whereas, Andrew W. Baker, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the appended first and final account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dedham in said County, on the third day of September A. D. 1918, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week for three successive weeks in the Weymouth Gazette, a newspaper published in said Weymouth, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, James H. Flint, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirteen.

JOHN D. COBB, Register.

Central Square East Weymouth

18-20

MRS. SUSAN E. WALKER DEAD.

Well-Known North Weymouth Women Passes Away After a Short Illness.

After a brief illness, Susan E. Walker, wife of Isaac H. Walker, passed away at her home on Pearl street, Friday evening, August 1. She was born at Quincy, July 31, 1839, but had made her home for 54 years in North Weymouth.

Prayers were held at her home by Rev. Charles Clark and the funeral took place at 2:30 o'clock on Monday afternoon at the Pilgrim Congregational church where she had been a member for many years. Many relatives and friends attended the services.

The singing was by the Pilgrim Male Quartette. The selections were "Lead Kindly Light," "Abide With Me," and "Shall We Meet Beyond the River." Many beautiful flowers testified to the love and esteem of neighbors and friends.

The bearers were George H. Walker, Horace W. Walker, Charles H. Williams and Gorman W. Walker.

Besides her husband she leaves one sister, Miss Josephine Hayden, and five children, Mrs. Joseph L. Newton of Wintthrop, George H. Walker of East Weymouth, Mrs. Charles H. Williams, Horace W. Walker and Joseph E. Walker of North Weymouth.

Death of Charles F. Spear.

Mr. Charles F. Spear of Somerville, died at the Charlesgate hospital, Cambridge, after an illness of over a year, Wednesday, August 6, 1913, aged 42 years, 6 months and 6 days. Funeral services this Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock, at the Village cemetery chapel, Weymouth, Rev. Frank B. Cresscy, formerly of Weymouth, now of Cambridge, officiating.

Mr. Spear was born in Weymouth and here lived, until business took him elsewhere. For the last fourteen years he held the important position of transfer clerk in the office of the Old Colony Trust Company, Boston. During the Spanish American war Mr. Spear was captain of Co. K, Fifth Mass. Infantry, U. S. V., and was presented with a handsome sword and belt by the citizens of Weymouth, April 19, 1896. He was married at Quincy to Miss Mary Foye, who with an only child, Marion Louise, 13 years old, survives him. He is also survived by his mother, Mrs. Charles H. Spear, of Weymouth, and an only sister, Mrs. Mabelle Walker of Wakefield, Mass.

Stetson 1, Braintree A. A. 0.

In the best game seen in South Weymouth thus far this season, the Stetson Shoe Co. nine defeated the fast Braintree A. A. nine last Saturday afternoon 1-0. The game was a pitcher's battle between Hazelton of Stetson and Carson, the crack Braintree box artist.

The game was played on the new Union street field and a large audience was present. Previous to the contest the two teams formed in line in front of the Norfolk club in Columbian square and with the Stetson Shoe Co. band in the lead, marched to the field. During the game the band gave a concert. The score:

STETSON SHOE.

Blackburn, cf	1b po a e	
Hendricksen, c	1 0 0 1	
Carlisle, 1b	2 5 0 0	
Gleason, ss	0 11 0 0	
Hanson, 2b	1 3 5 0	
Cross, 3b	0 3 6 0	
Hazelton, p	0 1 1 0	
Bates, lf	1 2 3 0	
McMahon, rf	0 1 0 0	
Totals	5 27 15 1	

BRAINTREE A. A.

Dam, rf	1b po a e	
Cane, 3b	1 0 0 0	
DeYoung, ss	0 1 1 0	
Mulligan, cf	0 0 0 0	
Donahue, 1b	0 11 0 0	
Orr, 3b	2 2 3 0	
Pitts, c	1 9 0 0	
Pratt, lf	0 0 0 0	
McKenney, lf	0 0 0 0	
Carson, p	0 1 4 1	
Totals	5 24 12 1	

Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Stetson Shoe Co 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1
Run by—Hendricksen. Stolen bases—Hendricksen 2, Blackburn 2, Mulligan, Orr 2, DeYoung Pitts. Base on balls by—Hazelton, Carson 2. Struck out by—Carson 9, Hazelton 4. Double plays—Gleason, Hanson and Carlisle 2; DeYoung Orr and Donahue; Hanson and Gleason. Time—2 hours. Umpires—T. Murray and O'Laughlin.

Daily Thought.

Keep well thine tongue and keep thy friend.—Chaucer.

From Both Sides.

Steamers plying between England and Holland have been equipped with apparatus by which all their lifeboats can be launched from either side of a vessel.

LIEUT. GOV. WALSH SPEAKS.

Large Gathering at St. Jerome's Church Lawn Party at North Weymouth Last Saturday.

With one of the largest gatherings present in the history of the church, the annual lawn party of the parishioners of St. Jerome's church of North Weymouth, was held last Saturday afternoon and evening. The affair was held in aid of the building fund of the new St. Jerome's church.

In the afternoon a list of sports were held for the children and two ball games were played, the Bigelows of Quincy winning from the Riversides of North Weymouth 11 to 7 and the of East Weymouth lost to the North Weymouth A. A. 5 to 4.

The two-mile running race was won by Ralph Talbot and the East Weymouth team lost the tug-of-war to the team from North Weymouth.

The music was furnished by the Mission Church band of Boston.

In the evening the grounds were brilliantly lighted with red, white and blue electric lights and a program of orchestral music was given. Dancing was also enjoyed with Francis Gorman, Frank J. Daly, James Condon and Joseph Hackett in charge.

Lieut. Governor David I. Walsh arrived at the grounds about ten o'clock and gave an address on "Good Citizenship."

About the grounds were situated many booths and tables, all very well stocked with seasonable goods in charge of the following: refreshment booth, Mrs. Paul Delorey, Mrs. Henry Hurley, Mrs. Orin Cobb, Mrs. Laura Sirk, Mrs. Joseph Pitts, Mrs. Thomas Joyce and Mrs. Addie Delorey; candy, Miss Mary O'Rourke, Miss Lenora O'Rourke, Miss Susie O'Rourke; ice cream, Mrs. S. A. Perkins, Mrs. Nora Joyce, Miss Helen Burton, Mrs. Almira Tangey and B. J. Boordue; fancy, Miss Nellie Cunneen, Miss Rose Landrey, and Miss Minnie Gerrior; tonic, Miss Marjorie Dunn, Miss Lester Veno, Miss Alice O'Connor and Miss Winnie Eagan; cigar stand, Rupert Carren, James Cody and Thomas McCue, Jr. The mystery box was in charge of Mrs. Edward Quinn, Frank Comerford, Mrs. Isaac McIsaac, Miss Alice Hurley, John Comerford, Miss Theresa Condon and Miss Lucy Tanguan. The country store was conducted by James Scully, Thomas Joyce and Joseph Buckley. Patrick McManus, Michael Eagan and John McCarthy looked after the cane stand. The Hoop-la table was under the direction of Urban Landry, William Gray and John Tanguy. The African dodgers were managed by Simon Riley, William Dodge, Michael Lukes, William Laskensky, John Merservy Jr., Miss Emma Poskus, B. J. Veno, Philip Riley, Lester Veno and John O'Rourke Jr. "Aunt Dinah" was in charge of Mrs. William Collins and Mrs. R. Craven.

The committee in direct charge of the gala event was Edwin C. Donovan, William Collins, M. J. Coleman, P. J. Derrig, M. J. Veno, Mrs. Edward Quinn, Richard Baker, Mrs. Paul Delorey, Robert Carvan, Miss Nellie Conneen, Miss Catherine Mack, Mrs. Henry Hurley, Joseph Delorey, E. E. Devlin, James Doyle, Bert Holden, Joseph Buckley, Miss Josephine Dooley, Edward Walsh, Mrs. S. A. Perkins, Joseph L. Pitts, Henry Damon, John Sheehan, John Perron, Charles Ward and Alfred Gladwin.

Strongly Put.

What a pity that the good things of the pulpit can't be laid before the world like the printed pages of the press. Here is a bonnet which I desire to rescue from oblivion. It was from a pulpit in the suburbs. The subject: "Sowing Wild Oats." "Whatsoever ye sow, that shall ye surely reap," says the good book, and the pastor thus reasons therefrom: "You can't expect my hearers to raise hell in this world and reap heaven hereafter."

Severe Test for Physician.

It is said that Ardashir, the king of the Persians, never permitted a physician to prescribe for him until he had been stung by a viper. If he was able to heal himself he gave him his daily food, and the physician entered his service.—The Orient.

To Kill Odor of Onion.

To kill the odor of onions on the breath eat lemon afterward or drink strong lemonade. Many persons who never eat onions in any other form cannot very well avoid them in some salads which would taste exceedingly flat without this vegetable.

Ball Covers Sewed by Hand.

So far no machine has been found to give satisfaction in sewing the covers on baseballs. Hundreds of thousands of balls are used every year, and they are all hand sewed. A man working his best can not finish more than three dozen a day.

TOWN BUSINESS.

In the absence of the Chairman of the Selectmen on Monday, George L. Newton was elected chairman pro tem. Many communications and petitions were received, and some business transacted. A communication from the police department called the attention of the Board to the law in regard to minors under 17 years of age visiting public dance halls, and it must be stopped.

The several corporations using poles for electric lines were given permission to use jointly poles on Summer, Sea, Oak, Broad, Linden, Monatiquot, Park, Pine and Columbia road.

A petition was received from the Westwood Grove Association asking that Section 22 of the town By-Laws be enforced in that section of the town, "disorderly behavior, vulgar and profane language," have become too prevalent for order-loving people, especially so on Sunday, which usually brings a crowd of very undesirable people from out of town for a Sabbath Day jamboree.

Mr. Reuben Burrell, Dead.

Mr. Reuben Burrell died at his home, 334 Washington street, Tuesday evening after a long illness. Deceased was born in South Weymouth, August 24, 1847 and was a son of Reuben and Mary Vinson Burrell. He is survived by his widow, a son, Charles Burrell and a brother, Frank A. Burrell. Deceased was for nearly forty years a foreman in the shoe factories in this town and Braintree. He was foreman at the Stetson Shoe factory at the time of his illness. He was a member of Delphi lodge 15 Knights of Pythias. The funeral will take place from his late residence this (Friday) afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

J. Wendall Phillips.

J. Wendall Phillips died at Groveland, Florida, Monday. Deceased was a native of this town and son of the late John Phillips. He was 58 years old and is survived by three brothers, Henry, George and Walter Phillips.

Clapp Wins 6 To 0.

With Bobby Gill, the crack pitcher of the Boston College High school nine the past year, in the box, the Clapp Memorial team easily shut out the Commonwealth Shoe Co. nine of Whitman at the Clapp Memorial field, East Weymouth, last Saturday, 6 to 0.

Gill's work was the feature of the day. He struck out 20 men, allowed but 2 hits and passed but 2 of the opponents. At the bat he banged out a home run with 2 men on the bases and finished stronger than when he began. Only one man reached third for the visitors, 2 reached second and four saw first base during the entire game. For the visitors, Plausse, Burke and Crowley excelled. The score:

CLAPP MEMORIAL.

Artis, 2b	1b po a e	
McCarthy, ss	1 1 1 2	
Hoyt, cf	1 3 3 0	
Gill, p	1 1 0 0	
Gloster, 3b	1 0 0 0	
Drinkwater, rf	1 0 0 0	
Jenkins, 1b	0 3 1 0	
Humphrey, lf	0 1 0 0	
Wall, c	1 18 4 0	
Totals	7 27 11 2	

COMMONWEALTH.

Kane, 1b	1b po a e	
Holbrook, lf	0 8 0 0	
Burke, ss	0 3 0 0	
Hedrick, cf	0 0 0 0	
Sherman 3b	0 1 1 0	
Thomas, rf	0 2 0 0	
Nickells, 2b	0 2 1 0	
Crowley, c	0 8 1 0	
Plausse, p	1 0 2 1	
Totals	2 24 8 1	

Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Clapp 0 1 0 0 3 0 2 —6

Runs made by—Gill 2, McCarthy, Hoyt, Wall, Artis. Two base hits—Gloster. Home run—Gill. Stolen bases—McCarthy, Kane, Hoyt, Artis 2. Base on balls by—Gill 2, by Plausse 7. Sacrifice hit—McCarthy. Hit by pitched ball—Hoyt. Passed ball—Crowley. Time—1 hr. 45 m. Umpire—Fitzpatrick.

Rest.

Some doctors say that if a woman could really rest until ten o'clock every day she would add a decade to her life. Rest is the only thing that lets us catch up with ourselves.

"Pleased to Meet You."

The Americans have a polite habit, on being presented to a new acquaintance, of uttering the words, "Pleased to meet you," although upon what the pleasure can rest, or how they know that it is a pleasure, or why an ordinary incident which is not the fulfillment of any anticipation, and which may turn out to be very disagreeable, should be pronounced at sight to be pleasant. I have never been able to understand.—Saturday Review.

LARGEST BATTLESHIP IN THE WORLD



THE "RIVADAVIA"

At high noon on August 26, 1911, 25,000 people were assembled in the yards of the Fore River Shipbuilding Corporation or occupying every available spot on the banks of Weymouth Fore River and the bridge which spans it at Quincy Point, to witness the greatest event in the history of naval construction, viz., the launching of the largest battleship in the world.

On the launching platform at the bow of this master ship there were Admiral Bowles and other officers of the contracting company; officers, civil, military and naval of the Argentine Republic; officers, civil, naval and military, of the United States and many other men and women of prominence.

Slowly to the watchers the revolving wheels of time seemed to move, but the right moment came and as the ship started on her way the then most prominent person in the party, Senora Isabel H. M. de Noan, wife of Dr. Roman S. de Noan, Argentine Minister at Washington, performed the duty assigned by christening the ship, "Rivadavia," a name revered in the Argentine Republic as that of Washington in America, and in another moment

the ship was gracefully floating on the waters of Fore River.

The work of completing the battleship has at times been delayed for various unavoidable difficulties but has gone on to a triumphant completion until it was announced that another event to the ship would take place last Sunday night at high tide and again, even though it was a midnight affair on account of more favorable tide, thousands of people assembled to see the ship pass from her dock through the bridge and out to sea.

The normal displacement of the Rivadavia is 26,500 tons, length 585 feet, breadth 98 feet, draft 27 feet 6 inches.

When the Rivadavia blew her big whistle announcing that she was backing out, fully 10,000 people on the river banks craned their necks and strained their eyes up the river in order to get a view of the big mass of fighting steel as it slowly edged its way out into Fore River.

When the big ship was about quarter way out from the creek five tugs of the Boston Towboat Company began to turn her slowly with her stern pointing upstream.

The feat of taking the Rivadavia out under such conditions fell to the lot of

Capt. Joseph I. Kemp, port captain of the Fore River yards and for many years past one of the best tow-boat men in Boston Harbor.

The engine room was in charge of James F. Paige and his senior engineering officer was James Thomson, formerly chief engineer of the Canopic and Cretic. Altogether there was a crew of 700 men on board.

Once her bow was clear of the dock the Rivadavia began to use her powerful searchlights, picking up the channel buoys and the open draw of the Quincy Point bridge.

The bridge had been closed to traffic since 10:45. Every buoy from the bridge to the end of the West Gut off Peddocks Island was marked with a white flag and a lantern and down the lighted way the Rivadavia slowly crept to the sea.

Under her own steam the battleship makes her way to New York where she will go into dry dock for cleaning and other preparations for her trial trips when this work is completed she will return to Boston Harbor take in coal and go through her several trials off the coast of Maine.

Baseball Notes.

Twenty strike-outs, 2 hits and 2 bases on balls. Some pitching all right!

Gill, the boy who twirled the 20 strike-out game at the C. M. A. last Saturday, is surely a classy box artist. The first nine men to face him were retired on strikes and every man on the Commonwealth team fanned once or more times.

That battle at South Weymouth last Saturday between Carson of the Braintree A. A. and Hazelton was a fine contest, with Hazelton's nine winning out 1 to 0. Both Carson and Hazelton pitched excellent ball the entire nine inning.

The C. M. A. nine plays the Braintree A. A. at Braintree to-morrow afternoon and Manager Fabyan of the C. M. A. announces that Bobby Gill will pitch against Carson, the Braintree star. Gill is particularly anxious to lower the colors of the Braintree speed artist and a decidedly close argument should result.

Who Pulled the Bell?

While attempting to alight from a car on Middle street, East Weymouth, last Saturday evening, Mrs. William H. Moran of Center street was thrown down and quite seriously injured.

The car was heavily loaded with a party from the picnic at North Weymouth and as Mrs. Moran was in the act of getting off the car started, throwing her heavily to the ground and she sustained a severe shaking and several bruises.

Miss Clara Brassill, a granddaughter of Mrs. Moran, was also in the act of getting off the car but escaped injury.

Two bells were rung for the car to start but the conductor says he did not pull the cord and it is supposed to have been done by a party of merry-makers in the rear of the car which is a dangerous pastime for anyone to indulge in.

TAX STATISTICS.

We are indebted to the Assessors for the following table of statistics with comparative figures for the years 1912 and 1913:

	1912	1913
State Tax	\$13,937 50	\$18,720 00
County Tax	6,209 11	7,841 82
Met. Pk. Tax	2,432 75	2,658 50
State Highway Tax	326 00	347 00
Charles River Tax	645 46	807 53
Town Tax	156,579 44	174,210 00
	\$180,130 26	204,584 91
Valuation	\$10,022,957 00	\$11,350,521 00
Rate	\$17 25	\$17 50

Town Officers of Weymouth and their Post Office Address.

TOWN CLERK.
John A. Raymond, East Weymouth.

TOWN TREASURER.
John H. Stetson, South Weymouth.

SERVICES.
Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Willard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.

OVERSEERS OF THE POOR.
Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Willard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
A. Francis Barnes, South Weymouth.

ASSESSORS.
John F. Dwyer, Chairman, Weymouth.
Frank H. Torrey, Clerk, North Weymouth.
Waldo Turner, East Weymouth.
Warren T. Simpson, South Weymouth.
Edward L. Loud, South Weymouth.

Regular meeting of Board first Wednesday evening of each month at Town Office Savings Bank Building, East Weymouth.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.
Clarence P. Whittle, Chairman, Weymouth.
A. Lillian McGregor, Secretary, E. Weymouth.
E. E. Leonard, East Weymouth.
Arthur H. Alden, North Weymouth.
Theron L. Tirrell, South Weymouth.
Prince H. Tirrell, South Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.
Parker T. Pearson, East Weymouth. At close of school on Monday will be at the Athens building; Tuesday at Jefferson; Wednesday at Howe Thursday at Hunt.

WATER COMMISSIONERS.
Frank H. Torrey, Chairman, North Weymouth.
George E. Ricknell, Clerk, Weymouth.
Robert S. Hoffman, East Weymouth.
John H. Stetson, South Weymouth.
Edward W. Hunt, Weymouth.

BOARD OF HEALTH.
George E. Emerson, Chairman, So. Weymouth.
Nelson B. Gladwin, Clerk, North Weymouth.
John S. Williams, Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF WATER WORKS.
Ivers M. Low, East Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF STREETS.
John L. Maynard, East Weymouth.

TAX COLLECTOR.
Winslow M. Tirrell, East Weymouth.

FIRE ENGINEERS.
M. O'Dowd, chief, South Weymouth.
W. W. Pratt, clerk, East Weymouth.
J. Q. Hunt, East Weymouth.
Charles W. Baker, Weymouth.
Philip W. Wolf, North Weymouth.

TREE WARDEN.
Charles L. Merritt, South Weymouth.

POLICE OFFICERS.
P. Butler, chief, East Weymouth.
Thomas Fitzgerald, Weymouth.
A. H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
John D. Walsh, Weymouth.
Elbert Ford, South Weymouth.
Geo. W. Nash, North Weymouth.

CONSTABLES.
Isaac H. Walker, North Weymouth.
George W. Nash, North Weymouth.
Patrick Butler, East Weymouth.
Arthur H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
John D. Walsh, Weymouth.
George B. Bayle, South Weymouth.
Elbert Ford, South Weymouth.
George W. Conant, South Weymouth.
Willard F. Hall, East Weymouth.

AUDITORS.
William H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
John P. Hunt, Weymouth.
Frank N. Blanchard, East Weymouth.

PARK COMMISSIONER.
William H. Clapp, Weymouth.

SEALER OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.
Frank D. Sherman, Weymouth.

REPRESENTATIVE TO GENERAL COURT.
(From Seventh Norfolk District.)
John P. Dwyer, Weymouth, Mass.
SENATOR.
(First Norfolk District.)
John J. McDevitt, Quincy.

County Officers.
OFFICES AT DEDHAM.
Judge of Probate and Insolvency, James H. Flint of Weymouth.
Register of Probate and Insolvency, John D. Cobb.
Assistant Register, J. Raphael McCool.
Clerk of Courts, Louis A. Cook of South Weymouth.
Assistant Clerk, Robert B. Worthington.
Second Assistant, Louis A. Cook, Jr., of South Weymouth.

Register of Deeds, John H. Burdakin.
Assistant Register of Deeds, Edward L. Burdakin.
County Treasurer, Henry D. Humphrey.
Sheriff, Samuel H. Capen.
Special Sheriff, Edward E. Wentworth, Cohasset.
County Commissioners, John F. Merrell of Quincy, chairman, Evan F. Richardson, of Mills; Everett M. Bowker, Brookline. Session every Tuesday at 10 a. m.
Special Commissioners, Fred L. Fisher, of Norwood; Henry A. Whitney, of Bellingham.

Calendar of County Courts.
Supreme Judicial Court—Jury Sitting, third Tuesday of February.
Superior Court, Civil Sessions—For work with Juries—First Monday of January, first Monday of May, and first Monday of October. For Court work—First Monday of February, first Monday of April, first Monday of September, and first Monday of December.

Superior Court, Criminal Sessions—First Monday of April; first Monday of September; first Monday of December.
Probate Court—At Dedham, on the first and third Wednesdays of every month, except August. At Quincy, on the second Wednesday of every month, except August. At Brookline, on the fourth Wednesday of every month, except August.

County Commissioners' Meetings—Third Tuesday of April; fourth Tuesday of June; fourth Tuesday of September; last Wednesday of December. By adjournment: On Tuesdays, except during August.
District Court of East Norfolk. Jurisdiction Randolph, Braintree Cohasset, Weymouth, Quincy, Hobbart and Milton. Court held at Quincy for criminal business every week day except legal holidays, and for civil business Tuesdays at 9 a. m. Justice, Albert E. Avery, Braintree. Special Justices, E. Granville Pratt, Quincy; Louis A. Cook, Weymouth. Clerk, Lawrence W. Lyons, Asst. James McDonald. Probation Officer, Francis A. Spear, 25 Thayer Street, Quincy. Court Officer and Bail Commissioner, William Marden, 24 Coddington Street, Quincy.

J. L. WILDES
Tuner and Repairer of
Pianos and Organs
Reference: Mason & Hamlin Piano
and Organ Co.

RESIDENCE:
522 Commercial St., Weymouth Heights

ON THE FARM

Read this column and you can have it delivered at your house with something new every week for a full year by sending \$2.00 to this office now.

Increase the farm stock to the extent of utilizing all the waste products and idle land of the farm.

The ground in the newly set strawberry bed should be kept stirred and rich to enable the plants to go through the winter in good shape.

Have an old broom in the stable to clean the thickest mud from the horses' legs. Then rub the rest off with a coarse cloth or a handful of clean straw.

In driving cows, do not move them faster than a comfortable walk. A dairy cow that is compelled to walk a long way to pasture, or to travel far in the pasture for her feed, uses up energy that will decrease the milk flow.

Clover is very rich in protein, and contains potash, soda, phosphoric acid and other ingredients that make it one of the best feeds for fowls that can be named. It contains all the essentials in well balanced proportion, and is palatable to the fowls as well as healthful.

There is no economy, or even business sense in feeding sparingly during the long hot and busy summer season. A pair of strong, well-fed and well-kept horses or mules will do the work of any four head of half-starved ones you can pick up.

We say a few words about the best method of growing fodder-corn. The custom used to be to sow it very thick so as to make the stalks grow slender, under the impression that they would be better relished by stock than the coarse stalks of the full grown corn in this way; but it is a mistake. When so quickly grown it is but little else than the crude fibre and water, containing a very small percentage of nutriment. For soiling, for curing or for ensilage it is better to grow fodder corn not more than twice as thickly as we grow field corn.

Horses, cattle, hogs and other animals can not tell us what they want to eat, and if we do not give them what they need they often become sick or do not thrive as they should. All animals like mineral matter, especially common salt. Horses, cattle and sheep seem to require salt more than other animals, but hogs must have it. They will remain healthier and do better if they have salt to lick almost every day.

Seldom, perhaps not one year in twenty, do we have the earth too dry to transplant cabbage, and frequently we are troubled with the earth being too wet. Settling out cabbage with wet earth, the whole is apt to be packed about the roots and plants and if followed by dry weather, the earth will harden around the plant and injure its growth.

With beets, beans, corn and a long list of choice vegetables, a succession of plantings may be made from early in the season till late in the summer. When one crop is gone another should take its place immediately. The middle of August is about the right time in central latitudes for tender late radishes and turnips. Keep the good ground working-up till frost.

It is safe to estimate that the manure from hens is worth at least one-half the cost of food, if properly kept and judiciously applied. We know a strawberry grower who states that the manure from 40 hens doubled his crop on one acre compared with another acre not so treated. His method was to scatter the manure plentifully over the plants in January, before the spring growth commenced. In this way the rains carried the manure to the roots.

There are at least two reasons why a cultivated crop may be grown in the young orchard. One reason is that for the first few years the trees occupy small space and do not need all of the moisture and plant foods in the soil between rows. The cultivated crop utilizes this soil fertility. Another reason is that if the young orchard is in a cultivated crop, the soil will be plowed and stirred well during the growing season.

Grape vines, berry bushes and fruit trees need cultivating every year just the same as corn and potatoes. Fruits may produce something at maturity without attention, but they can never do their best unless cultivated well every spring and summer. Cultivation in the vineyard and berry patches should begin as early in spring as the ground will do to work. Stirring the soil promotes growth and fruiting.

Subscribe now for the Gazette and Transcript. It will cost you less than four cents a week to get this department.

The Parson of Cinnamon Gulch

By WILLIAM SINGLETON

It was Sunday in the mining camp on Cinnamon gulch. But the day was not being respected as in civilized communities.

However, word had been received from the Rev. Arthur Dixon that he had been sent out by a society to start the people on a different course. He was coming among them to remain as long as necessary, which meant to build a place of worship.

About 10 o'clock on this Sunday morning a man came up the gulch whose appearance did not seem to indicate that he was especially fitted for the work in hand. His face was red, he wore a stubble beard, and his apparel was by no means clerical. Indeed, it was the ordinary costume of the country—sombro, flannel shirt and trousers tucked in his boots. Taking a position in the center of the cabin, he said in a loud voice:

"Friends, I have come among you to eject Satan from your midst. The sight I see on this Sabbath mornin' is one to appal the heart. Instead of washin' up and puttin' on your best clothes for meetin', instead of mothers brushin' the children's hair and puttin' clean aprons on 'em for Sunday school, some of you are workin', some playin' cards, while the women and children are doin' whatever they take a notion to do."

The stranger paused, and the miners who had been gathering about him while he was speaking wondered. They had expected a sleek looking, clean shaven gentleman in clerical dress, who would talk to them in a soft, persuasive voice. This man was rough and uncouth—indeed, noisier superior to themselves. However, it is questionable if this very ruggedness did not incline them to receive him more favorably than one more refined.

"I reckon," resumed the newcomer, "that you've been advised of my bein' sent out to convert this camp. I'm the Rev. Arthur Dixon, and I'm purty well used to such as you. You thought you was goin' to git a smooth talkin' gent with molasses candy hair and mild blue eyes. The society ain't sendin' that kind of men round to do their work, or, rather, the Lord's work. Them kind is sent to places where there's been some sort o' cultivation."

"What I'm goin' to do is tussle with the devil and throw him out, just as when a man's goin' to plant he gits rid o' the stumps and weeds and all that. Them fancy parsons wouldn't be no good for that. Their work comes in when the seed's planted and springin' up. When one o' them fellers comes yere I goes on to another place where there's no clearin'."

By this time the whole camp—men, women and children, though there were few women and fewer children—were standing in front of the parson, gaping at him. To one or two who found room in his rear he said savagely:

"You galoots come forward where I kin see you. That's one o' Satan's best dodges—to git in a feller's rear and take him from behind."

Those addressed came forward. "Now, I want you people to understand," the parson continued, "that the first thing needed in bringin' about a new deal is that when you get together for purposes o' worship you do it with humility. There's no humility in a six shooter nor in a knife. I want every one of you that has weapons on you to take 'em up there"—pointing to an open space between trees—"and leave 'em there durin' these yere religious ceremonies."

The speaker paused, and a number of the men went to the spot he indicated and then threw down their weapons. When he was satisfied that all the arms were where he had ordered them deposited he said that the first thing to do in the premises was to build some sort of place where they could meet for religious worship. Then he nominated one of the men to pass around the hat for contributions.

While the collection was being taken up a young man of a different type came into the camp, approaching the parson from the rear. When he caught sight of the speaker he opened his eyes. He was especially interested in his remarks made from time to time exhorting the miners to contribute liberally.

The collector, having gone the rounds, took the hat to the parson, who emptied the contribution into his pockets, then, drawing a revolver from each boot, covered the assembly. "Stand where you are," he said, "for I'll put a hole in any one that moves! Any man leavin' for them weapons won't get more'n a yard!"

He began moving away from the congregation, keeping his face toward them, and backed right into the man who had just come upon the scene. Feeling a pair of arms clasping him about his body, he wriggled to get away, but to no purpose. Presently one of the congregation, taking advantage of the diversion, jumped in and grasped the weapons. That ended the dispute. The so called parson was bound and securely bound.

The young man who had turned the tables was the real Arthur Dixon. The man who had personated him had met him and learned of his purpose. Hurrying on ahead of him, he had hoped to play his game and get away with the plunder before his arrival.

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A GIRL WORTH A MILLION

How a Plot of Two Lovers Succeeded

By ORIN EDSON CROOKER

Alexander Pierson had accumulated millions during a long and active life, yet in all probability the poorest of men would not ever have wished to exchange places with him. He was old, crabbed, peevish and disagreeable. His big stone palace on Lake Shore drive, where he lived without the companionship of either kith or kin, was presided over by a butler and a housekeeper, both of whom ruled him with rods of iron and, in return for exorbitant stipends, took care of him in his childish old age. As he sat alone in the magnificently appointed library of his palatial residence gazing absently into the embers of a dying hearth fire he was the very embodiment of the mockery of riches.

"Why doesn't the boy come?" he muttered impatiently as he watched the face of the tall colonial clock. "I ordered him to be here at 5, and it's already six minutes after the hour. I don't know what's to become of the present generation—no sense of punctuality." He tapped the floor fretfully for a few minutes with the cane which was his constant companion.

"Oh, you're here, are you?" he quavered in a tone of relief as the portieres parted almost noiselessly and a broad shouldered, well built youth of twenty-three appeared.

"Come, sit here!" he demanded, pointing to a vacant chair opposite. "I want to talk to you."

Paul Pierson, junior member of the board of trade firm and only grandson and heir of the old man, understood the latter's idiosyncrasies sufficiently well to recognize an impending storm.

"I sent for you," squeaked the old gentleman in his peevish way, "to have a talk with you about yourself—understand? I've decided it's time you had a home of your own. Seeing you don't live here with me, you must get married—understand? The sooner the better. I'm getting to be an old man." He paused. "Yes, an old, old man. I'm living on borrowed time, likely to have the loan called most any time now. I want to see you settled—understand? He leaned over and poked the dying embers with a trembling hand.

"Well, grandfather," spoke the youth laughingly. "It takes two to get married, you know. I hadn't planned on tying myself up right away, but I suppose if you insist on it I can set about hastening the day, provided it meets with the approval of the young lady."

"That's sensible!" put in the old man, the frown lifting a bit from his face. "Now, seeing you're agreed to my suggestion, I want to add a word further as to the young lady who is to share your life and, I may add, your fortune. She's got to be the right kind of a woman, mind you, qualified in every way, my boy, to—"

"But, grandfather, I've got her all picked out."

"Hear me, boy," blustered the old gentleman, heedless of his grandson's



"BOY, HE SENSIBLE!" HE DEMANDED FURIOUSLY.

remark. "She's got to average up to the demands of the situation—understand? With as much money as you'll have, she must be some one who's worth something herself. No poor man's daughter, no country school marm, no deacon's daughter."

"I can't see why you should impose such unnecessary requirements. Won't I have enough for two?" put in the youth, his color rising.

"Enough for two! It's just as I feared! The driving idiosyncy of this younger generation is appalling. I suppose you've already gone and fallen in love with some pretty face that hasn't anything else to commend it." The old man leaned over and peered at his grandson searchingly. "Out

with it, boy!" he snapped. "Am I right?"

"Well, suppose you are?" he parried. "Then I'll cut you off for your foolishness. I'll—I'll—I'll build libraries in darkest Africa with my money or something else equally ridiculous—anything—anything to punish you for your obstinacy—understand?"

"Then you better send for your architect at once," retorted Paul, rising as though the interview was over. The old man sprang from his chair and tottered toward the portieres, placing himself between them and his grandson.

"B-boy, be sensible!" he demanded furiously. "I've seen much more of the world than you have. Some time you'll say I'm right. But I'm not going to be over-demanding. I realize you can't find many girls who could bring you as much as you'll bring to them. But let's say the girl must be worth at least a million. In these days that's not unreasonable. Now—is it?"

"No," replied Paul, a new light coming into his eyes. "I should say that was perfectly reasonable."

"Only a million, Paul," he continued, lapsing into his peevish tone. "We'll compromise on a million. Just bring me a granddaughter-in-law worth a million and I'll add all I've got to complete your happiness."

"All right; it's a bargain," returned Paul. "I'll bring you a wife who's worth a million, and I'll do it soon."

Thirty minutes later Paul Pierson sprang hurriedly from a taxicab and plunged into the lobby of a big hotel. Without waiting for the elevators he bolted up the marble stairway and into one of the parlors on the second floor, where he came face to face with a young woman evidently awaiting him.

"I've just come from an interview with my grandfather. Couldn't get here any earlier. Come! Let's dine downstairs."

Naomi Crawford and Paul Pierson had little in common save an all absorbing and devoted mutual love. Naomi, unlike the youth soon seated across the table from her, had been reared in a home where severe economy was of necessity practiced. Pinching self denial, however, on the part of her family had permitted her to spend four years at college, where, in the latter part of his senior year, young Pierson had fallen in love with her.

"You don't happen to have a million dollars with you, do you?" ventured Paul, looking across the snowy cloth into the deep blue of the eyes opposite.

"I seldom carry such small change," she laughed. "Do you need it to tip the waiter?"

"No, I've got to have it to appease the old gentleman. He says that unless I bring him a granddaughter-in-law who's worth a million he's going to leave his money to erect libraries in darkest Africa. Cheerful prospect, isn't it?"

"So, you've told him?" replied the girl with a little quiver in her voice. Her face grew serious. "And of course you'll obey him—like a dutiful grandson?"

"Naomi—how can you?" protested the youth. "He can build all the libraries he wants with his money. I told him as much. But I've got half an idea that there must be a way out of this little difficulty. At any rate, it's worth seeking. Put on your thinking cap and help me corral the other half of this idea."

"What's your half of the idea?" she questioned.

"It's this," returned Paul. "Grandfather didn't say my wife must have a million dollars; he said she must be worth a million."

"And on a technicality like that you expect you're going to get past the old man's peculiarities?" she asked soberly.

"No. We've got to put up more of a front than this. See here. I've half a mind to beat him at his own game. You know how the old man made his money—don't you—by promotion schemes of a hundred kinds. He's promoted all kinds of things—anything into which he could pump a lot of 'water.' In fact, he's grown fat on the 'water' he's pumped into the capital stock of these concerns. Now, look here!"

The young man waxed eloquent over the scheme as he unfolded it. "You're worth a million—more than a million—to me. But we'll put a conservative estimate on your valuation and capitalize you at an even million. We might as well call this promotion scheme the Naomi mine—because you are mine, you know—issue a million dollars worth of capital stock on beautifully engraved certificates and by some hook or crook convince the old man that they're all right."

"But it's so entirely dishonorable," protested the girl.

"Naomi," answered Paul, leaning across the table again and speaking with great earnestness. "All's fair either in love or in war. Don't you see the old man's not in his right mind? He's old and childish—living, as he calls it, on borrowed time. Ten years ago he'd never thought of such a thing. We must humor his fancies—that's all."

A month later the younger Pierson called Naomi on the phone.

"What do you suppose has happened?" he cried excitedly, hopping about on one foot and then on the other, as he talked into the instrument. "That plagued lithograph concern to which I gave the order for the million of stock certificates got things twisted and shipped the whole bunch to the old man. There's almost a trunk full. You see, I mentioned his name in placing the order, told 'em I was his grandson, and now he's after me on the phone to come out and explain what it's all about. The firm wrote him the certificates were ordered for him by his grandson. Naturally he doesn't know what to do with \$1,000,000 worth of stock in the Naomi mine

at Australia. Yes, come right away," he continued after a pause. "I think we'll have to go out together and try and square things. You know he's never seen you. So put on your best bib and tucker and hurry. Goodby."

While waiting impatiently for Naomi to come, Pierson paced his office trying to frame some plausible reason to account for the \$1,000,000 worth of stock certificates. In the midst of his troubled deliberations the telephone jangled.

"Yes, this is Pierson—Paul Pierson," he replied.

"No, you don't mean it. Why, I was talking with grandfather less than half an hour ago."

"Yes; I'll be right out as soon as I can get a taxi."

He hung up the receiver, grabbed his hat and started for the door, where he met Naomi Crawford.

"Naomi," he exclaimed, "grandfather had a stroke. They just telephoned from the house. I'm afraid it's all our fault. He must have surmised



"SHE'S WORTH A MILLION, BOY."

that those certificates aren't exactly on the square. We'll both go up and face the music."

"Naomi," said Paul, as their auto sped along. "I'm afraid grandfather is all in. I just can't stand to fool the old man if that's the case. If he wasn't all but down and out I'd feel differently about putting this thing through. But I can't deceive him on his deathbed. We'd better make a clean breast of things. Let him give his money to the heathen if he wishes. I've got enough for us both."

"Paul, it's what I would have preferred all along. I'd rather we hadn't gone into this thing at all. I'm marrying you for yourself—not for your grandfather's money."

"Your grandfather's in the front room upstairs," said the servant who met them in the hall. He's been calling for you constantly. He's suffering no pain although he's paralyzed from the hips down. Will the lady go up with you?"

"Yes," replied Paul. "We'll go up together. Come, Naomi. I'd better tell him we're going to be married."

"This is Miss Crawford, grandfather," said Paul as they passed into the old man's room. "We had planned to come out a little later in the day and ask you to be best man at our wedding. We hadn't expected to find you in bed."

"Yes, boy," spoke the old man in his quavering voice. "I told you I was living on borrowed time. And now I'm afraid the loan is called. So you've kept your promise and found yourself a wife?"

"Yes, grandfather. And she's worth a million, although not the kind of million you—"

"Come, girl," interrupted the old man peevishly. "Sit here on the bed by my side and let me look at you. My old eyes don't carry very far. Here, let me take your hand. I want to see what kind of taste my grandson has in choosing a wife."

He gazed long and intently at Naomi, and as he did so his old eyes filled with moisture, and two big tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks. Naomi leaned over and wiped them away tenderly with her handkerchief.

"You make me think of Paul's grandmother," the old man quavered. "She was fair of cheek, like you, and her eyes were blue, deep blue like yours. There was the same wave of the hair. Oh, to be young again," he sighed. "And with all of life before one, and Paul's grandmother to share the days. Paul, you've chosen well. She'll make you a good wife—a good wife."

"Paul!" The elder Pierson abruptly changed the subject. "I've been worrying a lot since you and I had our talk a month ago lest I was unfair to you. I shouldn't have insisted that you find a wife that's got a lot of money. You'll have enough for two. Yes, I know you will. And, Paul," he continued patting the hand of the girl who sat on the edge of the bed. "A girl like this—what's her name—oh, yes, Naomi—that's a pretty name—a girl like Naomi doesn't need any dowry. She's worth a million boy. Yes—she's worth a million. Be good to her Paul. She's fair like your grandmother—and has deep blue eyes. Now run along—I want to sleep. Paul and Naomi! The names sound well together—Paul and Naomi—Paul and Naomi—"

And out of the chamber of death love led the way.

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FRIDAY, AUG 8, 1913.

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for sale at all News-stands in the Wey-
mouths and at the South Terminal,
Boston.

All communications must be accompanied
with the name of the writer, and unpub-
lished communications cannot be re-
turned by mail unless stamps are enclosed.

Notices of all local entertainments to
which admission fee is charged must be
paid for at regular rates, 10 cents per
line in the reading matter, or regular
rates in the advertising columns.

We are fast approaching the primary elec-
tion, a farce, snare and delusive piece of
legislation enacted two years ago which
practically decides nothing and costs the
towns and cities of the state more than
half a million of dollars but nevertheless
it is here, and we have got to meet it. As
yet we hear but little talk about nomina-
tions outside of the head of the ticket and
every man has a right to guess who will
be the winner in the much muddled con-
test. There are of course minor places to
be filled and no doubt there is the usual
number of men who say their many friends
are urging them to run for the positions.
We call the attention of these aspirants
to the fact that there are eleven days
more in which to fill and file nomination
papers, as they must be filed on or be-
fore the 19th.

We give our readers elsewhere in this
issue some quite interesting figures in re-
gard to the tax situation in Weymouth.
The assessors show a gain of \$1,127,565
in valuation and a tax rate of \$17.50 which
looks well from some standpoints and yet
it is far from satisfactory in Wards 1 and
2. Possibly the assessors have done the
best they could with the time and means
at their hands. They adopted a plan last
year for an increased valuation. The
plan marks the town by wards and with,
as we have said, time and means, confines
the work to one ward for each year, when
had the plan covered the entire town in a
single year and the whole town been put
on an equitable basis with wards 1 and 2,
as they are now taxed, the rate would
have been less than \$13.00, and the natural
question arises how far is a low tax rate
desirable. It may have an influence on
outside people who are seeking investment
or homes but when an old resident looks
at a tax rate of \$13 or even \$17 he smiles
until he sees the aggregate figures and
then he says things.

Worth Knowing.

Onions that are overstrong in flavor
may be rendered less by slicing, then
putting in a colander and pouring
boiling water over them. After this
plunge into ice water and let remain
for half an hour. This will leave them
sweet and crisp.

Following Are a Few of the Items Which Appeared in the Gazette Years Ago This Week.

TWENTY-SIX YEARS AGO.

Asa Pratt, armed with a warrant
started on the war path this week after
unlicensed dogs.

A man from Leopold Morse & Co., of
Boston, was in town Monday evening and
measured the members of Hose 2 for their
new uniforms.

Two schrs. arrived at this port Monday
with 300 tons of Franklin coal, for J. F.
Sheppard & Sons and 400 tons coal for
Jos. Loud & Co.

The old Rogers building has been on
its winding way up Pleasant street to the
new site near the depot, where L. W.
Cook, Esq., the owner, will remodel it for
tenements.

The lawn party held on the Fair grounds
last week Thursday, by the Weymouth
Agricultural and Industrial Society was
fairly attended, and an excellent enter-
tainment was provided for the visitors,
the American band of South Wey-
mouth furnishing a fine programme of
music, and Cushing's orchestra playing
for the dance, which was under the direc-
tion of the lively Society officer, Douglas
M. Easton, of East Weymouth.

TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.

When the policeman says "Move on!"
it is wise to move. He has two advan-
tages—a club and a semblance of law.

Work on the foundation of the new
Odd Fellows building is being rapidly
pushed forward.

The wiring of Hingham and Weymouth
for the arc lights has been completed by
the Wright Engineering company, and the
Thomson-Houston company will soon
commence to run the incandescent circuit.

Bicycle riders who persist in riding on
the sidewalk are receiving the attention
of the police, and one young man was
brought before Judge Humphrey and fined
last week for violating the town by-laws
in this respect, and a warrant is out for
another local rider for a similar offense.

The railroad committee of this place
met last evening and chose J. W. Bartlett
as a committee to confer with the Quincy
and Boston Electric Railway Co. directors
in relation to extending their road into
this place. They say they will build an
extension to run over here if a certain
sum is subscribed by the people of North
Weymouth.

CARD OF THANKS.

We gratefully acknowledge and thank
all who by words of sympathy and assist-
ance helped us in our time of sorrow.
Especially do we thank the Rev. Charles
Clark, neighbors and friends.

ISAAC H. WALKER
and family.

They Should Worry.

Mrs. Gramercy—"Whatever will you
do if business ceases to be profitable
in a year or so?" Gramercy—"Don't
be alarmed, my dear. By that time
we'll have sold all the stock in the
company to the public."—Puck.

Middle Age Mortality.

Insurance men are noting an in-
creasing middle-age mortality. In
this country it has increased 20 per
cent in thirty years. In England it
has been very much less.

NORTH WEYMOUTH.

—Mayor Stone of Quincy will be
one of the judges September 11.

—Daniel H. Clancy, Undertaker, Vine
street, Weymouth. Tel. 336 W.—Adver-
tisement.

—Dr. W. A. Drake is spending his vaca-
tion with his family at Lake Pennesse-
wasee, Norway, Maine.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bartlett and son
of Providence, R. I., have been recent
guests of Mr. Bartlett's father, A. W.
Bartlett of Lovell street.

—Mrs. Lucy Biorelli has returned home
after a four months' stay in South Wey-
mouth.

—W. D. Baker and family of Standish
street are spending the month of August
at Monponset.

—Miss Elizabeth Delorey of Winchester
has been visiting her cousin, Miss Addie
Delorey the past week.

—Frank Hagar, Probation officer at
Cambridge with his wife and son, Francis
are staying for two weeks at the St.
Croix cottage, King Cove.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Pratt were the
week end guests of relatives in Fitch-
burg.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Stoddard are en-
joying their annual vacation at North
Easton, Mass., and Portsmouth, N. H.

—Lightning struck the house of T. B.
Seabury during the storm early Saturday
morning.

—Mrs. Henry Vining of Norwell has
been entertaining Miss Gertrude Bartlett
a few days this week.

—Morgan Cushing of Meriden, Conn.,
is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. L. B. Curtis
of Bridge street.

—Frank Delorey of Delorey avenue is
enjoying a two weeks' vacation from his
duties with S. S. Pierce & Co. of Boston.

—Mrs. A. E. Beals is entertaining Mrs.
James Beals of Milwaukee, Wis.

—Leonard Kirby of Everett spent the
week end with Edgar and Russell Stiles.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sidelinger returned
home on Monday after a visit with Dr.
and Mrs. W. A. Drake at their summer
home at Lake Pennessewasee.

—Mrs. L. G. Peterson and Mrs. Ed-
ward Brown have returned home from a
trip to Cottage City.

—H. E. D. Gould went out on the Riva-
davia, Sunday night.

—George L. Haupt of Curtis street is in
New York this week.

—The annual meeting of the Rose Cliff
associates was held at the residence of
Dr. C. H. Porter, Rose Cliff, on Wed-
nesday evening, July 30th.

—Mrs. W. M. Tyler has been entertain-
ing Mrs. Edward Magill and Miss Esther
Magill of Braintree the past week.

—Mrs. William W. Burr and son of
Jacksonville, Fla. have been in town this
week visiting relatives and friends.

—Miss Eleanor and Master Kenneth,
children of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Poulin of
Pearl street underwent successful opera-
tions at the Children's hospital, Boston
for adenoids on Friday last.

—Invitations have been received for
the marriage of Miss Ruth Merrill and
Dr. Willis Middleton on Tuesday, August
26.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Glidden are visit-
ing in Norfolk Downs.

—Mrs. H. E. Gould and children,
Eleanor, George and Kenneth, are spend-
ing a short time in Wakefield, Mrs. Gould's
old home.

—Miss Lillian Gay is enjoying a two
weeks' vacation.

—George Rand was tendered a surprise
party by a number of his friends on
Thursday, August 7 in honor of his 11th
birthday.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

WILY KING EDWARD I.

Fooled the Rebellious Welsh With the
Prince of Wales.

After a lifelong struggle with the
Welsh, Edward I. of England sought
to ascertain the cause of their constant
rebellion and was informed that they
would never be content until they had
a prince of their own.

The wily old monarch asked them if
a prince born in Wales who could not
speak a word of English would be sat-
isfactory, and they received the offer
with great enthusiasm, presuming that
the king meant one of their own flesh
and blood.

His queen, about to give birth to a
child, was hurried to the famous Caer-
narvon castle, where 600 years ago
Edward II., the first prince of Wales,
was born. Thereupon King Edward,
carrying the newly born babe on the
ramparts of the castle, announced to
the multitude: "Here is your prince,
born in your own country, who knows
no word of English and who, I promise
you, shall be reared by a Welsh foster-
mother and shall learn your language.
Accept him as your prince?"

In all the six centuries intervening
the eldest son of the king of England
has been invested and known as the
Prince of Wales. In the year 1911 the
present Prince of Wales and the future
king of England was invested on the
same spot as his predecessor 600 years
ago.—T. Owen Charles in National
Magazine.

HEAT AND THE BODY.

We Are Able to Drink Liquids That
Would Scald Our Hands.

The human body can stand far
greater heat if it be dry than if it be
wet, and, strangely enough, it can
stand far hotter liquids inside than
out.

For example, the average tea drinker
sips tea at a temperature of about
140 degrees F.—sometimes as high as
145 degrees. But he cannot bear his
hands in water at 120 degrees or his
feet in water higher than 112 degrees.
Few people can stand a bath in water
at 105 degrees.

In parts of central Australia men
live in an average temperature of 115
degrees F. In the shade and 140 de-
grees in the sun, while 151 degrees
has been registered. In the Persian
gulf the thermometers on ships vary
between 122 degrees and 140. A re-
cent explorer in the Himalayas re-
ports that he found at 9 a. m. in De-
cember and at more than 10,000 feet
altitude a temperature of 131 degrees F.
Drs. Bleyden and Chantrey, two Eng-
lish scientists, desiring to ascertain
how high a temperature the human
body could stand, shut themselves in
an oven, of which the heat was gradu-
ally raised and they were able to bear it
until the thermometer registered 212
degrees F., the boiling point of water.
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Ruskin as a Patient.

Matlock, so dear to John Ruskin,
brought him within sight of death in
1871. It was a wretched, wet sum-
mer; he went out in a miserable morn-
ing to paint, took a chill, and ag-
gravated the internal inflammation
that followed to a dangerous degree
by refusing to take the doctor's medi-
cines. The sequel is delightful. Irri-
tated at the doctor's remonstrances,
he demanded what was the worst
thing he could take. Beef, they told
him, and beef he insisted upon having
at once. It was late at night and
Matlock was scoured for some time
before beef could be found. Then, says
Mrs. Arthur Severn, he "enjoyed his
late supper thoroughly, and, though we
all waited anxiously till the morning
for the result, it had done him no
harm. And when he was told pepper
was bad for him he drenched it freely
over his food in defiance."

One Minute Cough Cure
For Coughs, Colds and Croup.

COAL FOR RANGE OR FURNACE

Free Burning White Ash and genuine Lehigh, Franklin or Shamokin

WOOD SAWED and SPLIT HAY, GRAIN AND FLOUR

AUGUSTUS J. RICHARDS & SON

Weymouth and Quincy.

Tel. Con.

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CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR

56 Sea Street

NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

SURVEYS MADE AND PLANS PREPARED FOR THE LAND COURT

SECURITY

Honorable dealing for 66 years, gives a feeling of Safety when your
Paint, Lead, Oil and Japan Colors, Stains and Varnishes are Labelled

BAY STATE

Everything in Shelf Hardware, Coal Hods, Ash Barrels and Sieves.

Conductor Pipe, Zinc, Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead.

Atlas Roofing, Hardware, Paints and Oils.

J. H. MURRAY

759 Broad Street

East Weymouth

TELEPHONE 272-J WEYMOUTH

A Man Cannot Get a Wrong Thing

IN A

Store Where They are All Right.

Any man who has so far hesitated about buying his Sum-
mer needfuls, and who has the smallest care for a cool, neat
comfortable appearance, should come here and see how much
value he can get for his money.

Nowadays most men of sense prefer to be sure of things
of full value than to be doubtful about merchandise on which
somebody decides to say that there is a "saving" of "a fourth,"
"a third" or "a half."

Also they prefer to deal with a store where they are
always sure of getting 100 per cent value for their money, as
against the store where there is one chance of getting some-
thing for almost nothing, and ninety-nine chances of getting
taken in.

For these men of sense we are ready to-day with the
good things for men to wear, and they are rightly priced—not
too low priced to disgust any man.

STRAW HATS, SHIRTS, TIES, SHOES, TROUSERS,
COOL UNDERWEAR, SOFT COLLARS, HOSE, ETC.

GEORGE W. JONES

1 Granite St. "Just around the Corner" Quincy

DO IT TO-DAY.

"One to-day is worth a thousand yesterdays."---Longfellow.

DO NOT let anything deter you from purchasing a Gas Range or Water Heater
during August. Our SPECIAL TERMS are too good to let pass without
taking advantage of them.

Make Yours a Sanitary All-Gas Kitchen.

OLD COLONY GAS CO.

August Furniture Sale Now On



Goods Promptly Delivered Free

Our teams and trucks had to hustle the past week to keep pace with our salesmen. A tremendous trade has responded to our August Sale. Homes by hundreds are sharing savings like these.

Woven Hammocks, the dollar grade	79c
Porch Rockers, always worth \$1.25	79c
Oil Stove \$3.50, Ovens, glass door	\$2.25
Lawn Swings built to bring \$4.00	\$2.94
\$5 Folding Go-Carts	\$3.64
\$10 Hardwood Refrigerators	\$6.94

and many many more. Come get 'em

Henry L. Kincaide & Co., Quincy

Open Friday, Saturday and Monday Evenings Close Wed. at 1 P. M.

FURNITURE-PIANOS-RUGS-RANGES

L. CASSESE & SONS.

**Limestone, Granite and Marble Cut
CEMENT BLOCKS**

215 LAKE STREET, EAST WEYMOUTH.

TEL. 428-W.

A Word to the Wise.

10th Anniversary Sale

Commencing
SATURDAY, AUGUST 9th,

And Continuing to

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16th, inclusive.

Take advantage of this sale. If we please you tell your friends. If not, tell us.

**W. M. TIRRELL, 771 BROAD STREET,
EAST WEYMOUTH.**
TELEPHONE 66 WEYMOUTH.

SPRING DELICACIES

ASPARAGUS, TOMATOES, CUCUMBERS,
DANDELIONS, RADISHES, LETTUCE,
SPINACH, RHUBARB, BERMUDA ONIONS
NEW MAPLE SUGAR and SYRUP

Hunt's Market Grocery
Washington Sq. Telephone 152 Weymouth

GO TO LOUD'S FIRST

TO SAVE TIME, TROUBLE AND MONEY

FOR

Hardware, Cutlery, Paints and Oils
Family Groceries, Table Delicacies,
Crockery, Patent Medicines
Cigars and Tobacco.

Jackson Square East Weymouth, Mass.

THIS WEEK OUR DISPLAY WINDOWS
ARE FOR THE LADIES EXCLUSIVELY.

Gossard Corsets, from \$3.50 up.
Undermuslins—Hosiery—Fancy Articles.
Right Goods at Right Prices.

Vaughan's Daylight Store BATES BLOCK
Washington Sq.

SUBSCRIBE for the GAZETTE

An
Author - Publisher

By ANDREW C. EWING

Leslie Robinson was the son of a publisher. His father said to him one day when the boy was much elated at being made editor of the high school banner: "My boy, don't get the literary fever. A great many catch it, and only those recover in whom the literary parasites find nothing to feed on. I fear you have just enough talent for writing to make you uncomfortable all your life."

Alas, the young are not so constituted as to take the advice of the old. Perhaps this is best as it is. It is not success that brings happiness; it is striving for success. But in literary work for all but one in a million there are constant disappointments.

Young Robinson was so unfortunate, according to his father's idea, when he went to college as to be made editor of the university magazine. His essays received the highest marks. He was unconscious of the fact that the reason they took high rank was because those with which they competed were of no value as literary productions.

Mr. Robinson, Sr., died while his son was in college. The publishing business, by the late owner's injunction, was to be carried on, till Leslie was graduated, by the junior partner, after which the son was to manage the interests he had inherited. He proved to have business capacity and soon became the brains of the establishment.

Perhaps if Leslie Robinson had appreciated his business talents he might have lost his desire for literary eminence. He considered himself rather born to literature than to business. Finding time to manage a publishing house and scribble, at the same time he did both. He sent articles to the magazines, and they were always accepted. They were good articles, so that it was not necessary for Mr. Robinson to ask how much their acceptance was due to their merit and how much to their having been offered by the head of the publishing house of Robinson & Co.

After awhile Mr. Robinson brought out a novel. It was accepted by the first publisher to whom it was offered. Robinson scorned to publish it himself. He said that the test of a good book is that a business man will risk his money on it. It cost several thousand dollars to get out an edition of a book, and unless the article was of sufficient merit to insure a return it would not find a publisher. He was still young in the business or he would have known that the higher the type the less the profit. The poet Browning would have starved had he been forced to live on the income he derived from his poems.

Robinson published several books, one after another. He did not succeed in becoming well known as an author, but had no difficulty in securing publishers for what he wrote. By and by the publishers began to ask him to give them his books for publication. This was a long step to the front. Leslie was very proud of himself. Those associated with him in business asked him why if his books were valuable to other publishers they were not valuable to him. He replied that to publish his own works would make it appear that he could not get any other house to take the risk of doing so.

Robinson married a girl with a good deal of horse sense. It did not require a long time for her to see that her husband was an excellent business man. She knew that persons are apt not to value what they are born to and are easily puffed up with a little success at what they do indifferently well. One day she had the temerity to tell her husband that he was naturally fitted for business—indeed, it was his natural vocation.

A dispute arose between them which ended in an agreement that the next novel offered by him should be under an assumed name. Robinson winced at this suggestion made by his wife, for he knew the value of a name, but he admitted that if his novel had not sufficient merit to find a publisher without his name it could not be a literary gem. At any rate, he was willing to abide by the test.

His work was sent first to the publisher who had thus far put out all his books. Within a week it was returned with a printed "unavailable" card. This was a great fall for his literary pride. For the next six months he continued to send his work to his brother publishers. Most of them kept it a long while. He thought this meant that they were making up their minds. It was not this, but that they were too busy to examine it. At the end of the six months it had gone the rounds.

The day it came back from the last publisher Robinson saw a novel advertised by one of his brother publishers, the author of which had stood trial for murder. It appealed him that this man could find a publisher and he could not. As a last resort he tried his own firm. Sending his manuscript to himself, on its arrival he turned it over to his chief reader, who sent it back to him with the following report: "The author says all he has to say remarkably well. But he has nothing to say."

No one knows why Leslie Robinson stopped writing except his wife. Friends told him that a genius was spoiled when he went into business, but he shrugs his shoulders and says that authorship does not pay pennies only. Mrs. Robinson looks solemn and says nothing.

SOUTH WEYMOUTH

—Mayor Stone of Quincy will be one of the judges September 11.

—Mr. and Mrs. Irvine Sargent and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Proctor are home from an automobile trip to Alton Bay, N. H.

—Several automobile parties from this village witnessed the sailing from Fore River last Sunday night of the Argentine super-dreadnought Rivadavia on her maiden trip to Brooklyn.

—Frederick Butterfield of this place, who has been teaching at DePauw University, Greencastle, Ind., has accepted a position as head of the piano department of the West Virginia University.

—Stanley Heald is home from a trip to Maine.

—Warren Bates has returned from a two weeks vacation, spent on the cape.

—Mrs. Carrie McBride and daughter, Miss Marjorie McBride are home from a trip to Maine.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Shaw of Pleasant street will observe the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, which occurs tomorrow by a week's trip to Maine.

—Alfred Tirrell has made several modern improvements to his store on Main street.

—Miss Marion Tirrell and Mrs. Louis Cook Jr. are in New Hampshire for a few weeks' outing.

—Miss Addie Deane and Miss Jeannette Shaw are spending the week at Green Harbor.

—John B. Goff, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis, is home from the hospital and reported as improving.

—Mr. and Mrs. Carl Gridley are enjoying a vacation in Maine.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Clark and family of Burton terrace are at Plymouth for two weeks.

—John Madden and William Iliffe are on a trip to New York City.

—James Madden, who is connected with the Jordan Marsh Co. in Boston is having a two weeks' vacation from his duties.

—The East Weymouth, South Weymouth and Hingham I. O. O. F. lodges are arranging for a field day to be held the latter part of the this month.

—Mrs. Wallace Lyon has been entertaining Miss Rachael Dyer of Assinippi.

—Mrs. Florence Dyer and Mrs. Sarah Torrey are at Fitzwilliam, N. H., for a short outing.

—Miss Helen Bass has returned from a vacation trip to York Beach and Portland, Maine.

—Ward Holbrook is enjoying his annual vacation at Brant Rock.

—William Griffin, clerk at M. P. Sprague's grocery store at Nash's Corner is enjoying his annual vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. Putnam of Washington, D. C. are visiting Mrs. E. A. Carter of South Weymouth.

—Charles Reed has returned from a two weeks' vacation trip to Martha's Vineyard.

Old South Church Notes.

Regular services through August. All are welcome.

Preaching by the pastor next Sunday morning at 10.30.

The evening service in the vestry at 6.30. "Heroes and heroines of the temperance cause" with reports of temperance progress.

The Thursday evening meeting at 7.45 will have for a theme: "Resting in the Lord; its chance and value."

On Tuesday evening a social will be held in the vestry for the benefit of the Sagamore plans with old-fashioned tableaux and light refreshments.

It is expected that repairs to the spire will soon be completed and the church clock put into commission again.

Light of the Fireflies.

It has been proved by experiments conducted by M. Ives, a chemist, that the light emitted by fireflies, glow worms and other insects is purely chemical and not in any way biological. M. Ives finds that this light is not extinguished by death. Of course after death some stimulus is necessary to excite it, but it can be produced in their tissues two years after death, which makes certain that it is chemical in origin.—New York World.

His Farewell.

"Farewell!" he cried sadly. "I may perhaps, never look upon your face again!"
No, it was not a parting scene between lovers. 'Twas in a pawnshop where a young man was getting some thing on his watch.—London Telegraph.

Her Way.

"There's a young woman who makes little things count."
"How does she do it?"
"Teaches arithmetic in a primary school."

Lesson of the Bee.

"What does the busy bee teach us, Freddie?"
"Not to go too near the hive, uncle."
—London Tatler.

Telling a Story.

When a man starts to tell a story he proceeds by the most direct route, but a woman backs into it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Intaking and outgiving—getting good and giving good—that is our main business.—C. G. Ames.

WEYMOUTH HEIGHTS

—Mrs. Mercy Hunt is making a visit with her son, W. F. Hunt of Stoneham.

—Mr. Bullard of New York City was a week end guest of Miss Mary Lond.

—Mrs. Frederick C. McDowell, with Dorothy and Donald McDowell are enjoying two weeks at Sandy Point, Me.

—Mrs. Paul Smith has been entertaining her father, Mr. Marr of Portland, Me.

—Miss Lottie Whitehouse spent Saturday and Sunday with her friend, Miss Hope Barnard of Roxbury.

—Miss Annie Jones and Mrs. Charles Taylor are summering at Jackson, N. H. for two weeks.

—Prof. Joseph O. Thompson of Amherst has been stopping with his mother, Mrs. Samuel Thompson this week.

—Elmer Lunt is having a two weeks' vacation.

—Miss Ruth Freeman is home from Belmont, where she has been stopping with relatives.

—Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Smith are on their annual two weeks' outing at Sandy Point, Me.

—Miss Mary Lambert of Manchester, N. H., is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Samuel Thompson.

—Mrs. Henry A. Nash and daughter, Laura, have returned from a month's visit with relatives in Rockport, Me.

—James B. Jones is having a two weeks' vacation from his duties with Winch Bros. Boston.

—Miss Ruth Sladen has been spending a few days with relatives in Easton.

—Mrs. Fred Smith and infant child, are rusticated at Old Orchard, Me.

—Rev. E. J. Yaeger begins his vacation this week, which will extend to the third Sunday in September. The Sunday morning services of the Old North church will be discontinued during this month. The Sunday evening meetings will be held at seven o'clock, and will be in charge of the deacons.

LOVELL'S CORNER

—Mrs. William French and Miss Nellie Holbrook have gone to Bingham, Maine, for two weeks.

—The ladies' aid held their monthly meeting in the vestry, Monday evening.

—Lawrence Ford of Quincy spent Sunday with his aunt, Mrs. Charles Lovell.

—Mrs. Mary Hawes, spent last week with her sister, Mrs. Ford of Quincy.

—Mrs. Thomas Roberts and children George and Ellen, attended the Welch picnic at Franklin Park, Saturday.

—The Porter Sunday school will enjoy a picnic at Island grove, Saturday, if pleasant.

—Master Joe Boyce of Boston has been the guest of Mrs. Robert Darrouch of Pleasant street.

—A lawn party and dance was given under the auspices of the South Weymouth Grange P. of H. at the home of Charles E. Tirrel, Wednesday evening. Ice cream, candy and cake were for sale.

—Miss Rachel Hawes is enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

—Master Roland Smith spent part of last week with Spencer Gray of Wollaston.

—Miss Edith Newcomb has been visiting Miss Pearl Hutchison of David's Island.

The Cry of the Dreamer.

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men,
Heart weary of building and and spoiling
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming,
In the throng that hurries by,
From the sleepless thoughts endeavor,
I would go where the children play,
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I feel no pride, but pity
For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor,
Oh, the little hands so skillful,
And the child mind choked with weeds.
The daughter's heart grows wilful,
And the father's heart that bleeds.

No, no! from the street's rude bustle;
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the wood's low rustle,
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved for the dreamer's sake,
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

A Strenuous Statesman.

Charles James Fox, the English statesman and sport, had wagered something about a waistcoat which could only be obtained in Paris; went off to Dover by night, caught the mail packet, posted to Paris and back to Calais, and remembered he had a horse racing at Newmarket. He chartered a fishing boat bound for the eastern counties, just got to Newmarket in time for the race, took the post back to London and stopped on the way to dine. In the middle of the dinner he was caught by a special messenger who had been tearing over half of England in search of him and reminded that he had to move to bring in a marriage bill in the house of commons. He rushed to the stables, reached the house in time to make a brilliant speech in reply to North and Burke and defeated North on a division by a single vote.

Every Woman
Knows That

instead of sallow skin and face blemishes she ought to possess the clear complexion and the beauty of nature and good health. Any woman afflicted or suffering at times from headache, backache, nervousness, languor and depression of spirits—ought to try

BEECHAM'S
PILLS

the safest, surest, most convenient and most economical remedy known. Beecham's Pills remove impurities, insure better digestion, refreshing sleep, and have an excellent general tonic effect upon the whole bodily system. They have a wonderful power to improve the general health, while by purifying the blood, Beecham's Pills clear the skin and

Improve
The Complexion

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c. No woman should fail to read the valuable directions with every box.



HIGHLAND LINEN

is a writing paper especially adapted to vacation time. It comes in neat boxes that you can be proud to carry around with you at your summer resort. It is a paper that doesn't crumple easily and it is just heavy enough to let you write upon it outdoors without having it flutter in a breeze.

In texture and shape Highland Linen meets every requirement of the most exacting person. Yet with all its good taste, this is not a paper restricted to those who can afford to spend a great deal on their stationery. You will be surprised when you ask us to tell you the price—most agreeably surprised. Let us tell you today.

HUNT'S
On The Corner
EAST WEYMOUTH

Daniel H. Clancy

Formerly with H. M. Ford Estate

Undertaker

Residence, - 28 Vine St.,
Telephone 336W.

REAL ESTATE

—AND—

INSURANCE

Thomas J. White

Central Square East Weymouth

FARM WANTED

In Weymouth, Hingham
or Braintree

OF 5 ACRES OR MORE, NEAR
R. R. DEPOT. STATE LOCAL
TION, PRICE, ACREAGE, ETC.

T. E. BENNETT,

43 WHITNEY ROAD,

Quincy.

CHURCH SERVICES

Under this heading the pastors of all the churches are cordially invited to make such announcements of services, etc., as they may wish. We only stipulate that such notices be in the morning of each week—the day before publication.

OLD SOUTH CHURCH (South Weymouth). Rev. H. C. Alvord, pastor. Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School, 11.45. Baraca Young Men's Class, 12.00. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.15. Evening service at 7.00. Thursday evening, 7.30.

TRINITY CHURCH (Weymouth). Rev. William Hyde, rector. Service with sermon at 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday School at 12.00 m.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (South Weymouth). Rev. Albert V. House, pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6 p. m.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (North Weymouth). Rev. Rufus H. Dix, pastor. Sunday school at 1.15 p. m.; preaching at 2.30 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East Braintree). Rev. Nelson Allen Price, pastor. Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School, 11.45. Junior League, 4.30 p. m. Epworth League, 6.30 p. m. Evening preaching service, 7.15. Prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7.30. A cordial welcome is extended to all these services.

BAPTIST CHURCH (Weymouth). Rev. Lord's Day services: Preaching at 10.30 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Bible School 12 p. m. Prayer-meeting, Thursday, evening, 7.45 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 5.45 P. M. on Sunday.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (Weymouth and Braintree). Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6.00. Prayer-meeting Thursday evening at 7.30. All are invited to attend these services.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East Weymouth). Rev. George A. Grant, pastor. Morning worship and preaching, at 10.30. Sunday School at noon. Epworth League meeting at 6.30 p. m. Evening service at 7.30. Tuesday evenings, 7.45 p. m. prayer meetings. Holy Communion, first Sunday in every month following morning service.

OLD NORTH CHURCH (Weymouth Heights). Rev. Edward Yaeger, pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Evening service at 7.00. Sunday school at 11.45 a. m. Thursday evening at 7.30. A cordial invitation is extended to all of these services.

PILGRIM CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (North Weymouth). Rev. Charles Clark, pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday school, 11.45 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. 6.15 p. m. Evening service at 7.00. A cordial welcome is extended to all of these services. Preaching at both morning and evening service.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (East Weymouth). Rev. Walter H. Commons, pastor. Morning worship at 10.30. Sunday school at 11.45. Evening service at 7.00. Tuesday evening service at 7.30.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (Weymouth). Rev. Rufus H. Dix, pastor. Sunday morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. U. at 5.30 p. m.

SECOND UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (South Weymouth). Minister; William Wallace Rose. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m.

PORTER M. E. CHURCH (Lovell's Corner). Rev. J. W. Reynolds, pastor. Preaching service at 10.30 a. m. Sunday School at 11.45 a. m. Epworth League at 6.00. Social and Praise service at 7 p. m. All are cordially invited.

CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER (South Weymouth). Rev. D. J. Crimmins, rector. Sunday Masses 8.00 and 10 a. m. Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. Rosary and Benediction at 3.30 p. m. Week days: Mass at 7.30 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART (Weymouth). Rev. J. B. Holland, rector. Sunday—Masses at 7.30, 10.00 a. m. Sunday School at 11.00 a. m. Vespers at 4 p. m. Week days—Mass 7 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION (East Weymouth). Rev. James W. Allison, rector. Rev. Maurice Lynch, assistant. Masses Sunday at 8 and 10.30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Vespers at 7.45 p. m. Masses week days at 7 and 7.30.

ST. JEROME'S CHURCH (North Weymouth). Pastor, Rev. James W. Allison, Assistant, Rev. Maurice Lynch. Mass, Sunday at 9. Sunday School at 3.

ZION'S HILL CHURCH (East Weymouth). Social service at 2 and 6.30 p. m. Rev. E. W. Smith, preacher.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Braintree). Preaching at 10.30 a. m. Kindergarten class in charge of Miss Elizabeth B. Pray at 10.30. Second session of this class at 11.45. Regular Sunday school at 11.45. All are welcome.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST (of Quincy, Alpha Hall cor. Hancock St. and Cottage Ave.) Morning service and Sunday School at 10.45. Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., an experience and testimony meeting. Reading room open every week day from 3 to 5. All are welcome. Subject, Sunday morning Aug 10, "Spirit."

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Store Apples in Dry Sand.
A box of fresh dry sand is an excellent thing to have in a corner of the storeroom or pantry. If apples are carefully packed in the said they will keep fresh and unshrivelled for months.

Some Notes on "Origins."

"Humpty Dumpty Sat on a Wall," etc., has come down to us from the days of King John. "The Babes in the Wood" dates from the fifteenth century, being founded upon facts, an old house near Wayland Wood, Norfolk, having the whole story in carvings on a mantelpiece. "Little Jack Horner," "Little Miss Muffet," "Old Mother Hubbard," "Mother Goosey" and "Goosey, Goosey Gander" are each traceable to the sixteenth century.

"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Where Have You Been?" belongs to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. "Three Blind Mice" first appeared in a music book dated 1600. "A Froggie Would a-Wooling Go" was licensed to be sung as far back as 1609. "Boys and Girls Come Out to Play" and "Lucy Locket Lost Her Pocket" both date from the period of Charles II. And, last of all, "Cinderella," "Jack the Giant Killer," "Bluebeard" and "Tom Thumb" were published by their author, Charles Perrault, in the year 1697.—London Notes and Queries.

Palestine Children at Play.

In Palestine, as always, according to a contributor to Chambers' Journal, children's play is mostly "making believe" that they are grown up. You may see a mite of five or six paying a visit of ceremony to a pasha of equal tender years, exchanging such compliments with him as "Rest, I pray you!" "Nay, he who sees you is rested!" and finally backing out of his presence, while he gathers up handfuls of dust and sprinkles it on his head. Holding a law court, with melon seeds to represent the bribes, is a popular game, and so is a raid of fierce men from the desert. The selling of Joseph and his subsequent interviews with his brethren are rendered with much dramatic action. Also the afflictions of the man of Uz, with new details, such as Job's wife cutting off her hair and selling it for bread. "Doing bride" is naturally the chief amusement of the Moslem girl, as it is the one great event of her later life.

Dr. Johnson and Ghosts.

Dr. Johnson expressed himself with characteristic caution and common sense on the subject of ghosts. "It is wonderful," he said, "that 5,000 years have now elapsed since the creation of the world, and still it is undecided whether or not there has ever been an instance of the spirit of any person appearing after death." Yet the credibility of some stories of apparitions can hardly be called in question. Edward Fitzgerald was far from being a superstitious man, and there is a story of Fitzgerald in a book called "Tennyson and His Friends." He once told some people "how he had one day clearly seen from outside his sister and her children having tea in his dining room. He then saw his sister quietly withdraw from the room so as not to disturb the children. At that moment she died in Norfolk."—London Mail.

Saw Wood After the Wedding.

Many of the small towns in Europe have distinctive wedding customs which must be observed, and of these the old mountain town of Wildermann, in Germany, claims one that is particularly interesting and quaint. On the day before the wedding the young men interested in the couple place a sawhorse on the top of the house where the bride is lodging, usually upon a chimney, and the bridegroom has to take it down before the wedding. On the wedding day the couple and a rope barring their way after they leave the church, and they are not allowed to pass until they have sawed in two the knotty log lying upon the horse. The inhabitants of the town gather around to watch the sawing, which is supposed to show whether or not the couple will pull well together.—Popular Mechanics.

Berlin's Palace.

Berlin owes its palaces and many of its finest buildings to Frederick William I. That monarch had a passion for building and transmitted it to others. Whenever he heard of a rich merchant settling in the capital he ordered him to build a residence in keeping with his wealth. If the merchant obeyed he was duly rewarded, and many German families owe their title of nobility to an ancestor having built a fine house.

His Thrilling Experience.

The following is an extract from a youthful autobiography:
"I am eleven years old. When I was three I had the scarlet fever. After that I had mumps, measles and whooping cough, soon a great dandrump and bit my face and then I fell off of a ladder and broke my arm. Mother says boys have much better times now than when she was childish.—Everybody's."

He Knew Her.

"My wife is very particular," said the customer to the house decorator. "She says she wants the walls to match her complexion."
"Oh, she wants 'em painted, then, and not painted?" replied the wise man.—Yonkers Statesman.

His Three Laughs.

"The fool," wrote Burne-Jones in one of his letters, "has three laughs. He laughs at what is good, he laughs at what is bad and he laughs at what he does not understand."

What It Proved.

Miss Youngthing—Hoo-hoo-hoo! Charles gave me a ring set with a mean little turquoise. Her Mother—That's an emblem of constancy. Miss Youngthing—It isn't. It's proof of stinkiness.

The Least He Might Do.

Little Faith was possessed of a most friendly disposition, but had not yet reached the age where she could understand the silence that may wrap itself around a wordless intimacy. In fact, she demanded speech, frequent and loving.

One night her brother was studying most assiduously his arithmetic lesson, and after calling to him several times without receiving an answer, she appealed to her father.

"George is busy," said father.
"I know," replied Faith, "but he might at least have said, 'Shut up.'"—Woman's Home Companion.

Curious Mixture.

A want advertisement from a serious French Journal reads:

"A young person having received an excellent education, including writing, geography, history, mathematics, dancing, music and art, would like to enter a respectable family to do washing and ironing."—Everybody's.

Only One of a Kind.

"Why do you think he is such a remarkable man?"

"He's the only one I ever knew who had nerve enough to make the responses in the marriage service loud enough so that any one could hear him."—Chicago Post.

Enlightened.

The Student I always get these two terms mixed. What is the difference between matrimony and matrimony? The Professor—Matrimony is engineered by the mother and the necessary matrimony is supplied by the father.—Kansas City Star.

The Bachelor's View.

"What is the most aggravating thing in married life?" asked Dorothy.
"Sometimes," said the bachelor friend, "it's the husband, and sometimes it's the wife."

Telephone Invades Jerusalem.

The telephone has invaded Jerusalem, a system having been installed that connects official points, business houses and some residences.

\$100 REWARD, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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MEETINGS OF THE Selectmen & Overseers of the Poor

SELECTMEN
Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Willard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.

Meetings Savings Bank Building, East Weymouth, Every Monday.

during the municipal year, from 2 to 5 o'clock p. m.

OVERSEERS OF THE POOR

Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Willard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
A. Francis Barnes, South Weymouth.

Meet at the Town Home every first Tuesday of the month and at the Town Office, East Weymouth, every third Tuesday from 2 to 5 o'clock p. m.

Weymouth, March 14, 1913.

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His Portrait

How a Rich Man
Paid for an
Injustice

By ANDREW C. EWING

Edgar Beckwith, at eighteen, having shown a marked artistic ability, wished to be an artist, but his father had recently died leaving no estate, and Edgar, far from having the means to study a profession, was obliged to support his mother. He obtained a position in the mercantile house of Goldwin & Co. at \$15 a week.

Mr. Goldwin claimed that a business plant should be run on strictly business principles. He paid very low salaries, not inquiring into the honesty of his less important employees, his chief object being to get his work done cheaply. He figured that he could afford to lose small sums now and then rather than pay an increase of salaries for honesty. Besides, he had an expensive detective service which consisted of himself only. He would place bills on his desk in his private office, go out, set a watch on who entered, and if the bills were missing on his return would know who had stolen them. Then he would discharge the thief.

One day he placed a bill on his desk and went out, intending to be gone only a few minutes. Half an hour passed before he returned to find Edgar Beckwith just leaving the room.

"Come back," said Goldwin.
Edgar went back into the room and when asked what he had wanted said that he had been sent with a message by the head of one of the departments. While he was delivering the message Goldwin was looking for the bill he had left exposed. It was gone. He said nothing about it to Edgar, but the next morning the boy was notified that he was discharged.

Edgar was not minded to submit patiently to an imposition. He went to Mr. Goldwin and said to him that since his services were no longer required he would not object to leaving the concern, but a certificate of good character would be necessary to enable him to find another place.

"It's against my rule to give certificates of good character. I require none when I hire persons, and what I don't ask I don't give."

"Then tell me the reason of my discharge."
"That I decline to do so. Should I give you the reason you would call upon me to prove it. That would take time. Time is money."

Edgar saw by the resolute look on the man's face that he would gain nothing by pressing the matter and left with anger in his heart. He went straight to the head of his department and asked for an explanation. He was given the reason of his discharge and advised not to stir the matter, because it could only result to his injury.

There had been two other persons in Goldwin's private office besides Edgar, one of whom had taken the bill. But it would be difficult to prove this even if an opportunity had been offered. Edgar went home and talked the matter over with his mother. After thinking of it she counseled him to swallow the pill. Since he had not been openly accused it was not incumbent upon him to make a defense, and if he made a defense there was every chance that he would not be able to prove his innocence.

It happened at this time that news came of the death of an uncle of Edgar's, who left him the sum of \$3,000. He resolved to apply a part of it to studying art, and since this would obviate the necessity of his obtaining another position he concluded to accept his mother's advice. But he swore to himself that a companion object to success in his profession should be to "get even" with the man who had refused him an opportunity to vindicate himself from a charge of being a thief.

Young Beckwith's talent lay in transmitting a human face to canvas. This was evident from the first, and he resolved to become a portrait painter. Nevertheless he painted portraits for years before he obtained a reputation for excellent work. But at last he received an order to paint the portrait of a prominent judge on the bench and succeeded in making a very lifelike representation of his subject. The painting was hung in a courthouse, and every one who saw it admired it.

From this time Beckwith received orders from prominent men, and every portrait of such added to his reputation. Not only prominence in his art, but money, came to him. Persons of wealth flocked to him to have themselves represented on canvas.

Twelve years passed since Beckwith came to be a clerk and become an artist. He had grown a beard, and his hair was already graying with gray. A great change had come to his appearance since he had been an employee in the house of Goldwin & Co. One morning a carriage drove up to his studio and a man came up the stairs. The moment he entered Beckwith recognized him as his former employer. But the artist saw that he was not himself recognized.

"I believe you are a portrait painter, sir," said the visitor in a tone he would have used if he had been asking if a man sold mouse traps.

glasses, put them on and inspected it. Beckwith went on with the work he was doing.

"What's your price for a portrait of that size?" asked Goldwin.

"The size doesn't make any difference as to the price."

"Well, what will you charge to paint my portrait? I don't want it myself, but my family do. If it doesn't cost too much I'll humor them."

"Five hundred dollars." "How many portraits can you paint in a year?" "A dozen perhaps."

"That's \$4,000 for sitting here daubing paint. Why, I don't pay any one of my heads of departments in my business half that, and they're all first class business men."

To this the artist made no reply.

"If you'll paint my portrait that size, painting, frame and all, for \$250, it's a go."

"Five hundred is my price." Goldwin spent some time trying to obtain a reduction. Finally it occurred to him that, after all, perhaps, he would not need to pay anything till the portrait was finished and the artist, having expended his time on it, would then probably take less for it rather than have it on his hands.

"You'll want your money, I suppose," he said, "on delivery of the goods."

"Yes."

"Very well; go ahead."

Beckwith arranged with his subject for the sittings, and Goldwin departed. While the man of business was planning to beat the artist, the artist was planning to beat the man of business. But Goldwin was in this respect his element, while Beckwith was not. Though during the sittings that followed he racked his brain for some plan by which he might get his revenge for that past injustice which still rankled within him, his inventive powers failed him. One thing he resolved upon—he would paint the best portrait of his subject that he was capable of painting.

The features are expressive of the character, and Goldwin's features were no exception to the rule. Beckwith while painting drew his subject away from his covetousness by chatting with him on other subjects and thus caught his best expression. When the portrait was finished the man it represented seemed to live. One would suppose he was about to speak, and speak pleasantly. Goldwin told the artist to send the portrait to his house, but Beckwith preferred to keep it till he got his money and frankly told Goldwin that if he would send for it with a check for \$500 it would be delivered to the messenger. Goldwin grumbled at this and went away.

The next day Beckwith received a note from his client stating that the portrait did not come up to his expectations and he had concluded not to accept it. Beckwith made no reply to the note and in time received another stating that since Goldwin preferred to pay for the time spent on the portrait he would pay half the amount charged, \$250. To this also Beckwith paid no attention, but sent the picture to a dealer for sale.

One day Goldwin was informed that his portrait was hanging in an art store; that it was being visited by connoisseurs and pronounced a remarkable piece of work. It had not yet been sold, for the artist had set a very high price on it. Goldwin at once went to the store, saw his portrait and asked the dealer the price for it. He was informed that it was \$10,000. Goldwin went at once to an attorney, whom he directed to take steps to claim the portrait as his property. But when the lawyer called for the correspondence in the case and read copies of his client's letters to Beckwith he said he had no case.

Goldwin found himself in an unpleasant position. His portrait—pronounced a work of art—was for sale, and persons were asking why he did not buy it. To do so would cost him \$9,500 more than the price he would have paid had he accepted it. He sent an agent to Beckwith to try to effect a compromise. The agent returned with a statement from the artist that the painting was making a great reputation for him and he had decided not to sell it, but keep it before the public. Goldwin decided not to be "done" that way and let the matter rest.

The picture was withdrawn from exhibition, and when it appeared again the covetous expression that had been left out was in it. This being reported to the original, he went to see it again and was furious. Again he went to his lawyer and directed him to prosecute the artist for ridiculing him before the world. The lawyer showed him cartoons of prominent men in the newspapers and informed him that it would be much more difficult for him to recover in his own case than for those to do so. Besides, any jury would decide against him. If he wished to own the picture he must pay the price.

Goldwin sent again to Beckwith, asking him to make a price on the portrait. Beckwith made a price of \$25,000. Goldwin made no reply to the offer. Again the picture was withdrawn, and when it reappeared the covetous look on the face had become miserly. Goldwin tried again to buy it, but the price had gone up to \$30,000. Goldwin feared that if he did not pay it the expression would become worse and the price would go higher.

He sent word to the artist to ask whether, if the \$30,000 was paid, he would restore the original expression to the face. Beckwith agreed to do so and intimated that if the money were paid him he would distribute it among the poor. This closed the bargain, the covetous look on the face disappeared, and the poor were richer by \$30,000.

When Goldwin opened the case containing his portrait a statement of the true reasons for the great rise in its price lay where it would be seen.

TOWN CLERK'S OFFICE

—AT—
East Weymouth Savings Bank.

OFFICE HOURS, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 5 p. m.

At all other hours at Residence on Hillcrest Road, opp. Catholic Church.

JOHN A. RAYMOND, Town Clerk

OFFICE OF THE SELECTMEN OF THE TOWN OF WEYMOUTH.

JULY 28, 1913.
Upon the petition of the Bay State Street Railway Company, a street railway company operating a street railway in the town of Weymouth, to approve of said Company acting as a common carrier of newspapers, baggage, express matter and freight in said town, upon such parts of its railway, to such extent and in such manner as the Selectmen for the Town and the Public Service Commission for the Commonwealth shall by order approve, it is

Ordered, that a hearing be held upon said petition at the office of the Selectmen, in Weymouth, on Wednesday, the 28th day of August, A. D. 1913, at 7.30 o'clock P. M.

And the said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice of said hearing by publishing this order in the Weymouth Gazette and Weymouth Times, newspapers published in said Weymouth, 14 days at least before the date of said hearing.

Witness our hands this 28th day of July, A. D. 1913.

EDWARD W. HUNT,
BRADFORD HAWES,
GEORGE L. NEWTON,
WILLARD J. DUNBAR,
HENRY E. HANLEY,
Selectmen of Weymouth.

A true copy. Attest:
BRADFORD HAWES,
20-21
Secretary

Commonwealth of Massachusetts
NORFOLK, SS. PROBATE COURT.

TO all persons interested in the estate of

DEBORAH J. BAKER,

late of Weymouth, in said County, deceased:
Whereas, Andrew W. Baker, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the amended first and final account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Delham in said County, on the third day of September, A. D. 1913, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once, in each week for three successive weeks, in the Weymouth Gazette, a newspaper published in said Weymouth, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, James H. Flint, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirteen.

18-20 JOHN D. COBB, Register.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has been duly appointed executrix of the estate of JOSEPH H. MARTELL, late of Weymouth, in the County of Norfolk, deceased, testate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond as the law directs. All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment thereof, on or before the 22d day of July, 1913.

JULIA A. MARTELL, Administratrix,
389 Front St., Weymouth, Mass.
20-22

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has been duly appointed executrix of the will of RICHARD L. HUNT, late of Weymouth, in the County of Norfolk, deceased, testate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called to make payment to

EMMA A. HUNT, Executrix,
109 Front St., Weymouth, Mass.
20-22

July 25, 1913.

WEYMOUTH FIRE ALARM BOXES.

- 12—Pole, River and Parnell Sts.
- 13—Bradley Fertilizer Works.
- 14—Pole, Wessagusset Road.
- 114—Pole, Wessagusset & Hobomac Sts.
- 15—Pole, Bicknell square.
- 115—Pole, Pearl and Norton Streets.
- 16—Pole, Bay View Street.
- 116—Pole, Bridge and Saunders Sts.
- 17—Pole, Sea and North Sts.
- 18—Pole, Lovell and Bridge Sts.
- 19—Pole, Church and North Sts.
- 21—Pole, Grant and High Sts.
- 221—Pole, Wharf St.
- 23—Pole, Jackson Square.
- 223—Pole, Commercial and Putnam Sts.
-

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During the past year all graduates and many past students were placed in good situations and more than 1600 positions were offered the College that it could not fill because all of its graduates were in satisfactory situations.

New students are admitted every Monday during the school year, and advance individually. Fall term begins Tuesday, September 2.

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SUBSCRIBE FOR THE GAZETTE.

Huber's Daughter

She Was the Last of His
Children Unmarried, and
He Could Not Give
Her Up

By EDITH V. ROSS

In one of the little villages overlooking the Lake of the Five Cantons in Switzerland there lived a retired watchmaker named Huber. For years he had made watches in Lucerne, and when he had saved enough of his earnings to live without work he bought a chalet on the lake shore, near the city, where he could pass the rest of his life in ease and comfort.

His children had grown to manhood and womanhood and left the paternal abode, except Katrina, a lass of eighteen. Huber, who was a widower, held on to her as one will keep his last dollar, dreading to have a man come near her lest he take her away from him. But so far as the old man knew there was no one who wanted her or whom she wanted.

The truth is that Katrina, knowing her father's wish that she should discourage all suitors, assured him that she would not leave him in his old age. Indeed, when the matter of marriage was broached it was by Huber himself, Carl Gotthold, about thirty-five years old, who had succeeded to the old man's watch business, went to see his former partner one day and asked for his daughter. Huber told him that Katrina was not to marry, but remain with him always.

Gotthold, who had a persuasive tongue in his head, represented to Huber that when he died Katrina would be a middle aged woman whom no man would care to marry and would thereafter live a lonely life. "If you will give her to me," he said, "I will come here to live with you, going into the city every morning to business and returning in the evening. You will thus keep her with you, and when you die she will not be alone in the world."

Now, Gotthold had considerable money that he had inherited from his father, besides his watch business. His proposition struck Huber favorably, though he did not admit it. But before Gotthold left him he promised to think of the matter. He did think of it and made up his mind that he had better accept the proposition. He said nothing for some time to his daughter, for in Europe parents have for centuries been accustomed to arrange marriages for their children.

Katrina kept a boat, and when she wished to go to any place on or near the margin of the lake she would go down to the little shed where she kept it, take it out and pull out on the bosom of the water. One evening while near the middle of the lake a sudden squall came up and overturned her boat. She clung to it till another boat approached her and a young man in it took her aboard, righted her boat and pulled her, towing her boat, to the nearest point of land. There he built a fire, and she dried his clothing by its warmth.

The two remained there for some time waiting for the storm to subside, then re-entered the young man's boat, and he pulled her to her landing place. He asked her if he might come and see her, and she refused her consent, telling him that her father dreaded to have any young man call upon her. But there was another reason. She did not intend to let her father know that she had been capsized in the middle of the lake. She had narrowly escaped drowning, for, though a good swimmer, the water in these Swiss lakes is so cold that she could not have possibly swum ashore. Indeed, she was so benumbed when help reached her that she was about to let go her hold. Should her father know all this he would never let her go out in her boat again.

Who knows but that if Katrina had given this young man, Caspar Beck, permission to visit her he would never have availed himself of it. Be this as it may, her refusal, which was not dictated by an unwillingness on her part to receive him, at once filled him with a desire to break through the barrier that stood between them. But he said nothing to her of this, apparently accepting her refusal as final, and with a goodbye he pulled out into the lake toward his home near Lucerne.

Katrina reached her father's house when he was absorbed in Gotthold's proposition. Consequently she did not receive as close a questioning as to where she had been during the storm as might have been expected. But the old man had no idea of broaching the matter concerning her future until he had definitely made up his mind on the subject, and his mind was far from being made up. Gotthold knew that if he got Katrina it would not be soon and, having made his proposition, waited patiently for the old man to come to a decision. The applicant had nothing further to do in the matter, for Huber would not be influenced and whichever way he decided his decision would be final.

After his rescue of Katrina Caspar Beck often went out on the lake in his boat purposely to meet her. One evening shortly before sunset he saw her pulling toward her boat house and, rowing with all his strength, he intercepted her. He asked her if she would not remain out a little longer, and she consented. Helping her with his boat, he took her in tow and pulled southward in the direction of Lucerne.

It was after dark when Katrina returned and found her father worrying about her. This time he questioned her more closely as to where she had been and noticed that her usual frank expression was replaced by a troubled look. Perhaps he feared the true cause of her detention. At any rate, from that moment he resolved to accept Gotthold's proposition.

The next morning Huber went to Lucerne, saw Gotthold and told him that he might have his daughter. The two went to an attorney, who drew up an agreement by which Gotthold was to settle a part of his possessions on Katrina, was to leave her with her father so long as he lived, and Huber agreed to give a stipulated amount for a dowry. Katrina herself, most concerned of all, was not consulted. Indeed, her father, who was very deliberate, did not tell her of the arrangement for two weeks after it had been made.

During this fortnight Caspar and Katrina had met frequently on the lake, where they were not likely to be observed by her father. The forbidden fruit, which is always sweetest, worked on the emotions of the two and stimulated the passion that was growing between them. Katrina, who loved her father and realized the obedience required of her, suffered with her newly found pleasure. Her father noticed that something was troubling her and concluded to bring about her nuptials in the hope that they would drive it away.

The principal cause of Katrina's distress was that she had got wind of the match her father had arranged for her with Gotthold. She was at liberty to write her lover, but she dare not receive a letter from him lest it fall into the hands of her father. As soon as she learned that she was to be given to Gotthold she wrote Caspar of the fact, telling him at the same time that they must succumb to the plan. There was but one other alternative—that she should refuse to marry any one, remaining unwed with her father. He might consent to the latter alternative, but that he would consent to her marrying Caspar, who was but a few years older than herself and without any means whatever, was not to be considered.

On receipt of her letter Caspar abandoned all caution. He resolved to see Katrina at once and persuade her to defy her father. Getting into his boat, he pulled toward her home, reaching it after dark. Seeing a light in her window, which was accessible by means of a trellis, he climbed it and appeared before her. Standing on the trellis, he told her that he would not give her up and remain alive. The idea of being the cause of his death well nigh drove her to madness. She begged him to go away and accept the situation. During the interview he climbed into the window. Frightened lest he be discovered there, she promised him that if he would go away she would refuse to marry any one, the only alternative her father could be expected to accept.

Caspar, thinking he could not accomplish any more, at least at the time, was about to depart when a step was heard coming toward the room. It was so real that within a few seconds whoever was coming would enter. Caspar, seeing some jewels on a bureau, seized them. Katrina convulsively clutched his wrist. Huber came in and saw a man clasping his daughter's jewels, she apparently endeavoring to prevent his getting away with them. Caspar's move won. Huber seized him by the shoulder, and Caspar dropped the jewels.

"Let me go," he cried. "It will kill my poor mother to know that her son is a thief."

Without reply Huber, keeping his grip on Caspar, took him down the stairs and out on to the porch, where he set up a shout that aroused his nearest neighbor, who came to his assistance. The two took their prisoner to the basement, where they locked him in. Then Huber returned to his daughter, whom he found just recovering from having fainted. She asked what had become of the thief and was told that he was locked in the cellar. In the morning he would be taken to Lucerne. She must go to bed and try to sleep for she would be required to go to the city and appear against the robber.

Katrina begged her father to let the man go for his mother's sake, but Huber was not so merciful and paid no attention to her request. Within half an hour the house was closed and those in it supposed to be asleep. There was but one opening, a door to the room where the prisoner was confined, and to that Huber had the key.

Katrina lay awake thinking. To go to Lucerne and appear against her lover with the evidence that was expected from her would send him to prison probably for many years. To tell the truth would defeat the object for which her lover had sacrificed himself—to save her good name. A third course which might be successfully carried out suggested itself to her.

Rising, she put on her clothes and crept downstairs to her father's room. The door was ajar, and, going in, she felt for the chair on which he always laid his clothes. In his trousers pocket she found the key to the basement. Going there, she unlocked the door. In a moment she felt her lover's hand clasp hers. Without a word she led him out into the open.

"Go," she said.
"Not without you."
"Then you must go to jail or I be disgraced."
"I will go to jail."
She stood irresolute. Placing an arm to her waist, he hurried her down to his boat.

When the next day the two returned a married pair and confessed the story to Huber he made a virtue of necessity and on their promise not to desert him pardoned them.

Penalties of Genius.

Genius and ill health, it would seem, often go hand in hand. At any rate, many of the greatest deeds that the world has seen performed have been accomplished by men physically infirm.

Darwin suffered so acutely from nervous exhaustion that he could only work for two hours a day at the most. Thackeray was frequently ill; Johnson nearly always in poor health; Dickens at the age of fifty-five was an old man, with shattered nerves; while Sir Walter Scott, a subject of spasms, was a chronic invalid during the later years of his life and died at the age of fifty-nine.

Milton, William Morris and Charles Keane, the actor, all were slaves to gout, and Milton was further handicapped by being blind. The poet Keats died of consumption when still quite young. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was an invalid for the greater part of her life.

Insanity claimed Dean Swift, while Rousseau and Cowper were insane during periods of their lives.

Looking Ahead.

A handsome young woman entered the office of a prominent lawyer. Immediately the legal one rose to greet her.

"I am glad to tell you, Miss Smith," he pleasantly remarked, "that your breach of promise suit has been settled. The defendant has expressed a desire to compromise the case by marrying you."

"I am very glad to hear that," was the smiling response of Miss Smith. "It is much better than taking a chance on losing the verdict. You have managed the case very well. How much do I owe you?"

"Let me see," thoughtfully mused the lawyer. "Shall we say \$100?"

"We shall not," was the emphatic rejoinder of the fair plaintiff. "It is entirely too much."

"Well, then, I will tell you what I will do, Miss Smith," responded the lawyer. "I will just cut that bill in half if you will promise to retain me as your counsel when you sue for a divorce."—Philadelphia Ledger.

First Actress in London.

It was a warm reception that was given to the first French players to appear in London in 1622. Their visit was an utter failure. It was notable, however, for the important innovation which was the chief cause of their unpopularity.

The luckless troupe introduced actresses for the first time on the English stage—"thereby giving just offence to all virtuous and well-disposed persons in this town," wrote Thomas Brande, reflecting the spirit of the playgoer of that time, who was used to seeing boys take the female characters.

These "French women, or monsters rather," were "hissed, booed and pipped pelted from the stage." The first move against this prejudice was not long delayed, however. Five years later another French company came to London with women players, under royal patronage, and were received "with good approbation" at the Cockpit in Whitehall.—London Graphic.

Roaring Wags.

The Red Lion club was composed of great Englishmen, and Huxley was one of the members. The club used to meet during the session of the British association. To a certain meeting at Ipswich, England, which Huxley described in his "Letters," some foreigners were invited, the Prince of Canino, Bonaparte's nephew, among them, and greatly astonished they were at the exceedingly human behavior of the learned professors. The Red Lion men had a custom of roaring instead of cheering and of wagging one contrail—the lion's tail—when applauding. The prince was much impressed by these proceedings, and when he stood up to respond to the toast of his health instead of making a speech he gave three mighty roars and three wags.

Brevity in Legislation.

Old time Scotchmen realized that brevity is the soul of legislation. For instance, King James I.'s parliament passed an act which said simply: "No man shall enter any place where there is lay with a candle unless it be in a lantern." This is probably the shortest statute ever passed. In fact, one small volume is enough to hold more than two centuries of Scotch legislation.

Diet For Elderly Persons.

An English scientist in his book on "Diet in Relation to Age and Activity" urges less meat, little or no milk and no highly concentrated foods for men and women past fifty. He pleads with wives not to urge elderly husbands to eat more than their natural appetites demand.

One View of Music.

And music, whatever people say, is not a universal language. The bow of words is necessary to send the arrow of sound into the hearts of men.—Roman Rolland.

A Sociologist.

A sociologist is a guy who advises a man who is keeping nine children on \$10 a week that limousines and champagne are unhealthy luxuries.—Cincinnati Inquirer.

An Admission.

Teacher—What is a vacuum? Boy—I know, teacher. I have it in my head, but I can't just think of it.—Brooklyn Life.

No man can produce great things who is not thoroughly sincere in dealing with himself.

INSURANCE

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GOLDEN WEST FURNITURE DRESSING (Not a Polish.)

J. H. MURRAY, dealer in Paints, Oils and Hardware, East Weymouth, Agent.

Prepared by OLIVER BURRELL, East Weymouth, Mass. Price 25 Cents. 1411

LADIES

We have opened a Special Department for you on MONDAYS, from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Shampoo, Facial Massage, Etc. at reasonable prices. Only the best of work in a modern, up-to-date shop. We solicit a trial.

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THE CENTRAL SQUARE BARBER
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A full line of Trees, Shrubs, and Vines, Fruit and Ornamental. Asparagus, all best selected stock at reasonable prices. First Class Spray Pumps and Solutions.

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257 Main Street
SOUTH WEYMOUTH

TEL. 249-M

Hours: 4 P. M. to 7 A. M.

Wants, For Sale, To Let, Etc.

Four lines or less under this head. 25 cents each insertion; each extra line 10c. Count 5 words to a line. No ads. accepted in this department unless accompanied by the cash.

SEVEN ROOM SALE.—Delivered in carload lots by the Bay State St. Ry. Co. Apply to Thomas Gammon, Supt., 954 Hancock street, Quincy, 9-11.

AUTO TO LET for parties, weddings, christenings, for long or short trips, 5-pass Buick, Tel. Wey. 236-W. Fine Point Auto and Motor Co., Bridge street, North Weymouth. 20-11

CLOTHES.—Men's and young men's. Hand-some patterns. Two hundred suits, \$4 to \$12. Bargains not to be found elsewhere. Geo. A. Hunt, 78 Front St., Weymouth. 11-11

CAR place a few mortgages, with private parties, and on reasonable terms if property is right. Address Box 555, E. Weymouth. 17-11

EXCHANGE.—Kemp's Gas Range, never used, for a Finch Coal Range in first-class condition. F. L. BICKNELL, 245 Front st., Tel. 886-M. 20-11

TO LET.—Six room tenement on Federal st. F. L. BICKNELL, 245 Front st. Tel. 886-M. 20-11

TO LET.—House, Barn and Stable, with modern improvements, on Broad street, in East Weymouth. Apply to W. H. Pratt, Broad street, East Weymouth. 11-11

WANTED.—Two men to board in a private family in East Weymouth; all modern conveniences; references required. Inquire at Gazette office. 21-11

WANTED.—A room for lodging in a private family, within five minutes' walk of Lincoln square. Apply to M. GORDON, tailor, Lincoln square. 20-11

WANTED.—People to know that it costs only 10 cents to make known their wants in this column.

Real Estate

Do you want to BUILD or BUY?

I have property for sale in Weymouth and vicinity, of all kinds.

Call and see me and make known your wants Reasonable terms.

CAREY'S
REAL ESTATE AGENCY
733 Broad Street
East Weymouth.
Telephone

For Sale

New Bungalow, 6 rooms and bath, all modern throughout, 10,000 ft. of land, 2 minutes from electric cars, and 10 minutes from steam cars, good location, price \$2,850, can be seen any time.

RUSSELL B. WORSTER,
Real Estate and Insurance Agent,
auctioneer, Notary, Justice of the Peace
8 Commercial Street, Weymouth.

Great Questions.

How many questions of the hour
That need a wise decision;
To keep our Nation where it should
Be free from all derision.

And there are questions that appeal
To father and to mother;
And the solution must be found
In council with each other.

And during these hot summer days
That are our patience trying,
The question is what shall we eat
That will be satisfying.

Try some of Whitcomb's Subway
Bread
Which now is winning favor;
Or try his Boston Jelly Rolls
So unsurpassed in flavor.

WHITCOMB'S

WEYMOUTH AND EAST BRAINTREE

—Mayor Stone of Quincy will be one of the judges September 11.

—The handsome St. Bernard dog owned by Arthur Gibson of Brookside road, was hit by an automobile a few days ago and so badly injured that it had to be killed.

—Miss Helen Cronin is spending a week with friends in Chelsea.

—Francis Tracy of Lynn is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. Ann Tracy of Keith street.

—Mrs. John J. Gagon of Elliot street, has been spending a week in Dorchester.

—Mrs. Jerome Sullivan of Allen street has returned from a three weeks' visit with relatives in Milford.

—Mrs. James Birmingham of Milford is visiting patrolman and Mrs. Charles B. Trask of Summit street.

—Miss Alice Dwyer of the teaching staff at the high school, left Monday for Milwaukee, Wis., where she will spend the remainder of the vacation.

—Mrs. Daniel T. Shea and son of Brooklyn, N. Y., are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Manion.

—Richard Kempf of Franklin, N. H., is here on a visit to his son, Dr. G. H. Kempf.

—Orin B. Bates and Frank Bates has been spending a week at Pittsfield, N. H., with Bradford Montgomery, formerly of this town.

—Miss Josie White of Lynn has concluded a three weeks' visit with her cousins, the Misses McCarthy of Washington street.

—A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Michael O'Brien of Keith street, a few days ago.

—Miss Margaret Barrie, stenographer at the office of the Old Colony Gas Co., and Miss Mildred Smith are at Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

—Miss Louise Hunt of Front street is at Lake Maranacook, Maine.

—Misses Annie and Elizabeth Coffey are spending a few weeks at Wells, Me.

—Daniel Delorey, the well known semi-professional base ball player, and Mrs. Delorey are receiving the congratulations of their friends in the birth of a son, Monday morning.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Goeltz and family have gone to Yarmouth, Mass., for the month of August.

—Thomas Ford of Rockland is visiting his cousin, Ellard McCarthy.

—Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Hewitt, are at Peake's Island, Maine.

—Mrs. J. R. South is spending a few days with her daughter in Marion.

—Harold Williams is to spend his vacation in Maine.

—There is to be a band concert this (Friday) evening at Lincoln square by the Stetson Shoe band and one tomorrow evening at Washington square by the Emerson Shoe band of Rockland.

—Miss Mary Lang of Front street is in Gardiner, Maine on a visit.

—William, Frank and John Daley are visiting relatives in Danvers.

—Percy B. Cook of the International Trust Co., Boston, and Mrs. Cook will spend the next two weeks on the Islands in Portland Harbor.

—Misses Katherine and Annie Kelley have been spending a few days at Hough's Neck.

—Assistant Chauffeur Harry Dinsmore of Combination Auto 3, is able to be about again after being confined to the house for several days by illness.

—Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Tirrell are spending two weeks at Fryeburg, Maine.

—Miss Helen Buckley of Broad street, has been spending the past two weeks at Providence, R. I.

—John Harris Gutterson and his mother, Mrs. Harriett Gutterson sailed Tuesday on the S. S. Franconia of the Cunard line for England where they will travel for the next two months.

—William B. Denton has been spending the week at Peep Island, Cohasset Harbor.

—Mrs. W. Irving Jordan and Harry Jordan started Tuesday for Chicago, Ill., on a visit to Mrs. Don Pratt, formerly Miss Grace Bowditch of East Braintree.

—Miss Angie Frank of Gray, Maine, is here on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Arthur B. Bryant.

—W. Irving Jordan has bought the William M. Jordan estate on Allen street, East Braintree.

—Mrs. Roxie Leavitt of Hanover, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Helen Burrell.

—Mr. and Mrs. Franklin P. Whitten have been rusticating at Scituate Beach and along the South Shore.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Drown and children are spending their vacation at Litchfield, Maine.

—Mrs. Harry Benn of Revere, a former resident, has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Sullis.

—John T. White has gone to Lynn where he has taken a position with the General Electric Company.

—Phillip, son of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Hunt, was six years old Monday and he celebrated the event by entertaining a party of sixteen of his young friends at his home on Front street. There were games and music and a lunch was served. Master Hunt received a number of handsome gifts.

—Miss Ruth Stewart is home from a weeks' visit at Bedford, N. H. She reports a fine time, and is to return there in August for two weeks.

—Miss Helen Pinkham is entertaining Miss Gladys Cole.

—William Pierce, a former Weymouth resident, died at the Braintree town home Wednesday, aged 52. A brother, Charles Pierce survives him.

—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Severance are at Bristol, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Perry and children have been spending a few days at Scituate Beach.

—William Waite has taken a position with Undertaker E. L. Bean of Quincy.

—A gasoline explosion set fire to the 25-foot motor boat of J. W. Davy while at the moorings at Watson's wharf, Sunday afternoon, and for a time a brisk fire was in progress. Robert Whitmarsh of Hose 3 put out the blaze with a fire extinguisher.

—Mr. and Mrs. Victor King and Mr. and Mrs. Chester Sawyer have been spending a few days at Portland, Maine.

—Mrs. Lillie Griffin, Miss Katherine Griffin and Miss Lillian Harlow have been in Provincetown.

—Misses Helen and Marie Galvin are visiting their aunt in Dorchester.

—Richard Champion has gone to Norwood to reside where he has taken the position of general manager of the Norwood Gas Co.

—Mrs. William McCarthy of Boston is visiting her mother, Mrs. Adelaide Trainor of Front street.

—Harry Slinson is home from Canada where he has been for the past year and has taken a position with J. F. Sheppard & Sons.

—The barge Tamarend from Philadelphia with 1000 tons of coal has been unloading at J. F. Sheppard & Sons' wharf.

—Deputy Charles Guertin visited Court Abington Foresters of America at Abington, Tuesday evening and installed the officers.

—Traffic was delayed for an hour Tuesday morning on the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. caused by the engine of a freight train becoming derailed.

—Mrs. Alfred J. Longuemare of Grand Rapids, Michigan, is visiting her son, Theodore Longuemare of Franklin street.

—Frederick Harris has bought the estate of Mrs. Nellie Nash, corner of Front and Broad streets, occupied as a store and dwelling.

—Mrs. Grace Howland of Rockland has been spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Whitmarsh of Shaw street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Oscar A. Tower and son have been spending a few days with relatives in Dover.

—Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Bates are spending the week in Bristol, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. Oscar K. Wilder attended the annual reunion of the Alden family at Duxbury, Wednesday.

—Martin Fraser, fireman at the electric light station, East Braintree, is spending his vacation at Scituate beach.

—Mrs. Maria Pratt and Miss Annie Pratt have been visiting friends in Clifton.

—Miss Helen Crehan has been spending two weeks at Nantasket beach.

—Miss Gladys Coyle has been spending the week with relatives in Rockland.

—The burning of the lead wires on a Rockland car coming from Braintree, Wednesday evening delayed traffic for an hour.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Smith and Dr. W. F. Hathaway are spending the week on the Cape.

—Fred B. Dwyer is to move into the house on Torrey's lane just erected by his father, John F. Dwyer.

—Mrs. Charlotte Hender has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Joanna Richards at Holbrook.

—Miss Rachael Miller and Mrs. William Cullen of Manchester, N. H. were married at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Wednesday afternoon by the pastor, Rev. J. B. Holland. Mr. and Mrs. Cullen will reside in Manchester, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. James Willmott are visiting relatives at Schenbach, N. S.

—Mrs. Addie Stetson has been appointed forelady of the stitching room at Stetson's shoe factory.

—Miss Hoffman, who has been spending the summer at Royal Oak Farm as the guest of Mrs. F. Collins has returned to her home in Newark, N. J.

—Mr. and Mrs. Collins, after spending the summer at their residence "Royal Oak Farm," 407 Front street, will leave for New York, Aug. 9th, to commence a tour in vaudeville with their partner known as the "Zara Carmen Trio," which will include all the principle cities of this country and Europe.

—An Important Omission.
The doctor who laid down the requisites of the perfect baby omitted the most essential one—the baby must be yours.

—Reasons Philosophically.
"If a man is not actually a lover, he likes to marry the woman who will cause him the least bother."—"The Decoy Duck," by a Peer.

—Scratch on Nose Caused Death.
Lockjaw, which set in three days after he had scratched his nose by falling from a fence, was the cause of the recent death at London of a house decorator, named Carey.

—An Appreciative Orchestra.
Rubinstein had promised the orchestra players a supper if one of his operas should prove a success. It was a dismal failure, and he went home sadly. Presently the doorman rang and, behold, there were the players! In response to his looks of astonishment they exclaimed, "We liked your opera!"

EAST WEYMOUTH AND WEYMOUTH CENTER.

—Mayor Stone of Quincy will be one of the judges September 11.

—Everett Clapp, the motorman, has moved from Central Square to the house on Grant street, formerly occupied by Fred Pratt.

—Charles Tobin, formerly of this place, who has been a letter carrier in Medford for several years, has been transferred to the North Weymouth district and will in all probability locate once more in this vicinity.

—Mr. and Mrs. Melzar Burrell enjoyed an outing at Narragansett last week.

—Mr. and Mrs. James Ford were the guests over Sunday of their daughter, Mrs. Alden Spear at her summer home in Marshfield.

—Stuart Vinal, who is connected with the Youth's Companion, was home over Sunday. Mr. Vinal is traveling through New England in the interests of the company.

—Mr. and Mrs. Louis Seabury of Middle street were the guests over Sunday of their parents in Grafton.

—Ralph Chase has been entertaining John Hubbard of South Braintree this week.

—The picnic of the M. E. church Sunday school which was scheduled for last Saturday at Ridge Hill Grove in Norwell, was postponed on account of the unfavorable weather in the morning. The outing will, in all probability, be held on Saturday, August 26.

—Daniel Looney, the letter carrier, is enjoying his annual vacation. Mr. Looney expects to spend a part of his vacation in Philadelphia, where he will be the guest of Dan Howley, the East Weymouth boy with the Philadelphia baseball nine of the National league.

—On the Argentine super-dreadnought Rivadavia which left last Sunday night from the Fore River Ship Yard at Quincy Point, on its maiden trip to Brooklyn, is Lloyd Raymond of Lafayette avenue.

Mr. Raymond has been employed for some time in the electrical work on the huge battleship and was selected from many others to make the final trip.

—Louis Lebossiere, Edward Mulligan, Peter Hughes, Frank McCarthy, Carmine Garafalo, Daniel Clancy, Joseph McDonald and William Fitzsimmons of the Weymouth Council 729, K. of C., attended the fourth degree meeting of the order held in Mechanics Hall in Boston last Monday evening.

—Rev. Daniel W. Waldron, Boston City Missionary, conducted the services at the East Weymouth Congregational church last Sunday. Rev. Mr. Waldron is a former pastor of the church, where he made his first settlement 47 years ago and he gave many pleasant stories of his early acquaintances in East Weymouth.

—Miss Emily S. Randall spent Saturday and Sunday with her sister, Mrs. E. W. Salisbury, who is spending two weeks at the Weymouth House, Nantasket.

—Miss Addie Brown is on the sick list this week.

—Mrs. Harry Bearce spent the first of the week with her parents at Orient Heights.

—Harry Vogel and family have moved from Randall avenue to the house on Lafayette avenue, formerly occupied by George Lincoln.

—During the severe storm of last Saturday morning, the house on Lafayette avenue, owned by Robert Mills, was struck by lightning and considerably damaged.

—Miss Catherine Condrick of Broad street has as her guest this week Miss Catherine Curtin of Milford.

—Miss Gertrude Moran is home from an outing at Newport, R. I.

—Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Tirrell entertained Mr. and Mrs. Loren Richards of Campello over Sunday.

—While out driving with a new horse last Friday evening at Nantasket, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Salisbury of this place, narrowly escaped serious injury when, in attempting to quiet the animal, one of the reins broke near the bridle. The horse turned abruptly into the entrance of Paragon Park which was filled with people and for a few minutes it seemed impossible to prevent injury to some one. However, bystanders stopped the maddened beast and the only damage done was to the harness.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Cushing have had as their guests during the past week, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Burrell and son, Weston of Brockton.

—Mrs. Abby Braut of Cedar street is sojourning for a few weeks in the wilds of New Hampshire.

—Kinsman Chamberlain of Cedar street is spending the coming week with friends in Melrose.

—Mrs. Mary M. Gardner, 77 years old, of Cedar street, has returned home from a five weeks' visit with her two sisters, Mrs. Sarah M. Gardner, 82, and Mrs. Isabelle S. Noyes, 75, of Mill street, South Weymouth.

—In remembrance of his birthday yesterday, Charles Collier of Commercial square was the recipient of several gifts from his host of friends.

—The Inasmuch Circle of King's Daughters spent a very enjoyable day with Mrs. E. E. Leonard Thursday. Special guests of the occasion were Mrs. George Little, Mrs. Carl Humphrey, Mrs. Carleton Soule and Mrs. Albert Humphrey.

—Mrs. Edward Bicknell of Lewiston who has been the guest of her sister,

KINCAIDE THEATRE

HANCOCK STREET QUINCY CENTRE
HIGH CLASS REFINED MOVING
VAUDEVILLE PICTURES

Daily Matinee 2.30 P. M. Prices 5c, 10c, 15c. Evenings at 7.45, 10c, 15c, 25c.

This Week Only—Another Musical Troupe.
THE HOWLEY MUSICAL COMEDY COMPANY.
Ten clever entertainers, who furnish forty-five minutes of Mirth, Music and Melody, in their Funny Farce Comedy, "MARRIED LIFE."

COL. SAM HOLDSWORTH,
80-Year-Old Tenor Singer.
LANDER BRUN,
Black Faced Comedians.

PIERCE AND ALDEN.
Classy Singing and Talking Artists.
Great 2-Reel Feature Picture,
"Wild Ride" Drama of Life on an Austrian Farm.

ALL NEW PROGRAMME MONDAY, AUGUST 11TH.

FOUR VAUDEVILLE ACTS—FOUR PHOTO PLAYS—LOTS OF MUSIC.

COME TWICE A WEEK. SEE BOTH GOOD SHOWS.



C. R. Denbroeder
Straw Hats Marked Down One Third
MEN'S and BOY'S
SUITS AND FURNISHINGS
750 Broad St. East Weymouth
"The White Store"

Right Now Is Your Time

We can show you what you want in

House, Camp Lawn or Piazza Furniture

Are you looking for Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Curtains and Fixtures, or Paper Hanging? If so, see our stock. Carpets Laid, Curtains Hung, Upholstering and Repairing by experts. Do you need a Summer Cooking Stove? We have the best. How about taking the baby out! We have the carriages.

FORD FURNITURE CO.
Broad St. Tel. Con. East Weymouth

Mrs. M. A. Williams for two weeks, received many of her old friends at her sister's home Tuesday afternoon. Dainty refreshments were served by Mrs. Williams.

—Mrs. E. E. Leonard is entertaining Mrs. George Little and Miss Hellose Little of Schaghticoke, N. Y.

—Prof. Luther Turner of Pottsville, Pa. is spending a part of his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Turner.

MUST BELIEVE IT.

When Well-Known Weymouth People Tell It So Plainly.

When public endorsement is made by a representative citizen of Weymouth, the proof is positive. You must believe it. Read this testimony. Every sufferer of kidney backache, every man, woman or child with kidney trouble will do well to read the following:

A. B. Sanborn, 8 Williams avenue, Weymouth, Mass., says: "There is no doubt in my mind about the good work of Doan's Kidney Pills in cases of kidney complaint. This remedy certainly proved good in my case. The statement I gave some time ago was true."

Mr. Sanborn is only one of many Weymouth people who have gratefully endorsed Doan's Kidney Pills. If your back aches—if your kidneys bother you, don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—ask distinctly for Doan's Kidney Pills, the same testified Mr. Sanborn had—the remedy backed by home testimony. 50 cents, all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. "When Your Back's Lame—Remember the Name."

Make Money in Fox Farms.
Fox farming is a growing industry in southern Yukon.

Never Even Tepid.
"Have you hot water in your house?" "Have I? My dear boy, I am never out of it."

Value of Two Instruments.
A calculating engine is one of the most intricate forms of mechanism; a telegraph key one of the simplest. But compare their value.

Spiritual Force the Stronger.
Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force; that thought rules the world.—Emerson.

An Optimist's View.
Misers were created for the purpose of showing others how little happiness there is to be derived from wealth.

No Coal Famine in U. S.
According to geological survey estimates only about one-half of 1 per cent. of the available coal in the United States has been mined.

Phases for Rescuers.
A telephone designed for the use of mine rescuers whose heads are covered with helmets while at work is operated by throat vibrations, the transmitter being held at the throat.

Use Sea Water in Baking
The local papers are complaining about the size of the bread sold by the local bakers, who, besides charging two and one-half cents for a loaf of bread of 22 grams weight, it is said are using sea water in their bakeries.—From the West Coast Leader, Lima, Peru.

NOTICE OF HEARING

Upon the petition of Bates and Humphrey for a license to sell gasoline on land back of their store at Weymouth Centre, there will be a public hearing at the office of the Selectmen of Weymouth, on Monday, the twenty-fifth day of August, 1913, at two o'clock, p. m.

By order of the Board of Selectmen of Weymouth.
21-22 BRADFORD HAWES, Secretary.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

NORFOLK, ss. PROBATE COURT.
TO the heirs-at-law, next-of-kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of

SUSANNA TAYLOR
late of Weymouth, in said County deceased, intestate.

Whereas, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to Israel Taylor of said Weymouth, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Dedham, in said County of Norfolk, on the tenth day of September, A. D. 1913, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Weymouth Gazette, a newspaper published in said Weymouth, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness James H. Flint, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of July, A. D. 1913.
21-22 JOHN D. COBB, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

NORFOLK, ss. PROBATE COURT.
TO the heirs-at-law, next-of-kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of

ANNIE M. SOULE
late

Weymouth Gazette

AND TRANSCRIPT

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, AUG. 15, 1913.

VOL. XLVII. NO. 22.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TOWN BUSINESS.

E. W. Hunt, chairman of the Board of Selectmen, being still about on his vacation, George L. Newton acted as chairman pro-tem at the Monday meeting of the Board.

License was granted to J. E. Burke to sell gasoline at his place of business, Independence Square.

The Light & Power Co. was granted permission to erect 8 poles on Washington street at points between Lovells' Corner and the Hingham line.

Voted that no more permits would be granted Mr. Van Aken to hold picnics at Downer's Landing unless the same were received in time to be considered by the full board at the regular Monday meeting.

Petition was received from E. W. Litchfield for additional side walk in front of his place on Front street. The matter was referred to the superintendent of streets for investigation and report. The same action taken for a similar work on Bridge street near Bay View street.

Precinct officers: in reply to inquiry as to who is entitled to representation on the board of officers at primaries and general election, the town council put it that but two parties can be represented and quotes the following extract from the law as revised:—"Shall apply to the political parties which elected the highest and next highest number of members to General Court at the preceding annual election."

PRECINCT OFFICERS APPOINTED.

Precinct 1.—Warden, Frank A. Richards; clerk, Edward Brown; inspectors, George Ruggles, Arnold Burrell, C. H. Williams; Joshua H. Shaw; ballot-box officer, Isaac H. Walker; constable, Geo. W. Nash; deputy warden, David Dunbar; deputy clerk, Thomas F. McCue; deputy inspectors, W. E. Beane, T. B. Seabury, Edward P. Murphy, Daniel F. Long.

Precinct 2.—Warden, Melzar S. Burrell; clerk, Leavitt W. Bates; inspectors, Charles A. Spear; James Knox, Jr.; Frank K. Raymond; Wallace D. Cowling; ballot-box officer, Arthur H. Pratt; constable, A. J. Osgood; deputy warden, Michael H. Coffey; deputy clerk, Fred N. Bates; deputy inspectors, George S. Simmons; James L. Lincoln, James H. Meuse and Charlie W. Dunbar.

Precinct 3.—Warden, William S. Wallace; clerk, Jacob Dexheimer; inspectors, Timothy F. White, James A. Pray, Fred L. Richards, J. Rupert Walsh; ballot-box officers, John D. Walsh; constable, Thomas Fitzgerald; deputy warden, George P. Niles; deputy clerk, Mark J. Garrity; deputy inspectors, Howard Richards, Charles Dwyer, Fred A. Sullis and Carlton Drown.

Precinct 4.—Warden, Thomas H. Melville; clerk, Elbridge B. Nash; inspectors, Harry D. Tisdale, John F. Kenney, John W. Seabury, Edward W. Howley; ballot-box officer, George B. Bayley; constable, Willie F. Tirrell; deputy warden, John L. Kelley; deputy clerk, Arthur B. Nash; deputy inspectors, Charles H. Lovell, James T. Campbell, Howard V. Pratt and and Thomas F. Moore.

Precinct 5.—Warden, Ralph P. Burrell; clerk, John F. Welch; inspectors, George R. Bowker, George R. Sellers, Matthew O'Dowd, D. Frank Daley; ballot-box officer, Elbert Ford; constable, Charles C. Tinkham; deputy warden, Otis B. Torrey, John J. Sautry; deputy clerk; deputy inspectors, Frederick W. Blicher, Frank M. Fernald, Patrick J. Welch, Michael J. Cullinane.

Precinct 6.—Warden, Clayton B. Merchant; clerk, Bartolomew J. Smith; inspectors, Thomas H. Noonan, Edward F. Cullen, Arthur M. Hawes, Arthur L. Blanchard; ballot-box officer, Patrick Butler; constable, Lawrence E. Schofield; deputy warden, Horace M. Randall; deputy clerk, John H. Ronan; deputy inspectors, Robert McIntosh, Daniel Reldy, Jr., J. Q. B. Goodspeed, and George D. Bagley.

Paint Better.

Better isn't enough; paint best. A man bought "cheap" paint; saved 20c or 30 or 50c a gallon, didn't he? Yes, and bought 40 or 50c or 60 or 80 percent more gallons; how much did he make on his paint?

And he paid for painting those gallons—a fair day's work is a gallon—how much did he make on the labor part of his job?

He lost a quarter or third of his money. How long will it last? not his money, the paint?

Perhaps half as long as Devoe. How long will his money last, if he buys other stuff as he bought that paint?

Better buy the best paint; it makes the least better and least—often.

DEVOE

Sells It.

Everett Loud, E. Weymouth; M. R. Loud & Co., S. Weymouth; A. J. Sideline, N. Weymouth.

Mrs. N. Porter Keene Dead.

After a long illness Mrs. Mary Howes wife of N. Porter Keene, passed away at her home, 264 Bridge street, North Weymouth, last Sunday in the 83rd year of her age.

Mrs. Keene was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Sears and was born in East Dennis, Mass. Fiftyfour years ago she was married to N. Porter Keene of Pembroke and most of their married life has been spent in North Weymouth.

Funeral services were held at the late home of the deceased Tuesday afternoon and were conducted by Rev. Charles Clark of the Pilgrim church.

Besides her husband Mrs. Keene is survived by three sons, Miles, Warren and Chester, all of North Weymouth.

Captain Charles F. Spear Buried.

A large number of military men, including Col. Henry L. Kinsdale, and a delegation of officials of the Old Colony Trust Company, Boston, attended the funeral of Captain Charles Franklin Spear at the chapel in Village cemetery last Friday afternoon. Deceased was captain of Co. K, 6th Mass. Regiment during the Spanish war. Rev. F. B. Cressey of Cambridge conducted the services. The burial was in the family lot. A volley was fired over the grave by a guard from James L. Bates Sons of Veterans of which the deceased was for years a member.

Mrs. Catherine Ash Laid At Rest.

The funeral of Mrs. Catherine Ash, wife of Richard Ash of North Weymouth was held in the church of the Immaculate Conception, East Weymouth on Monday morning.

At the high mass of requiem, Rev. J. W. Allison, rector of the church was celebrant. Miss Nellie F. Noonan, organist, and the church choir rendered music.

The bearers were James Ash, William Kezer, Roy Ash and A. F. McEntee. Interment was in the St. Francis Xavier cemetery.

Besides her husband Mrs. Ash leaves eight children all of whom have the sympathy of their many friends.

Mrs. Delia Sanborn.

Mrs. Delia Sanborn died suddenly of acute indigestion at the home of her sister, Mrs. Thomas Curley, 61 Keith street, Tuesday morning. She was a native of this town, was 58 years old and a daughter of the late James Hayes. She resided in Milton for a number of years until the death of her husband, George Sanborn, a few years ago. Since that time she has made it her home with her sister, Mrs. Curley. Another sister, Mrs. James Donovan of Boston, and two brothers, Patrick and William Hayes, survive her. The funeral took place yesterday morning from the Church of the Sacred Heart. Rev. J. B. Holland celebrated mass. Interment was at St. Francis Xavier cemetery.

James H. Bayley Dead.

James H. Bayley, age 72, a brother of Fred L. Bayley of South Weymouth, died at his home in Braintree on Sunday after a long illness. He was a native of South Weymouth, son of Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Bayley. In his younger days he followed the shoemaking trade, but of late years was a bookkeeper. He was a Civil war veteran, having served in Co. K, 44th Mass. regiment. He is survived by his widow and two daughters. Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon. Interment was in Highland cemetery at South Weymouth.

Funeral of Reuben Burrell.

Rev. F. B. Cressey conducted the funeral of Reuben Burrell at his home 334 Washington street last Friday afternoon. A large delegation attended from Delphi Lodge 15, Knights of Pythias, and the ritual of the order was performed. William E. Pray, James A. Pray, Harry W. Richmond and Charles T. Bailey were bearers. Interment was at Village cemetery.

Miss Elsie McDowell.

Miss Elsie McDowell, daughter of Robert and Alice McDowell, died Friday at her home 185 Front street after a long illness. Deceased was a native of Braintree and a graduate of Thayer Academy, Class '11. The funeral took place from her late residence Sunday afternoon and the service was conducted by Rev. William Hyde, rector of Trinity church. Interment was at Village cemetery.

Avoid White Paper.

White paper is not as good as blue or brown for wrapping up things that are to be put away for a long while as the chloride of lime in the paper will fade fabrics.

1888 — 1913

Twenty-five Years of Wedded Life Celebrated.

On August 10th, 1888, Miss Mary J. Rausch, a native of Brookline, became the wife of Frank W. Stewart, a native of Middletown, at East Providence, R. I., Rev. Edward Bromley officiating.

After twenty years of residence and business in other places Mr. and Mrs. Stewart with an only daughter became residents of Weymouth, and their nearly five years of life in this town have formed a large circle of business and social acquaintances.

Having established a good business, their next thought was a permanent home, and the Nathaniel Blanchard estate, corner of Commercial and Tremont streets, was purchased for that purpose, and there last Saturday afternoon and evening the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of this couple was fittingly celebrated.

The outside grounds presented a beautiful appearance in the evening with a large display of electric lights and Chinese lanterns. The interior of the house was no less beautiful with its decoration of potted plants, cut flowers and trailing vines.

As we have said, in their few years of residence in Weymouth the Stewarts have formed a large circle of friends and many came from all parts of Weymouth with greetings, there were also many visitors from Middletown, Jamaica Plain and other towns in Massachusetts and Maine.

The couple were recipients of tokens of regard in the way of cut glass, silver and china ware, pictures, etc.

Elaborate refreshments were served, and Mr. and Mrs. Stewart start on the second quarter century of wedded life with the best wishes of those who were there and also many others who were unable to attend.

Italian Colony Will Celebrate.

To-morrow, Saturday, a grand celebration will be given by the Italian colony of East Weymouth in honor of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. A parade will take place at 8.30 o'clock in the morning and the route will include the principal streets of the town. The well-known Marine band of Boston will head the parade and give band concerts from 3 to 5 in the afternoon and from 7 to 9.30 in the evening. At the James Humphrey school grounds at 10 o'clock a fine display of fire works will be given.

Time to Water.

The evening after sunset is the best time for watering flower beds. The plants have all night to take up the moisture, and there is no baking of the soil, as occurs frequently when the sun shines hotly upon a freshly wet spot. Geraniums seldom require watering when growing in good garden soil, and the flower heads should never become wet if it can be avoided. Coleus and kindred plants do not require much water, frequent cultivation being better than sprinkling. Cannas should have plenty of water.

If the garden, flower or vegetable, is extensive and artificial watering facilities are limited, the injurious effects of long continued dry weather can be prevented to a large extent by cultivation, the soil being frequently stirred with hoe. Never work the garden when the soil is wet enough to mold into a ball or when it may be "slicked," like a wet plaster.

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Weymouth Harvest Auto Parade.

This week we have the great pleasure to announce that Mayor John F. Fitzgerald of Boston has consented to attend the parade and act as one of the Judges.

Without regard to his political affiliations we all admit that Mayor Fitzgerald is today one of the greatest forces for commercial progress in Massachusetts and it is most fitting that he should be present at the "Awakening of Weymouth."

When this issue reaches the hands of the reader there ought also to be in the hands of every Auto Owner information and entrance blanks. It is the wish of the Committee that entrance blank be immediately filled out and mailed so that the Committee may have ample time to make necessary arrangements.

It is also of the utmost importance that application for guest's tickets be made at the same time.

The Committee has decided to arrange for a third division of the parade, to consist of Commercial cars, only, which division will form on Washington street, Lovell's Corner, facing west towards Pleasant street.

These cars may carry such advertising for their respective owners as they may wish and a prize of \$5.00 will be given for the best decorated car.

If any Auto Owner does not receive printed blanks will be pleased to communicate with the Secretary of the Board of Trade and blanks will be mailed at once.

The Chief Marshal, Mr. Walter B. Binnean, informs the committee the parade will move at a speed of from eight to twelve miles an hour and that it will be run without stop from start to finish.

The Committee is also informed that Combination No. 3, that able, little fire fighter, with its crew, will be asked to accompany the parade, so that in case of any accident to any machine assistance will be at hand to prevent serious damage.

Next week we shall be able to announce the speakers at the Fogg Opera House in the evening.

Be sure, Mr. Auto Owner, that your entrance blank is mailed at once.

James H. Coleman Dead.

After a short illness James H. Coleman of North Weymouth passed away last Monday, August 11th. Mr. Coleman was the son of the late Mathew and Bridget Coleman. He was employed as an engineer at the works of the American Agricultural Company. At the fire which destroyed part of the company's buildings several weeks ago Mr. Coleman worked heroically for many hours and was taken sick soon afterward. An operation was decided upon and he seemed to be rallying from the effects when pneumonia developed. Mr. Coleman was unmarried. He was a member of Quincy Council, Knights of Columbus and Quincy Lodge of Elks. He is survived by a brother, Mathew Coleman, and two sisters, Mrs. Catherine Sweeney and Miss Margaret Coleman.

Funeral services were held yesterday morning. At the house, 443 Bridge street, North Weymouth, the Quincy Lodge of Elks held a service, conducted by Exalted Ruler Philip J. Sullivan. A male quartet rendered selections. Services were held at the Church of the Immaculate Conception at 9 o'clock. At the solemn High Mass of Requiem, Rev. James A. Allison was celebrant. Rev. James McCarthy deacon, Rev. Maurice Lynch sub-deacon and Rev. Hyland J. Harkins master of ceremonies. The music was by the church choir, with Miss Nellie F. Noonan organist.

Interment was in the Mt. Calvary cemetery in West Roxbury, where the communal service was read by Rev. James Allison and Rev. Maurice Lynch.

A delegation from the Quincy Council, K. of C., acted as honorary pallbearers. The body bearers were Thomas Murphy, Michael Lane, Benjamin McDermott, John Lane, Charles Mullane, James Scully, Stephen Monahan and Francis Scully. Delegations were present from Boston Lodge of Elks, Quincy Council, K. of C., and Quincy Lodge of Elks.

The floral tributes were numerous and very beautiful.

No "Flosters" in 1700.

In parts of New England during the seventeenth century voters had to reside in a "stone house of the dimensions of 20 by 16 feet, with one or more brick chimney or chimneys." Each voter had also to be certified by his neighbors "of sober and peaceful conversation."

May Ward Off Pneumonia.

Here is a recipe which a physician gave me several years ago, says a writer, and I have used it in my family ever since. For coughs, colds or any bronchial trouble saturate a flannel cloth and apply to chest: Turpentine liniment—Take a pint bottle, put in white of one egg, shake well, add four tablespoonfuls turpentine, shake till foamy, then fill with good vinegar; shake well.

J. Wendall Phillips Murdered.

The remains of J. Wendall Phillips arrived here Monday morning from Groveland, Florida, in charge of his brother, George Phillips, and the funeral was held in the afternoon from the home of his brother, Walter Phillips, Broad street. Rev. F. B. Cressey of Cambridge, a former pastor of the First Baptist church conducted the service. Interment was in the family lot at Village cemetery.

Last week a telegram was received in town announcing the death of Mr. Phillips but no particulars were obtainable at the time. Two of his brothers, Walter and George, started Tuesday for Florida, and on arriving in Groveland were surprised to find that their brother had been murdered by a man in his employ. The murderer hit him with an axe on the back of the head and then shot him and threw the body in a pond after rifling his pockets of the contents—\$21. Mr. Phillips had several acres of orange groves under cultivation. His brother Henry did not return with the body but stayed to attend to his affairs. The murderer was apprehended by the police and acknowledged the crime.

Millionaire for a Day.

Frederick Hitchcock who claims to be a nephew of Ex-postmaster General Hitchcock and who has been employed at Smith's blacksmith shop for sometime, gave a good imitation of "McDevitt, the Millionaire Kid of Scranton, Pa.," Sunday, when he was throwing money away.

He hired an auto and took a party of friends to Nashua, N. H., where he formerly resided. He remained but his friends returned Sunday evening. John Fineran who boards at the same house with Hitchcock, discovered when he awoke Monday morning, that \$110 was missing from his roll.

His suspicions immediately fell on Hitchcock and he notified the police who in turn got in touch with the police of Nashua who arrested Hitchcock and held him for the local police. Chief Fitzgerald and Patrolman Walsh went in Rogers' auto to Nashua Monday night and arrived here with their prisoner early Tuesday morning.

He was arraigned in the district court and given six months. Later, however, he arranged with the probation officer to pay Fineran back his money.

Fairbanks Family Reunion.

The 12th annual home coming of the Fairbanks Family will be held at the Fairbanks' homestead in Dedham, Mass., on Thursday, August 21st. The homestead is the original house built in 1636. It is the oldest frame dwelling in New England and has always been owned and occupied by a lineal descendant of the builder, Jonathan Fairbanks. All persons interested are invited to attend the reunion.

TUFTS LIBRARY.

Art Exhibition.

"Examples of the Rise of Architecture in Italy" is the subject of the collection of photographs now in the Reading room. In this collection are fine pictures of the Colosseum, the Pantheon and St. Peter's at Rome; St. Mark's at Venice; the Cathedral at Milan; the Campanile at Florence and the one at Pisa. The photographs will remain until Sept. 1.

Weymouth Historical Society.

The Weymouth Historical Society will take its annual outing by an excursion to Marshfield next Tuesday. The party will leave South Weymouth at 10 o'clock by auto and spend the day sight seeing, visiting the Standish monument and other places. Members will take along a basket lunch.

The Reason.

"What's that awful swearing out there, Hilda?" "Oh, sir, the bishop has mislaid his Bible."

Insect Pests.

The agricultural department estimates the injury done to the crops of the United States by insect pests at \$420,000,000 a year. Many of them can be suppressed only by birds.

Found the Point.

A teacher told one of her boys that the next time he wrote a composition there must be some point to it. The subject of his next disquisition was "Needles."

John James Audubon's Gun.

The gun used by John James Audubon, the naturalist, may be seen in the New York Museum of Natural History. It hangs below a picture of the scientist who is great among great Americans—Magazine of American History.

NO-HIT NO-RUN GAME.

C. M. A. Fail to Connect Safely with Carson's Pitching Last Saturday and Lose 5 to 0.

The Clapp Memorial Association nine of East Weymouth journeyed to Braintree last Saturday afternoon and played the Braintree A. C. on the Hollis playground. They returned home on the short end of a 5 to 0 score and the players and rooters alike, are convinced that Carson, the crack Braintree twirler is about as good as there is in this section when he is feeling like pitching.

The C. M. A. failed to get a hit, much less a run and Carson's teammates worked their heads off to bring home the victory for the Braintree boy.

Bobby Gill, the C. M. A. speed artist, pitched good ball, but ball games cannot be won, as a rule, unless there is some batting, so the East Weymouth boys went down to the second defeat of the season at the hands of the Braintree A. A. The score:—

BRAINTREE A. A.

	bb	po	a	e
Dam, rf	0	0	0	0
Cane, 3b	0	1	5	1
DeYoung, ss	2	0	0	0
Mulligan, cf	1	4	0	0
Donaher, lb	1	10	0	0
Orr, 2b	2	1	2	1
Pilpitt, c	1	11	0	0
Duggan, lf	2	0	0	0
Carson, p	1	0	2	0
Totals	10	27	14	2

CLAPP MEMORIAL.

	bb	po	a	e
Artis, 2b	0	0	1	1
McCarthy, ss	0	1	2	0
Hoyt, cf	0	1	0	0
Gill, p	0	0	2	0
Linberg, 3b	0	0	2	1
Drinkwater, rf	0	1	0	0
Jenkins, lb	0	13	0	1
Humphrey, lf	0	0	0	0
Wall, c	0	8	2	1
Totals	0	24	9	4

Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Braintree 0 3 0 0 2 0 0 0 —5
Runs by—DeYoung, Mulligan, Donaher, Orr, Duggan. Two base hits—Pratt, De Young. Stolen bases—Dam, Cane, Drinkwater 2. Base on balls by—Carson Gill 3. Struck out by—Carson 9, Gill 6. Umpires—McLaughlin and Nolan. Time 1 hr. 55 m.

Baseball Notes.

Hats off to Carson; a no-hit, no-run game is some record for this vicinity. Bobby Gill, the C. M. A. twirler, pitched good ball again last Saturday, but luck and weak sticking beat the Boston college high school star.

Queen Quality was decidedly easy for Capt. Sid Hazelton's aggregation at South Weymouth last Saturday.

Leo Fraher is delivering the goods in fine style down in Nova Scotia with the New Glasgow team. "Toby" is holding down shortstop and fielding like a veteran and is among the leaders with the stick.

"Al" Humphrey showed the Braintree fans a fine bit of throwing in the first inning last Saturday when he threw Cane out at the plate by a beautiful peg to Wall, after a clean single to left field. The throw came as straight as a rifle ball into Wall's glove.

Dorothea L. Dix Tent, D. of V.

For the benefit of its charity fund, Dorothea L. Dix Tent, D. of V., held a Hurdy Gurdy party in G. A. R. hall, East Weymouth, last Thursday evening.

Supper was served from 5 until 7 by Mrs. Clara Wilder, Mrs. Mabel Ford, Mrs. Anna Williams and Mrs. Mildred Morgan. A sale of ice cream was held in charge of Ethel Kelley, Augusta Bell, Helen Beach, Isabel Carter, Nellie Loud, Mabel Vogel, Mary Brassill and Louis Beach.

During the evening dancing was enjoyed in the dance hall until a late hour. The affair was in charge of Mrs. Mildred Morgan, president of the tent.

True to Her Word.

Black—"She said on her wedding day that she would go through everything for him." White—"Well, I guess she has. I loaned him a tenaput this morning."—Judge.

Experiment Worth Trying.

Morning, before breakfast, is said to be the very best time for thinking. There are always exceptions. Then, again, there are many who declare they can think better at night, who perhaps never tried the experiment of giving serious thoughts to anything before breakfasting.

Just Married, Too.

"Young man," said the magistrate, severely, "the assault you have committed on your poor wife is a most brutal one. Do you know of any reason why I should not send you to prison?" "If you do, your honor," replied the prisoner at the bar, hopefully, "it will break up our happy moon."

Are you going to Build?
Are you going to Repair or Enlarge?
Are you looking for a

Contractor and Builder?
If so call on

H. C. THOMPSON

66 HIGH ST. - EAST WEYMOUTH
Estimates given on all kinds of contracts.

Tel. Weymouth 14-1.

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Telephone Connection.

JOSEPH W. McDONALD
UNDERTAKER

and
REGISTERED EMBALMER

Office and Rooms:
751 BROAD ST., EAST WEYMOUTH
(Old G.A.R. Hall)
Tel. 427W.

Residence, 651 Broad St.
Tel. 427R.

INSURANCE

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H. FRANKLIN PERRY

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ON THE FARM

Read this column and you can have it delivered at your house with something new every week for a full year by sending \$2.00 to this office now.

Happy is the man just now who picks his dinner from his own garden.

The silo enables the dairyman to keep more live stock on the same number of acres and at less cost in feed and labor.

Fowls upon an extensive range obtain a variety of food, especially of green food and insects. Fowls in narrow quarters must be furnished with a variety of food, especially of green and animal food. This is not difficult, but it is very often neglected.

If a horse stumbles, give him his food on the floor instead of in his manger. The position necessarily taken in feeding strengthens the muscles of the knees and so removes the cause of the stumbling. A horse just brought from pasture does not stumble.

Save all the corn cobs. They are good for smoking meat in absence of hickory wood, and they are splendid for burning to a charred condition for hogs. The surplus cob should go into the manure. They are good absorbers of liquids and improvers of soil texture, besides supplying some fertilizing elements and adding humus to the soil.

An experienced orchardist says that, when planting an orchard to make money twenty-five years from now, plant 32 to 40 feet apart, but to have money soon, plant close. As soon as trees crowd one another they quit growing and get down to business. As trees are planted 35 feet apart they have nothing to do but grow, and will not bear fruit for ten to twelve years.

The garden and the orchard are important, and it is not wise to neglect them for the field crops. The garden should not be considered a place to work when there is no other work needed, nor should the orchard work be deferred till the "ground in the field is too wet to plow." Make orcharding and gardening features of farm management.

"In hot weather do not be content to drive cows to water once a day. By some means let them have constant access to it. It will pay. Some authorities go so far as to say that the quantity of water drunk per day by a cow is a good criterion of the quantity of milk she will yield daily; and many farmers have doubtless proved to their own satisfaction that the flow of milk can be very greatly increased by moistening the dry food with plenty of water without deteriorating the quality of the milk.

"The quince is more neglected in proportion to its merits than any of our orchard fruits." "Nobody ever saw an unlimited demand for them. If the farmer has a place where they will do well, the crop properly handled will pay better than any of our orchard fruits. The fruit is the firmest we have to ship, the most handsome and the best keeper."

The future fertility of this season's corn ground is of vital importance. Where corn is to be cut for fodder or silage and entirely removed from the ground, something should be given back to the land to balance the amount of matter taken from it. If the corn is to be husked in the field and the stalks allowed to remain to be dragged down this coming winter and plowed under the following spring, the loss of soil fertility will not be so great. Many do not realize the importance of keeping the ground covered with organic matter of some kind. Covered ground gains fertility, while bare ground loses fertility at all seasons of the year.

Why you can do some things with a farm than you could ever hope to do with a factory or a gold mine that has only hopes and a dream prospectus to back it up. Any man that will take the trouble to study or look into the chemistry of sunshine and heat and soil, need not have to go to Alaska or the Rocky Mountains to find a little wealth. He can find it right here in Old New England, where the "rocks and rills" are, and close to where the "breaking waves dash high," thus combining poetry, patriotism and song with the pursuit of happiness and a living.

A correspondent in the Philadelphia Records says:

"Once upon a time a farmer hired to me a horse and carriage. He cautioned me that the horse was afraid of pigs, and needed watching while the porkers were in evidence. I suggested that the horse's blinders be removed, in order that Br'er Horse might become better acquainted with Br'er Pig and learn that Br'er Pig was not harmful; not inclined to attack either from front, side or rear. Mr. Farmer disregarded my words of wisdom. I never heard of a good reason for half-blinding our friend, Br'er Horse. I think blinders are well calculated to increase a horse's nervousness and timidity."

Subscribe now for the Gazette and Transcript. It will cost you less than four cents a week to get this department.

The Elimination of Arizona Joe

By EDWARD SWIFT

There is a very pretty town in what was then called the far west—there is no far west now—which half a century ago was a "low down" settlement. For a time there was gun law only; then Judge Lynch stepped in and improved things somewhat. Shooting was reduced to a few. These few killed one another or were killed by some one else, except Arizona Joe, who came from the worst territory on the continent of America. Joe was left like a noxious weed in a garden and had become altogether undesirable.

Perhaps a deep rooted stump in a clearing would be a better simile, for a weed is easily dug up, while a stump clings tightly to the soil. At any rate, to get rid of Joe, though necessary to the further development of Arlington, was a hard proposition. Indeed, it was the consensus of opinion that he might be allowed to remain since all of his kind except himself having been killed there would be no further food for his powder. But Joe took it upon himself to shoot strangers who came to town, and this was not only immoral, but interfered with the mercantile prosperity of its citizens.

Prominent men of the town held a meeting and agreed each to pull a number from a hat—one, two, three, etc.—he drawing one to try to kill Joe and, if he failed, to be followed by the rest in order of number till a dozen had been killed or Joe got rid of. But their wives objected and convened for the purpose of taking the matter into their own hands. Mrs. Dowly arose and said:

"Ladies, you all know that there's only one way for a woman to get the bulge on a man—that's to marry him. I'll engage to hire a woman who will tame Arizona Joe. She came to these parts ten years ago—from jail, I reckon—and has had seven husbands in the meantime. The first got drowned while they was crossin' a bridge together disputin' over a counterfeit bill. When she got tired of the second she set a vigilance committee on him, and he dangled at the limb of a tree. The third she shot in the back while he was windin' the clock. The fourth—"

"Never mind any more of these interesting facts," interrupted one of the ladies. "How much money would be required?"

"I reckon \$200 would be ample compensation. Mrs. Vendig—that's her last name—could be got for that, and I propose to work it by makin' a match between her and Joe. If we can do it we'll have no more trouble with him. I assure you."

"What makes you think he'll marry her?"

"Because she's good lookin' and has a winnin' way with her. You know how it is yourself. A woman can soft solder a man mighty fine till she's married to him and give him the lash after the ceremony has been performed."

The money was raised and Mrs. Vendig's services engaged. She came to town, met Joe on the street, smiled at him, Delilah-like, and he fell into the trap. The secret was known to everybody in town except the victim. Three days after the meeting Mrs. Vendig became Mrs. Joe—no other name was required by the simple marriage ceremony used, which was a Scotch mutual pledge without witnesses—and the two set up housekeeping in the cabin Joe had previously occupied alone.

During the evening of the nuptials sounds were heard to emanate from their cabin denoting a family jar. The neighbors came to their doors or put their heads out of the windows to watch for what might happen. The sounds grew louder and fiercer and deeper and shriller, and presently the door was opened, a body was thrown out and the door slammed to and bolted. Mrs. Joe had been ejected.

She had been a trifle stunned by her fall, but got up and, going to the door, began to hammer on it, scolding, yelling, shrieking. Joe was obliged to listen to epithets after epithets spoken in a tone that would make the blood of the stoutest man curdle and accompanied by vigorous kicks on the door. The peace of the town was disturbed, but the citizens didn't mind it a bit so long as the object was accomplished.

Midnight came and there was no diminution to the howlings, the kickings, the epithets. The citizens lying near got tired of it and went off to other parts of the town to sleep. Dawn appeared, but there was no cessation of the noise. The sun rose and a sound as of a battering came against a door, awakening those living at the other end of the town. A man living opposite the home of the newly wedded couple put his head out of his window and saw Mrs. Joe trying to batter down the door. Then he heard a man's voice from within cry out:

"Go away and I'll come out. You can have the outfit."

What followed was spoken in a lower tone and the man opposite did not hear. The bride went to the back of the house, the door opened and Arizona Joe appeared. He walked rapidly down the street and was never seen in Arlington again. After the operator and boat paid off and dismissed Mrs. Dowly said:

"There's a great many ways of doin' a thing, but there's always one way that's more effective than others. If the men of this town had undertaken to get rid of Arizona Joe he'd have made a dozen widows. One widow did the business without the spilin' of a drop of blood."

Following Are a Few of the Items Which Appeared in the Gazette Years Ago This Week.

TWENTY-TWO YEARS AGO.

The fishermen are taking large quantities of mackerel from the river daily.

There is considerable feeling among the residents of Braintree in regard to the taxes. The new valuation does not give general satisfaction.

The building committee of the Tufts Library held a meeting yesterday afternoon and accepted the plan of J. Merrill Brown of Boston. Proposals will be received for building according to the accepted plan.

Workmen are connecting the water service of Weymouth and Braintree, to be ready in case of emergency. When completed, this will make three towns thus connected, Rockland, Weymouth and Braintree.

Mr. Elwell has been very busy the past week making preparations for the co-operative course for the coming season. Every effort will be made to make it one of the best courses of lectures and entertainments that ever have been had in South Weymouth.

TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.

The Selectmen have appointed officer A. J. Garey as dog officer in place of N. B. Pearl, whose eyesight troubles him some. Officer Garey will kill all dogs found running at large without being muzzled to the 15th day of September.

Division 9, A. O. H., fifty strong, made a fine appearance Thursday morning as they marched to the depot with the American band to embark for Worcester, where they took part in the state parade of the Massachusetts divisions.

Our community was again startled on Sunday last by the statement that Mr. Samuel Hilton's son, Henry S., who was injured by a rabid dog at the same time that Mary Rooney was bitten, was suffering with the preliminary symptoms of hydrophobia, the disease continuing its development until Wednesday evening last, when the boy expired at 7.30 o'clock, his age being 10 years.

FORTY-SIX YEARS AGO.

The employees at the Flour mills at East Braintree will participate in an excursion to the beach next Saturday. The proprietors of the beach house have been notified to prepare six hundred and fifty dinners for the party.

The sloop, "Escort" left the Landing Monday morning last for various ports in the Bay, having on board, Messrs. J. Binney, W. T. Burrell, S. H. Smith and S. F. Whitmarsh with their ladies. She arrived at Marblehead in the afternoon; sailed for Salem and Beverly the next day and Nahant on Wednesday. The "Escort" will return to Weymouth on Saturday.

A match game of ball was played at Cohasset on Saturday last by the first nine of the Liberty Square club of South Weymouth and the first nine of the Minot club of Cohasset. A heavy rain caused the game to be called at the commencement of the sixth inning. Score—Liberty Square 29, Minot 1. Umpire—G. B. Hayden of Charlestown. Scorers—J. E. Gardner for Liberty Square; Osgood for Minot.

Her First Ice Cream Soda.

She was evidently more than fifty and she showed every outward sign of poverty and hard work—unending hard work. But evidently this was a special event and her eyes shone with excitement. She entered one of the big drug stores and while her excitement visibly increased her assurance seemed to fade. After hesitating a moment she walked over to the soda fountain, where a pleasant faced boy was "wiping up." Pushing a nickel over the marble counter, she blurted in an awkward manner that she wanted a soda. The proprietor of the drug store, who was watching her, is a kindly man and he grasped the situation at once. With a bound he was behind the counter before the boy could tell this excited reveler that her soda would cost ten cents. Then he himself mixed a delicious strawberry ice cream soda and gave it to the little old woman, who sank contentedly upon one of the stools at the counter and gave herself over to it. The proprietor smiled crookedly down at the nickel as he dropped it into the cash drawer and rang up a five cent sale.—Exchange.

Seeks to Reserve Land for Cattle.

Germany discourages the cutting of peat, as the government desires to convert the moors and bogs into arable lands through proper drainage. This action is taken because of the scarcity of cattle and meat.

Polk Was First "Dark Horse."

The first man in a national convention to be spoken of as a "dark horse" was James K. Polk, who was nominated for president at the Democratic national convention of 1844. His opponents in the convention were Martin Van Buren and Lewis Cass.

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Persons who cannot call for personal interview may have printed information of terms and conditions by mail. Will reopen September 8th.

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At all other hours at Residence on Hillcrest

Road, opp. Catholic Church.

JOHN A. RAYMOND, Town Clerk

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor of the will of RICHARD L. HUNT, late of Weymouth, in the County of Norfolk, deceased, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called to make payment to JULIA A. MARTELL, Administratrix, 387 Front St., Weymouth, Mass. July 25, 1913.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has been duly appointed executrix of the will of RICHARD L. HUNT, late of Weymouth, in the County of Norfolk, deceased, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called to make payment to EMMA A. HUNT, Executrix, 109 Front St., Weymouth, Mass. July 25, 1913.

LADIES

We have opened a Special Department for you on MONDAYS, from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Shampoo, Facial Massage, Etc.

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Stetson Shoe Co. 16, Queen Quality Shoe Co. 7.

On Reed's field, Saturday afternoon in a loosely played game, the visitors making many costly errors, the Stetson Shoe Co. nine defeated the Queen Quality Shoe Co. nine 16 to 7. The score:

STETSON SHOE.				
	lb	po	a	e
Cross, 3b	0	4	0	2
Hendrickson, c	3	3	2	0
Carlisle, 1b	1	8	1	0
Gleason, ss	3	2	3	0
Hanson, 2b	3	2	4	0
Hazleton, p	1	2	0	0
Bates, lf	2	2	1	0
McMahon, cf	1	0	0	0
Torrey, cf	0	0	0	0
Anthony, p	1	1	4	0
Totals	15	24	15	2

QUEEN QUALITY CO.				
	lb	po	a	e
Hazerty, ss	2	0	1	0
Curley, c	2	7	1	1
Bastable, rf, p	3	1	0	0
Kilday, cf	1	0	1	0
McCarthy, 2b	1	1	3	0
Paglie, 3b	1	3	0	5
Boderick, lf	2	0	0	0
Hogan, 1b	1	2	0	1
King, p, rf	1	0	7	1
Totals	14	24	13	8

Innings				
	1	2	3	4
Stetson Shoe	0	0	1	2
Queen Quality	3	0	0	2

Two base hit—Gleason. Stolen bases—Hendrickson 2, Gleason, Hanson, Hazleton, Bates 2. Base on balls off—Anthony 3, King 4. Struck out by—King 6. Sacrifice hits—Cross, Hendrickson, Hazleton, McMahon. Wild pitches—King 4, Anthony 2. Passed balls—Curley 2. Umpire—J. Murray. Time—2 hours.

Profitable Roses.

Roses, though generally admitted as the most beautiful flower, are not universally recognized as the profitable article of commerce that they really are. Trade roses are grown in various parts of Europe, but chiefly at Grasse, in France, and Kasanlik, in Bulgaria, where great stretches of rose gardens provide the chief supply of roses for the markets of the world. The highly cultivated roses are useless for commercial purposes, and both at Grasse and Kasanlik it is the cabbage rose that is chiefly grown—"the rose of a hundred petals," as they call it in southern France. The Grasse roses are used chiefly for pomades, soaps, rose water, and such commodities, and the demand made by the manufacturers of such on the rose growers of Grasse can be partly gauged from the fact that more than 2,500,000 pounds of roses are annually gathered in the district. Essence, or, as it is called, attar of roses, is rarely made in France, on account of the expense of production, but nearly all the Bulgarian roses are used for this purpose.

History Made by a Postage Stamp.

A postage stamp which played a part in history is told about by M. Bunau-Varilla in his book on the Panama canal. The incident occurred when the discussion over the relative merits of the Panama and Nicaragua routes was at its height. Bunau-Varilla had been working vigorously for the Panama route, making use of the two arguments of less cost and immunity from active volcanoes. One day he recalled that Nicaragua had issued a handsome stamp, showing a volcano in full activity. He at once sent to the dealers in foreign stamps in Washington, and obtained ninety of these stamps, which he forwarded to the ninety senators, along with bits of paper bearing the words, "Postage stamp of the republic of Nicaragua; an official witness of the volcanic activities of Nicaragua." The catastrophe at St. Pierre took place about this time, to deepen the impression of volcanic danger, and the Panama route was adopted by the narrow margin of four votes.—New York Post.

Never Settled Questions.

The familiar saying that nothing is settled until it is settled right expresses only a half truth. Questions of general and permanent importance are seldom finally settled. A very wise man has said that "short of the multiplication table there is no truth and no fact which must not be proved over again if it had never been proved, from time to time." Conceptions of social rights and obligations and the institutions based upon them continue unquestioned for long periods as postulates in all discussions upon questions of government. Whatever conduct conforms to them is assumed to be right. Whatever is at variance with them is assumed to be wrong. Then a time comes when with apparent suddenness the ground of discussion shifts and the postulates are denied. They cease to be accepted without proof, and the whole controversy in which they were originally established is fought over again.—Senator Root in North American Review.

A Laureate on Lytton.

When Bulwer Lytton attacked Tennyson for accepting a civil list pension, Tennyson retaliated with a ten stanza poem in Punch, which has not been included in any collected edition of his works. He described his antagonist as:

That padded man—that wears the stays—
Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
With dandy pathos when you wrote:
What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotted shirt.
A dapper boot, a little hand,
If half the little soul is dirt?
Tennyson felt ashamed of this outburst when he saw it in print. Punch of the following week contained his "After Thought," which ends:
Simply, after all,
The noblest answer unto such
Is kindly silence when they brawl.
—London Chronicle.

Imitating the Ostrich

By ELLIOTT SMITH

One crisp October day a young man alighted from a train in a quiet village. During the summer he had met at a country resort a Miss Mathews, with whom he had dined about, boating, fishing, swimming, dancing—in short, doing those things which, when done in company with a pretty girl, generate love almost as surely as a dynamo will generate electricity. During the period that they were together another young man named Dargan had come from the city, evidently for the purpose of being with the girl, for he immediately proceeded to monopolize her. Since he showed plainly that he was a suitor the young man of the first part, Emery, who had no more idea of marrying a wife than he had of establishing a bank, dropped out in his favor, leaving the young lady free to accept his attentions. After several days passed in company with her Mr. Dargan left the resort, and Miss Mathews was again unabsorbed. Mr. Emery slowly drifted back to his former status.

There is no position more capable of exciting a man's self contempt than to occupy the time and attention of a young lady whom he has no thought of marrying. But let him once realize that he doesn't wish any one else to marry her and he cannot but consider himself a veritable dog in the manger. Such was the position occupied by Mr. Emery when he recommenced spending his time in Miss Mathews' company.

As he afterward said, he was like the ostrich that hides its head in the sand to avoid being observed. Yet he was observed not only by others, but by himself.

When Mr. Emery left the resort and Miss Mathews' society he had made a step in advance. He knew that he would rather be hanged for Mr. Dargan's murder than that the said Dargan should marry Miss Mathews. But why? Did he want her himself? Surely he had not gone on his outing with the intention of becoming engaged? It was not feasible that he should become engaged. He had but \$3,000 a year, and that was not sufficient to meet his own personal requirements. He did not know what Miss Mathews had and didn't care. Matrimony was with him out of the question anyway.

Some five or six weeks after the parting he was weak enough to go to the place where Miss Mathews lived. He went there to see her, but why he did not know. He had no more intention of entering the lists with Dargan—or any one else, for that matter—than he had gone away in the summer to marry a wife. He had written her that he would be in the vicinity of her home and would make a stop for the purpose of "renewing an acquaintance so pleasantly formed during the summer." He would call on a certain afternoon.

Why will persons say things they don't mean, knowing that those to whom they say them know they mean something else?

In what occurred during that visit I don't charge Miss Mathews with having purposely brought it about. Nevertheless if she did she had a perfect right to do so. When Emery called on her that afternoon he was ushered by a maid into a cozy library, where stood a lady's writing desk on which Miss Mathews wrote her letters, and he had no sooner entered than he saw a letter ready for the post lying where it had been written. He could not well help seeing the superscription.

The epistle was addressed to Dargan. Was it one of a correspondence? Was it an acceptance? Was it a rejection? That was for him to find out.

When Miss Mathews came in—tastefully arrayed, of course—she expressed herself "much pleased to meet again a summer acquaintance."

A summer acquaintance—that was true, but it was galling. He had said that he was pleased "to renew an acquaintance," etc. That, he knew, was all folderol, but the same thing coming from Miss Mathews was very different. It was depressing, saddening. Indeed, it was worse than a dozen funeral bells all tolling at once.

Miss Mathews' eyes fell on the letter on the desk. She started. Emery didn't start, but there was a sudden whirlwind of feeling within him which coagulated with a purpose. He plunged into the Rubicon.

Nevertheless he plunged so quietly that the net was not perceptible. He asked Miss Mathews whether she would go back to the same resort next year, and she said she didn't know; she hadn't thought much about it. Then he remarked that he thought he should spend his vacation next season in the autumn since he proposed to hunt. Both were talking about one thing and thinking about another—the letter on the desk. There was a pause in the conversation. Both looked up from the letter at the same moment, and their eyes met. Emery reached for it and tore it into little bits.

"You had no right to do that," said the girl.

"I'll write another." Taking up pen and paper, he wrote on it: "I have to announce to you my engagement to Mr. Emery, whom I met last summer in the country." Holding it up before her, he asked if she would put it in her own handwriting and mail it.

"Yes," she said, and that is the end of the story, except that she afterward told him she had refused Dargan before he left her at the summer resort.

Dignity of Senatorial Visiting.

There is something impressive in the way one senator generally calls on another in the office building at Washington. A repressive dignity precludes the old time free and easy method of "dropping in to see Tom" or Jim or Jack—kicking in the door and sitting down on the table or desk and "smoking up" without invitation. Today there is a sedate step, measured and regular, as the senator sets out to call, with a manner and bearing that at once suggest senatorial dignity and courtesy. Such a bearing and dignity must perforce take the place of the impressive senatorial toga of the old days, and a visiting dramatist (a lady, to be sure) has suggested that it would be most fascinating to come to the senate on some holiday and find the distinguished gentlemen who now wear tweed and business suits attired in the Caesarian toga and mantle—a mise en scene that would leave Shakespeare's Julius Caesar at its best presentation hopelessly in the background.—Joe Mitchell Chapple in National Magazine.

Dreamland.

Most people sleep for about eight hours out of the daily twenty-four. That means they sleep one-third of each day, or one-third of their entire lives. And, according to many scientists, the whole time we are asleep we dream. We do not remember most of these dreams. Indeed, we remember only the very last one before we wake or some dream that is so vivid it wakes us. In other words, for one-third of our total lives we are dwelling in dreamland. And dreamland is a country of more utter absurdities, more grisly horrors, more fears, hopes, surprises and novelties than any land described by the most imaginative author. It is a land full of mystery, a land that science has for sixty centuries sought in vain to explore. It lies amid wholly unexplored regions of the human brain, regions which its possessor never saw.—New York World.

Foretelling the Weather.

Here are a few hints for foretelling the following day's weather: First of all, look at the northwest for your weather. However threatening the sky may appear, if you see a bit of blue in the northwest you won't have a steady downpour. At the worst it will only be showery.

If the day has been very fine and the blue sky is suddenly speckled over in the evening with little curly clouds then look out for a change of weather. The longer they take to form the longer the time before the change comes about.

A red sun in the early morning is a bad sign, for there will be wet weather before the next twenty-four hours are over. Though the sky at sunrise may be absolutely cloudless, yet if the eastern horizon is red or orange the clouds will roll up and rain probably will fall before nightfall.

Evening red and morning gray,
Two sure signs of one fine day.

Tennyson's Last Hours.

Dr. G. H. R. Dabbs was the medical attendant on Tennyson during the latter's last illness. A few hours before the end the poet turned to the doctor and said "Death?" The doctor merely bowed his head. "That's well," said Tennyson. Dr. Dabbs has left on record a picture of the concluding scene. "Nothing," he writes, "could have been more striking. . . . On the bed a figure of breathing marble, flooded and bathed in the light of the full moon streaming through the oriel window; his hand clasping the Shakespeare which he had asked for but recently and which he had kept by him to the end; the moonlight, the majestic figure as he lay there, 'drawing thicker breath,' irresistibly brought to our minds his own 'Passing of Arthur.'"

South African Lame Sickness.

An investigation of the South African disease known as lamziekte, or lame sickness, suggests that it is due to a special plant poison that is generated under abnormal conditions in grasses or other plants that are normally harmless. Its development seems to be associated with unusual weather and soil experiences, of which summer drought is important. Through such conditions wilting would favor the formation of the poison, and this gives explanation for the common belief that the disease results from eating wilted plants.

The Equator in Africa.

At the equator in Africa there are only two seasons—the wet and the dry. The former lasts eight months. During the rains the natives live in houses made principally of bamboo and roofed with leaves, but as soon as the rains stop they set out for the forests and jungles.

Writes Some Good Things.

Chlorinda—How can you dream of marrying a man who writes such awfully stupid love letters? Marigold—But just think, dear—he can write the most beautiful checks, and that's the main thing, you know, after one's married.—Judge.

Misunderstanding.

Distressed Damsel—Oh, sir, catch that man! He wanted to kiss me! Pensive Pedestrian—That's all right. There'll be another one along in a minute.—Purple Cow.

Once is Enough.

Proh—They say lightning never strikes twice in the same place. Kohn—Well, what's the use?—Louisville Times.

Great men exist that there may be greater men.

HERBERT A. HAYDEN

PIANO TUNER.

PIANOS FOR SALE

78 Cleverly Court, Quincy Point.
Telephone 1153-M Quincy.

MEETINGS OF THE Selectmen & Overseers of the Poor

SELECTMEN

Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Willard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.

Meetings Savings Bank Building, East Weymouth, Every Monday.
during the municipal year, from 2 to 5 o'clock p. m.

OVERSEERS OF THE POOR

Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Willard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
A. Francis Barnes, South Weymouth.

Meet at the Town Home every first Tuesday of the month and at the Town Office, East Weymouth, every third Tuesday from 2 to 5 o'clock p. m.
Weymouth, March 14, 1913.

BRAINTREE FIRE ALARM BOXES.

- 21—Quincy Ave. and Hayward St.
- 23—Quincy Ave. and Commercial St.
- 24—Elliot St.
- 25—Allen St. and Commercial St.
- 26—Allen St. and Shaw St.
- 27—Commercial St. opp. Fan Shop
- 29—Commercial St. and Elm St.
- 31—Elm St. and Middle St.
- 32—River St. and Middle St.
- 34—Elm St. and Washington St.
- 35—West St. and Washington St.
- 36—Ash St. and Hollis Ave.
- 38—Washington St. opp. Monatiquot school.
- 41—Union St. and Middle St.
- 42—Union St. and Washington St.
- 43—Pearl St. and Washington St.
- 45—Pearl St. opposite Shoe Factory.
- 46—Hancock St., private, Hollingsworth
- 47—Pond St., opp. A. O. Clark's house
- 48—Franklin St. and Central Ave.
- 51—Corner Hancock and Highland Ave.
- 52—Corner Washington St. and South St.
- 123—Corner Quincy Ave. and Allen St.
- 125—Liberty St., opp. Elmer Vinton's.
- 131—Corner Cedar St. and Pleasant St.
- 135—West St. and Mt. Vernon Ave.
- 142—Corner Franklin St. and Central St.
- 143—South Braintree Engine House.
- 145—Fountain St. and Pearl St.
- 146—Corner Plain St. and Grove St.
- 147—Town St. and Pond St.
- 221—Corner Howard St. and Hayward St.
- 225—Corner Liberty St. and Stetson St.
- 244—Corner Tremont St. and Hobart St.

WEYMOUTH FIRE ALARM BOXES.

- 12—Pole, River and Parnell Sts
- 13—Bradley Fertilizer Works.
- 14—Pole, Wessagusset Road.
- 114—Pole, Wessagusset & Hobomac Sts.
- 115—Pole, Bicknell square
- 116—Pole, Pearl and Norton Streets.
- 117—Pole, Bay View Street.
- 118—Pole, Bridge and Saunders Sts.
- 119—Pole, Sea and North Sts.
- 120—Pole, Lovell and Bridge Sts
- 121—Pole, Church and North Sts.
- 21—Pole, Grant and High Sts.
- 221—Pole, Wharf St.
- 23—Pole, Jackson Square.
- 223—Pole, Commercial and Putnam Sts
- 24—Pole, Electric Station, private
- 224—Pole, Charles St.
- 25—Pole, Central square.
- 225—Pole, Middle St., near Lake.
- 26—Pole, Broad St., near Essex.
- 226—Pole, Cedar and Hawthorne Sts.
- 27—Pole, Broad St. and Bates Ave.
- 28—Pole, Shawmut St.
- 29—Pole, Strong's Factory, priv.
- 31—Pole, Summer and Federal Sts.
- 32—Pole, Congress and Washington Sts
- 34—Engine House No. 3.
- 35—Pole, Prospect and Granite Sts
- 36—Pole, Garfield Square
- 38—Pole, Washington Square.
- 39—Pole, Commercial Street, opposite Wharf.
- 41—Pole, Lovells Corner
- 42—Pole, Elm and Pleasant Sts.
- 43—Pole, Nash's Corner.
- 45—Pole, cor. Park Ave. and Main Sts.
- 46—Pole, Middle and Washington Sts.
- 47—Pole, Pleasant and Canterbury.
- 48—Lake View Park.
- 49—Pole, opp. Pratt School, Pleasant St.
- 51—Pole, Pleasant, opp. Otis Torrey's.
- 52—Engine House No. 5.
- 53—Pole, Independence Square.
- 54—Pole, near Depot.
- 55—Pole, Pond St., near Robinson's
- 56—Pole, Thicket and Pond Sts
- 57—Pole, May's Corner, Union St.
- 58—Henry Chandler's, Union Street.
- 61—Corner Randolph and Forest Sts.
- 62—Pole, E. C. Staples, Main St.

NO SCHOOL SIGNALS.

2-2-2. Repeat once.

At 7:30 o'clock a. m., no school in any grade during a. m. The same signal at 8 o'clock, no school in grades 1 to 4 inclusive during a. m. The same signal at 11:45 o'clock, no school in grades 1 to 4 inclusive during p. m. The same signal at 12:45 o'clock p. m., no school in any grade during p. m.

Prospective Statesman.

"Your boy stole a barrel of apples from me the other day." "Dear me, I wonder where that boy will wind up?" "I think he'll wind up in the legislature. He talked me into believing that it was all right."

Weymouth Gazette
AND TRANSCRIPT

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY THE

Gazette and Transcript Publishing Co.

WEYMOUTH, - MASS.

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FRIDAY, AUG 15, 1913.

The Gazette & Transcript is printed and mailed Friday afternoons, and is for sale at all News-stands in the Weymouths and at the South Terminal, Boston.

All communications must be accompanied with the name of the writer, and unpublished communications cannot be returned by mail unless stamps are enclosed.

Notices of all local entertainments to which admission fee is charged must be paid for at regular rates, 10 cents per line in the reading matter, or regular rates in the advertising columns.

There is no further need of race suicide for reducing the population of the world. The unloaded gun, the overloaded boat and the automobile have been doing a big job this week along the line of reducing the human population of this mundane sphere.

The coming to the front of Congressman Gardner as a Republican candidate for governor, materially changes the aspect of things throughout the state. The announcement is received with favor and from all parts of the state, people are flocking to his standard and it looks like a big vote for him at the primaries. Beyond the question of governor, there is as yet but little talk. The Quincy Patriot however, last week, announced Ex-mayor Bryant as an candidate for senator from the First Norfolk District. We have no definite knowledge as to whether he is or is not a candidate, but in the event that he is there are three sure things. First, Mr. Bryant has been a vote getter and would continue to be at the primary. Second, he is a business man and if elected would do state business on business principles. Third, and last, if elected he would never put the district in the awkward and unpleasant condition of being without a representative in the upper branch of the Legislature of Massachusetts as it has been the past year by act of the party elected.

Corruption.

Men are not corrupted by the exercise of power or debased by the habit of obedience; but by the exercise of a power which they believe to be illegitimate and by obedience to a rule which they consider to be usurped and oppressive.

May Be Some Truth In This.

"There was a time in my romantic young life when I believed there was such a thing as a broken heart," commented Cordelia Killjoy, "but nowadays I think it is often mistaken for what is really a cracked head."

To Remove Stains.

Grass stains may be removed from washable fabrics by rubbing with fresh lard before washing.

LOVELL'S CORNER

—Miss Mildred G. French is spending two weeks at Woodstock, Vt.
—Miss Alberta White of Randolph has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Charles White.
—S. Frank Beals has moved his family to Weymouth Landing.
—Master George Roberts is visiting relatives in Lynn.
—Mrs. Mary Goodnough, formerly of East Weymouth spent last week with Mrs. Etta Hunt.
—Miss Dolores McTague of Medford has been visiting relatives in this place.
—Miss Rachel Hawes is spending this week at North Rye Beach, N. H.

Dreamland.

All dreams are rapid. A tutor fell asleep as a scholar was reciting, dreamed a little playlet and awoke to hear the end of the boy's sentence, elapsed time not more than fifteen seconds. Touch, sight and hearing are prominent in dreams, but taste and smell exceptionally rare. Dreams can be made to order by outsiders, but not by the dreamer. Tell "Fire!" in the ear of a sound sleeper or allow a sudden draft of cold air to play on the back of his neck and he will dream to order, but he can't go to sleep with his mind made up to dream of any certain thing and then actually dream of it. In spite of this fact books are sold in Europe which tell what one must do in order to dream the lucky number in the lottery. Furthermore, there are no ethics in dreamland. One sees or commits himself the most atrocious crime with no feeling of pity or guilt.—Chicago Tribune.

Power of Suggestion.

What he calls an "effective suggestion test" is given by Professor Hugo Munsterberg in an article on "How Can We Know Ourselves" in the Youth's Companion. "Draw several pairs of circles," writes the psychologist, "and let your friend decide which circle in each pair is the larger. In some cases make one circle slightly larger than the other; usually, however, make the circles of each pair the same size. In each circle write a figure of two digits. Although the circles are alike, you will find that if in one you have written a small number, such as twenty-one, and in the other a larger number, such as seventy-nine, the boy or girl who is open to suggestion will tell you that the circle that contains the higher number is the larger. The size of the number suggests a wrong idea about the size of the circles."

Saved by April Fool Time.

When Francis, duke of Lorraine, and his wife were awaiting death in the prison of Nantes they chose as the day for an attempt to escape the 1st of April.

Disguised as peasants, says a chronicler, the one bearing a hod on his shoulder, the other carrying a basket of rubbish on her back, they both at an early hour of the day passed through the gates of the city. A woman having a knowledge of their persons ran to the guard to give notice to the sentry. "April fool!" cried the soldier, and his comrades to a man shouted out, "April fool!"

The governor, to whom the incident was related as a great jest, became suspicious, and ordered an investigation, but it was too late, for in the meantime the duke and his wife were well on their way. The 1st of April had saved them.

"Movies" in German Schools.

The moving picture has been introduced as a permanent feature of the German schools. Films for courses of bacteriology, anatomy and biology are already available in that country.

NORTH WEYMOUTH.

—Mayor Fitzgerald will be one of the judges September 11.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wildes are spending their annual vacation in the woods of Maine.

—Mrs. Maria Richards of Third Cliff, Seitonate, has been visiting Mrs. S. Lizzie Burr of Shaw street this week.

—Mrs. D. A. Jones attended the Bates Family Reunion at Charlestown, this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. James H. Pratt and son Robert, returned on Saturday to their home in Milwaukee, Wis., after an extended visit with Mr. Pratt's mother, Mrs. J. H. Pratt of Sea street.

—Miss Beatrice Adams is enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Sampson, Arthur Sampson and Miss Lillian Huggles started on Wednesday for a two weeks' trip to Portland and Lake Umbagog, Maine.

—Mrs. F. E. Whittemore and Miss Mabel Robbins spent a few days last week as guests of Miss Louisa Whittemore at Siasconnet, Nantucket.

—Mrs. W. O. Collyer entertained friends at a dinner party on Tuesday of this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Roy F. Vining have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Vining of Norwell this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Shaw are visiting their son Irving Shaw of Wollaston.

—Waldo Emery has moved into the house recently built by James Brayshaw.

—Mrs. Samuel Young and daughter, Isabel, left on Saturday, August 9th for Scotland.

—Mrs. P. K. Nesbit has been entertaining her sister, Mrs. Walter Jack and sons the past week.

—Miss Mabel Sampson entertained friends from Boston over the week end.

—Rev. and Mrs. R. H. Dix are spending the last part of August at Gloucester.

—Mrs. Charles Clark had as a guest for a few days last week her sister, Miss M. Lucy Elliott of Framingham.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. E. McCord of Springfield have been recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Johnston of North street.

—Miss Beatrice Tanguy is visiting relatives in North Woburn.

—F. W. Hilton and family are entertaining John and James Howe.

—Mrs. Annis French of North street is visiting friends in Rochester, Mass.

—Barney Sears of Dennisport, Mass. and Mrs. S. R. Kelley of Brooklyn, N. Y. are guests of Mrs. Miles Keene.

—Mrs. S. A. Dasha is spending two weeks with her sister in Medway.

—E. C. Culley is enjoying an annual vacation of two weeks.

—Miss Rita Page and Miss Rose Page have been spending a few days at Hamp. tonbeach.

—Mrs. R. P. Hesse and two children, Mary and Thomas are visiting friends in Greenport, L. I. for a few weeks.

—Mrs. Lillian Cole of Boston has been spending the week with her grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Culley.

—A pop concert was given at the Westagussett Yacht club on Monday evening, Maxim's orchestra of seven pieces furnished the following program: Selection, The Whip; overture, Orpheus; waltzes, From Sweethearts; selection, from Faust, duet by Messrs. Stetson and Vining; serenade, Tittl; selection, The Firefly; overture, William Tell; selection, American Fantasia. After the concert dancing was enjoyed until 12 o'clock.

Discovery Valuable to Science.

A German chemist recently discovered that the extract of the skin of red radishes in alcohol is more sensitive to acids and alkalis than litmus, turmeric, or any of the chemicals usually used to detect their presence.

WEYMOUTH HEIGHTS

—Mrs. Elliott Lambert of Manchester, N. H., has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Samuel Thompson.

—Miss Theoda Merrill has resumed work after a brief illness.

—Donald Hunt of Stoneham has been spending a few days with his grandmother, Mrs. Mercy Hunt.

—Mr. and Mrs. James Jones gave a dinner party to a few of their friends at their home on Monday evening.

—Mr. and Mrs. Martin Stahl of Boston are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Nash this week.

—Miss Ruth Allen of Stoughton has been making a visit with her sister, Mrs. Rufus Bates.

—Mrs. Paul Smith is entertaining her mother, Mrs. Marr, and sisters of Portland, Me.

—Robert Bates is visiting friends in Stoneham.

—Robert Atkinson has returned to his home in Melrose after stopping with relatives at the Heights for a few weeks.

—Miss Harriet Taylor left today for Harpswell, Me., where she will spend a week, and will then go to Bethlehem, N. H., for a few days.

—Rev. E. J. Yaeger is making a visit with his parents in Philadelphia, Pa.

—Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Smith and Mrs. Frederick McDowell with Dorothy and Donald have returned from a two weeks' outing at Sandy Point, Me.

Captain Cook's Shilling.

Young James Cook, destined later to become England's greatest navigator, was at seventeen placed on probation in the shop of a small tradesman at Stalthe, near Whitby. Seeing a new shilling in the till, he had took it out, replacing it by one of his own. The master, missing the bright shilling, searched Cook's box and found it there sent for a constable and for Cook's father and charged the boy with theft. The boy declared his innocence and explained. The master expressed his regret, and although Cook's father and the master both pressed him to stay, his reply was: "No, father, I can't. Once a thief, always a thief. I must go." And he then went to Whitby and was there apprenticed to the sea.—"Captain James Cook."

"Chouse" Seymour.

There was an Irish actor named Seymour, who had the nickname "Chouse," which came from his unlucky slip in the passage in "Othello," "When I love thee not chaos is come again." It was in Cork that he made the break, and Cork did not forget. When he returned a year later the city was placarded by an artist in chalk, "Chouse has come again." He played Othello, and the gallery observed, "Deuced good, Chouse!" The dying Moor sat up, shook his fist in the direction of the observer and invited him, if he were a man, to come down and have his head punched.

A Modern Aesop.

As a Venerable Bon Constrictor was about to Narrate Some Reminiscences of his Youth, a pert young Chimpanzee remarked that "Snake Stories were an awful Bon," whereupon the Serpent did him in his Tail Enfold, saying that even Menkeys had their Place in the Economy of Nature.

Morn!—You should never sass a Person who has the Age on you.—Boston Herald.

American Literature.

American literature is on the whole idealistic, sweet, delicate, nicely finished. . . . The notable exceptions are our most stalwart men of genius, Thoreau, Whitman and Mark Twain.—John Albert Macy in "The Spirit of American Literature."



WANTED

100 OLD RANGES

IN EXCHANGE FOR

New "GLENWOODS"

Without a doubt there's no better built range on the market today than the GLENWOOD. They're thoroughly good. And they're guaranteed, by the maker and by us, to give perfect service and satisfaction.

Without any obligation, we'll gladly show and tell you about the many different styles of these stoves. Choose one, and we'll promptly set it up in your home, and take your old range as part payment.

Prices on Easy Terms \$25 and Up.

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Straw Hats Marked Down One Third
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RIGHT GOODS AT RIGHT PRICES.

Vaughan's Daylight Store BATES BLOCK
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TROUBLE TAKEN OUT.

Gas Is Coal With the Trouble Taken Out.

In Gas you have the coal, less the dirt, ashes and smoke. The weight, too, is taken out, for when you use Gas you don't have to carry it from the back yard or cellar in buckets, straining your back in your attempt to do so. All the drudgery has been removed. The Gas Company has taken out everything but the heat—and that's one thing you want. This they deliver to you right in the burner of your range. And the heat is applied to only what you desire to cook or bake. You don't heat eight square feet of stove top to heat water in an eight-inch kettle. We have plenty of Ranges in stock now, and another car load is on the way. You certainly need a Gas Range these hot days. Small monthly payments will enable you to secure the cool comfort of an All-Gas-Kitchen. Ask us to send an agent to tell you about our terms. Tel. Rockland 345. Braintree 310.

OLD COLONY GAS COMPANY.

Right Now Is Your Time

We can show you what you want in

House, Camp, Lawn or Piazza Furniture

Are you looking for Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Curtains and Fixtures, or Paper Hanging? If so, see our stock. Carpets Laid, Curtains Hung, Upholstering and Repairing by experts. Do you need a Summer Cooking Stove? We have the best. How about taking the baby out? We have the carriages.

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Broad St. Tel. Con. East Weymouth

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BASEBALL

Saturday, Aug. 16, at 3.30 O'clock.

CLAPP MEMORIAL GROUNDS, EAST WEYMOUTH.

U. S. S. VIRGINIA vs. C. M. A.

ADMISSION, 15C.

A Word to the Wise.

10th Anniversary Sale

Commencing

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9th,

And Continuing to

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16th, inclusive.

Take advantage of this sale. If we please you tell your friends. If not, tell us.

W. M. TIRRELL, 771 BROAD STREET, EAST WEYMOUTH.
TELEPHONE 66 WEYMOUTH.

Going to Paint this Fall

WE CARRY A COMPLETE LINE OF

Devco House Paints!

AND SUPPLIES. WE KNOW WE CAN SATISFY YOU.

M. R. LOUD & CO.

Jackson Square

East Weymouth, Mass.

SLEEPING CARS IN AFRICA.

They Are Not Too Clean and the Conductor Makes the Bed.

Describing railroad travel in South Africa, E. W. Howe in his Monthly says:

"Soon after the train conductor looked at our tickets he proceeded to lug two huge bags of bed clothing into our compartment and make up two beds. We paid \$1.20 for the use of the bed clothing two nights; the charge would have been the same for one night. So that we will have a large compartment to ourselves two nights and a day and pay only \$1.20 above the regular fare. The beds were comfortable, though somewhat narrow, but we slept as well, I imagine, as people usually do on a sleeping car. On our door and on our window were placards announcing that the compartment was reserved, and we were not disturbed during the journey. When this reservation placard is not displayed any one has a right to a seat or bed in a compartment that is not full.

"The South African sleeping cars are not at all bad, except that the train conductor has so much to do that he cannot keep them as clean as they should be. The conductor did not polish my shoes at night, but I knew he was very busy and overlooked his neglect.

"I wish the haughty conductors of American passenger trains could see our conductor with his coat off, making up beds. I wish they could also see our tickets, which cover nearly 3,000 miles of travel and read from Durban to Victoria Falls and back to Belra. I am unable to understand them, but the conductors have no difficulty.

"On one or two trains we have been on there was a man who helped the conductor, but on at least two provided trains on which we traveled the conductor had no help whatever in making up the beds; the most curious thing I have ever noted in railroad travel. There is a guard on the train, who is what we call a brakeman, but he does not assist the conductor in the chamber work. When these conductors are taking the tickets they are as haughty as are American conductors, but when they begin lugging in sheets and pillows and mattresses they are as humble as the most timid traveler could wish."

KEYS AS THEY TURN.

Most of Them Unlock by Twisting Them to the Right.

"You would be amazed," said Professor Lookabout Informally, as he started to unlock his desk in preparation for the morning's classwork, "to know how many persons are unable to tell offhand which way a key turns. Only the other day, in a chat with one of the best informed men of my acquaintance, I was astonished to learn that he believed most keys turned to the left to unlock their locks. He was trying to open a typewriter desk, and he struggled with the key several moments before he made the astounding discovery that it unlocked by turning to the right.

"Why," he said to me, with a surprised air, "this key works the wrong way."

"Just what do you mean by 'the wrong way'?" was my natural query. "It unlocks to the right," he replied. "So do most keys," I told him, whereupon he glanced at me skeptically. It took me several minutes to convince him that, as usual, I was right. The fact is that, whereas door keys unlock to the left perhaps as often as to the right, depending on which side of the door you face, the key to almost anything except a door is pretty sure to turn to the right to unfasten the lock or drawer or roller apron which it secures. A little observation is all one requires to prove the truth of this. It's one of the little things which once in a while may be well worth knowing."

And the professor absentmindedly tried to unlock his desk by turning the key to the left.—New York Times

Simplified Spelling.

Lovers of simplified spelling should make a pilgrimage to Nevada, in Essex, where the church wardens' accounts in the eighteenth century were quite delightfully phonetic. Under the date 1742 occurs the entry: "Gave Geekup Kollins for his gall too shellins and six pence. Also his close for the in-sewing yers." The mysterious word "gall" seems to signify the girl or daughter of "Geekup Kollins." And some of us who have drunk the cup of feminine militancy to the dregs may accept gall as the right spelling.—London Mail

Poetry and Pay.

Poetry, it is declared, is about the worst paid form of writing. That may be true, regarded from the standpoint of dollars and cents, but the man who can get a poem out of his system should feel that he is pretty well paid for his effort.—Toledo Blade

One Use For It.

"I suppose classical music is all right in its place," said Maud. "I'm sure it is," replied Mamie. "I don't care to listen to it myself, but sometimes you have to play it in order to get a man to go home."—Washington Star

On Occasions.

"Are you superstitious about thirteen at table?" asked Mrs. Hickenlooper. "I am when there's hardly enough food for twelve," said Mrs. Giddybody.—Magazine of Fun

He is, in my opinion, the noblest who has raised himself by his own merit to a higher station.—Cicero

SOUTH WEYMOUTH

—Mayor Fitzgerald will be one of the judges September 11.

—Weston N. Loud is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Bullard of Milford.

—J. F. Robinson and family are at Dennis for an outing.

—A. E. Wheeler of Butte, Mont., has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Gordon Willis of Pleasant street.

—Warren Simpson is home from a business trip through the middle west.

—Mrs. George Shaw is enjoying a few weeks' visit with friends at Bailey's Island, Maine.

—Miss Hannah Barnes is on a vacation trip with relatives in New Hampshire.

—Mrs. Percy Bicknell and daughter, Barbara, are at Brant Rock for a few weeks' vacation.

—Rev. William W. Rose, pastor of the Second Universalist church, is enjoying his vacation in Philadelphia and later will spend a few weeks in Harpswell, Maine.

—South Weymouth Wilsey Lodge, I. O. O. F., with the lodges of East Weymouth and Hingham, holds a union held day at the fair grounds Saturday, August 30. A fine list of sports is being arranged for the afternoon with supper and dancing in the evening.

—Mrs. N. E. Williams and daughter, Elizabeth and Miss Etta Cushing are at Scituate for the week.

—South Weymouth grange will hold a lawn party at the residence of Mrs. William Nash on August 21, in the evening.

—Mrs. Elbridge Nash is passing a few days at her former home in Gloucester.

—Mrs. Charles Torrey and Miss Ethel Marsh are visiting relatives at Popham Beach, Maine.

—Elwyn Saunders, clerk at Gordon Willis' grocery store, is having his annual vacation with motorcycle trips to places of interest in this section of Massachusetts.

—Ward Holbrook of this place, who is spending his vacation at Brant Rock, captured first prize in the prize waltz held at a dance last week.

—Stephen Pratt is having a two weeks' vacation from his duties.

—The Stetson Shoe Co. band will give a concert in Columbian Square this evening.

—Miss Carise Tirrell of Brockton is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Tower of Pleasant street.

—William Griffin of Nash's Corner is in Maine for a short outing.

—Tuesday evening at the Old South church vestry, a social was held for the benefit of the Sagamore plans. Old fashioned tableaux and refreshments were features of the evening's program.

—H. B. Reed, Wilbur Loud, Elbridge Nash and Theron L. Tirrell were guests on Tuesday of A. B. Raymond on an automobile trip to Bridgewater State Farm.

—The engagement has been announced of Miss Ruth R. Lowell of Nash's Corner to Arthur Henry Waite of Roxbury.

—Wallace Hunt is having a two weeks' vacation from his duties in Boston.

—Mrs. Abbott Howe left yesterday for a visit with her parents in Chicago.

—Mr. and Mrs. William Bernard have been on a trip to the western part of the state.

—While adjusting a window blind on Wednesday, Clifford Stone lost his balance and fell a distance of twelve feet from a ladder. He was quite badly shaken up and bruised. In the descent the blind struck Mr. Stone's young son George on the head, inflicting a severe wound which required medical attention.

—Oscar M. Shaw, age 66, who resided alone on Main street, was found dead in bed last Tuesday. An examination by Medical Examiner J. C. Fraser showed that death was due to a shock. Mr. Shaw was a native of South Weymouth, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Shaw. He was a shoemaker in his younger days and of late years was a gardener.

Old South Church Notes.

Services of worship with preaching by the pastor next Sunday at 10.30. Sunday school following. Evening service at 8.30. "Lessons from the forests and fields." A cordial invitation to all to unite in the services.

The social last Tuesday evening with entertainment presenting many old-time tableaux and costumes was much enjoyed.

Story Jones Tells.

Some years ago in a western mining town a man was found dead in his hotel room hanged to a bedpost by his suspenders. The jury of miners brought in the following verdict at the coroner's inquest: "Deceased came to his death by coming home full and mistaking himself for his pants."

A Young Naturalist.

One afternoon my little sister, aged four, while sitting looking at our canary, turned to me and asked: "Sister, when the canary grows up will it be a poll parrot?"

To Patch Wall Paper.

Tear a piece slightly larger than the portion to be covered, to match, but torn with rough edges and without any definite shape. Then paste over and the patch will not be noticeable.

Very Probable.

"I don't know what it is," gushed the animal lover, "but there is something about cats that sort of takes hold of me." "Oh!" said his matter-of-fact friend, "I'll bet it's flea."

A Mutual Admiration Society

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Mrs. Middleton-Tranby is a sort of Mrs. Leo Hunter, in whom Dickens satirized a woman ambitious to shine as a literary star and to entertain literary stars, though Mrs. Middleton-Tranby was not the caricature Mrs. Leo Hunter was and lived in the twentieth century instead of the nineteenth century.

Among the literary salons given by Mrs. Tranby (the whole name is too long for repetition) was one where a professor of German literature in a prominent university was to address the company. The professor, who was as unpretentious as his name, which was Brown, did not know when he accepted the invitation that he was to speak to a mutual admiration society. His address was to be in the afternoon, and half an hour before he was to appear on the rostrum he stepped into a trolley car which would carry him direct to the residence of Mrs. Tranby. He seated himself, took a newspaper from his pocket and began to read.

Presently two ladies entered the car, sat down opposite the professor and began to chat. There were various noises connected with the journey, such as the conductor's bell ringing and vehicles rattling over the stones without, and the ladies found it difficult to modulate their voices.

"Have you read Mrs. Middleton-Tranby's latest poem in the — Magazine?" asked one lady, who wore something like a muff for a hat on her head.

"Yes, isn't it lovely?"

"Beautiful! But it doesn't compare with your 'My Rover.'"

"Don't you think so? It's awfully good of you to say so."

"I love dogs, and the close of your poem, when your dog looks up at you so expressively before he dies, is just too lovely for anything."

"Thank you ever so much. Have you been writing anything?"

"Nothing in verse. I have a story I'm going to read at the next meeting of our literary society. I've spent a lot of time over it, which I fear may have been wasted. When I write a poem I dash it right off without thinking, and it's better than when I take pains."

"That's genius. I wish we were going to listen to your story this afternoon at Mrs. Middleton-Tranby's instead of having to listen to that professor. I think our meetings when we read our own papers are so much more interesting."

"So do I. I don't care for German literature. There is so much philosophy mixed up in it."

"Mrs. Engleheart's paper on 'Goethe' read at our last meeting, was very good."

"Good! It was delightful! But then we are all so familiar with the opera of 'Faust' that Goethe has a special charm for us."

"What's the name of the professor who is to lecture this afternoon?"

"Brown, I believe."

"Brown! He isn't the Professor Brown whose loose ideas on marriage have excited so much comment? I believe the trustees of his university asked him to resign—Cuthbert Brown professor of something or other. I don't remember."

"I think that's the man who is to speak this afternoon, but I'm not sure."

"If it is I shall not remain for the lecture."

"You'd better be careful. You know Mrs. Middleton-Tranby has her fourth husband, all the other three still living."

"I didn't think of that. Ever so much obliged to you for mentioning it. Of course it wouldn't do to offend a hostess. Besides, I rather like to hear what horrid theories people will promulgate."

"I can stand a bit of spice myself. If this man Brown doesn't advocate positive free love I rather think I shall bear him out. But, since he is to speak on German literature, perhaps he won't mention his peculiar ideas."

"Possibly not, but so long as he holds them and we have to listen to him it would be disappointing to have him stick to his dull subject."

By this time the car had reached a cross street leading to Mrs. Middleton-Tranby's residence, and the ladies alighted. They were followed by Professor Brown—Charles, not Cuthbert, Brown and a husband and father of six children—who lagged behind them, so that when they entered the Tranby residence they did so without having noticed that he had followed them.

"Let's go right into the lecture room," said one, "and get seats where we can hear. I'm a little deaf."

They took seats in the front row, and when the room had been filled behind them the lecturer, with Mrs. Middleton-Tranby, passed down an aisle, and they mounted the platform together.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the lady with the muff hat.

"It is the man who sat opposite us in the car."

"We must go."

"How can we? It's impossible. We have got to stay it out."

The lecturer, having been introduced by the hostess, cast one meaning glance down at the ladies directly beneath him, then delivered his lecture. It was considered rather dry by his audience. It contained no reference whatever to marriage, experimental marriage or any of the substitutes which theorists are suggesting for the good old days of domestic love and large families.

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helps to women's comfort, physical well-being, and beauty—sure to promote healthy, natural action of the organs of digestion and elimination—the tonic, safe and ever reliable

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NUMBER 261.

The figures which you see above

Will indicate to you,

How many times our poet's tried

To seek an interview

With all the readers in our town

Who seek for something new;

He certainly is on the job

Just like the morning dew.

If you have read from week to week

What in these "rads" appear,

You'll realize how we have tried

To make it very clear

That in our business we desire

To give to all our trade,

A great variety of goods

The best that can be made.

If you have tried our Banquet Bread,

Our Graham Crullers, too,

Perhaps our Boston Jelly Roll

Which now is nothing new,

You will agree that WHITCOMB makes

The best goods in his line;

For certainly experience

Has proved them to be fine.

WHITCOMB'S

FOR SALE

NEW TWO-STORY, ALL

MODERN DWELLING, 7

ROOMS, WITHIN FIVE

MINUTES OF STATION,

WITH 6,000 FEET OF

LAND. PRICE \$2,000.

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Real Estate and Insurance Agent,
Auctioneer, Notary, Justice of the Peace
8 Commercial Street, Weymouth.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

NORFOLK, SS. PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, and all other persons interested in the estate of

MARY L. REDMOND

late of Weymouth in said County, deceased:

Whereas, Frank S. Redmond, executor of the will of said deceased, has presented to said court his petition for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the order named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjudged best, the whole of a certain parcel of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dedham, in said County, on the third day of September, A. D. 1913, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Weymouth Gazette, a newspaper published in said Weymouth, the last publication to be one day at least before said court.

Witness, James H. Flint, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirteen.

JOHN D. COBB, Register

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

THE

First National Bank, of South Weymouth,

AT SOUTH WEYMOUTH, IN THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS,

at the Close of Business, August 9, 1913.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts \$23,747.21

Overdrafts, secured and unsecured 66.72

U. S. Bonds to secure circulation 100,000.00

Bonds, securities, etc. 22,630.00

Due from approved reserve agents 37,443.78

Checks and other cash items 1,937.64

Notes of other National Banks 995.00

Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents 106.63

Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz.:

Specie \$15,666.80

Legal-tender notes 2,610.00

18,276.80

BURDET COLLEGE

New Course

offers a new course in **Applied Business and Management** in which a practical training is given in Finance, Commerce, Industry, Accounting and allied subjects. Another new feature is the **Business Laboratory** Demonstration Practice directed by Nath'l C.

Fowler, Jr. Other courses are Business, Shorthand, Combined Secretarial, Normal and Advanced Finishing.

During the past year all graduates and many past students were placed in good situations and more than 1600 positions were offered the College that it could not fill because all of its graduates were in satisfactory situations.

New students are admitted every Monday during the school year, and advance individually. Fall term begins Tuesday, September 2.

Offices Open Daily. Visitors Welcome. Catalogue Free on Request.
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GOOD THINGS TO EAT

Beef, Lamb, Pork, Ham, Bacon
and Fowl
Fresh Vegetables as fast as they are
in the Market.
Choice Dairy Butter and Fresh Home
Laid Eggs
Pure Food Canned Goods from the
Best Packers
High Grade Teas, Coffee, Spices and
Groceries of all kinds

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Remember the Hot Days Last Summer

Buy Your Electric Iron NOW!

Weymouth Light and Power Company

JACKSON SQUARE, EAST WEYMOUTH

Ever Youthful.

He doth not lack an almanac whose youth is in his soul.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

New Kind of Word.

Clyde Cornstossel talked about splitting an infinitive in such a despairing way that his parents thought an infinitive must be some kind of stove wood.

Bud's Thoughtfulness.

One of the younger set in Newton, Kan., says that her mother is so crippled with rheumatism and it is so hard to see her doing the week's washing that it is unendurable. "I always go shopping on washday," says the Bud.—Kansas City Star.

Would Aid Sericulture.

The judicious payment of bounties for fresh cocoons and spinning, and, above all, instruction in practical sericulture in elementary schools, as well as agricultural colleges, are today recommended as the most efficacious means of combating the decline of sericulture in France.

Eternal Feminine.

Margaret, aged seven years, was playing housekeeper. As she pretended to wipe the perspiration from her face she turned from the toy washboard upon which was rinsing out a handkerchief, and, addressing her brother, a year younger, said: "There you are sitting at your ease and me breaking my bones doing your washing."

Limitation May Be Gainful.

Cowper could tell a story better and more tersely in rhyme than in prose. The builder of engines for ships has long been teaching the builder of engines for mills how to save space, materials and coals. In much the same fashion the automobile is pointing the power house to new economies.

When Dead Men Ate.

In the medical press is a story of a man who believed that he was dead and who for that reason refused to take nourishment. "How can the dead eat and drink?" he asked when food was pressed upon him. It was obvious that unless something were done to bring him to his senses the delusion must soon become actuality—he would die of starvation. The strangest ruse was tried. Half a dozen attendants, draped in ghostly white, crept silently in single file into the room adjoining his and with the door open sat down where he could see them at a hearty meal. "Here, who are these people?" inquired the patient. "Dead men," answered the doctor. "What?" said the other. "Do dead men eat?" "To be sure they do, as you see for yourself," was the answer. "Well," said the corpse, "if that is so I'll join them, for I'm starving." The spell was broken, and he sat down and ate like forty famished men.

How to Be an Inventor.

A retired professor of mechanical engineering was called upon to deliver a few lectures on invention to the senior engineering classes. His first injunction was that when one attempts to devise a machine to do a certain thing, one must consider directly the fundamental operations to be performed and must wipe from the mind all existing methods and all preconceived notions. He stated that one so called inventor attempted in the days of the scythe to invent a mowing machine. Being familiar only with the scythe, he designed a horse drawn machine which would swing a scythe. He simply replaced the man by a mechanism. It is needless to say that his invention did not survive. The problem of efficiently cutting hay and grain was not successfully solved until it was attacked by a man with an open mind, and he devised the knife of the modern mowing machine or reaper.—American Machinist.

The Perfect Cup of Coffee.

Fill a kettle with fresh cold water that has run for a few moments and put it to boil. Place over an open china teapot kept just for coffee (as metal is deleterious) a clean wet old linen napkin or a new square of unbleached muslin, letting it sag toward the center. Put into the depression four heaping tablespoonsful for four cups of coffee of finely pulverized Java and Mocha or any preferred brand of coffee. When the water in the kettle is at the galloping point pour it through the coffee slowly until four cupfuls have filtered through. Just the contents of the kettle can go in if measured before boiling, allowing a little for waste. Cover and take at once to table. Wash the cloth immediately after breakfast and keep in a jar of cold water, never permitting it to get dry, and freshening the water every day.—New York Times.

The World's Gypsies.

The gypsies have passed under a variety of names, arising either from their supposed original country or the callings and characteristics of the race. The old English Egyptian, the Spanish Gitanos and the Magyar Pharus nepok (Pharaoh's people) all point to an Egyptian origin. The Scandinavian Tatars identify them with the Mongolian hordes which terrorized early Europe, while the French Bohemian suggests yet another country as their cradle.

As to the names bestowed by their supposed character, the Arab boldly calls them harami (a villain), the Dutchman heydens, or heathens, and the Persian takes his name from their complexion and dubs them karachi, or swarthy. A charter of William the Lion, as early as the twelfth century, mentions their Scotch name of tinklers, which is commonly supposed to be a corruption of tinkler, although possibly the substitution of "t" for "g" has produced this form of the Italian zingaro, one of the most widespread of gypsy appellations.—London Spectator.

The Moth and the Candle.

It is not because the moth is light-hearted, heedless and utterly frivolous, as we have always been told, that it plunges headlong into the flame, but because of the way that its body is constructed, says Kaempfer, the well known student of physical science. There are two symmetrical points, exactly alike chemically, on the moth's body—namely, its eyes. If the rays of light modify the chemical conditions of one side more than the other then the moth's power of movement is affected. There is a stronger muscular tension on one side than on the other, and the moth is forced to move toward the source of light. If, however, one of the eyes is removed the chemical symmetry is destroyed and instead of plunging into the flame it moves about in a circle. There are other animals and insects besides the moth which are hopelessly in the grip of light. If a snail is placed between a white wall and a black wall the unequal lighting forces it to crawl in a circle.—Chicago Tribune.

The Symbolic Key.

Art, music and poetry have in all ages been considered the polite arts, but what is art without the proper portrayal of the dress of the age that it seeks to represent? What is music that does not bring inspiration from the masters of the past who were clothed in the power to give us glimpses of men and ideals of whom the only lasting impression can be gained by the form our imaginations give to them? And our imaginations clothe them in robes in which their creators sent them out on their errands of giving the world higher ideals. Then what is poetry but thought clothed in words? No matter from what side viewed, the figure of speech of clothing is the symbolic key that gives entrance to these higher realms, and therefore why should not clothes themselves touch the hem of the garments of the arts, with which they are so closely in touch?—American Tailor and Cutter.

The Australian Appetite.

An Australian paper gives some surprising statistics of what the average Australian eats. Apparently he has the best appetite, if not the best digestion, of any human being on the planet. He eats every year 264 pounds of meat, which works out at an average of two sheep and one-fifth of a bullock for every man, woman and baby in Australasia. He eats more than twice as much meat as the average Englishman, three times as much as the average Frenchman and four times as much as the average German or Swiss. He eats, in addition, about three and three-quarters hundredweight of wheat, two and a half hundredweight of potatoes and almost one hundredweight of sugar. If he is a Tasmanian he eats a quarter of a ton of potatoes in a year.

Titles.

"That is a remarkably distinguished family of yours."
"Yes," replied Mr. Mildman. "My wife is president of several societies. My eldest son is a captain in the Salvation Army and his brother is an officer in the boy scouts."
"And is there no special distinction for you?"
"Yes, I'm the only person in the house who is addressed as plain 'mister.'"—Washington Star.

A Slight Blemish.

"Yes," said Mrs. Mulligan, who was having a chat with two friends, "my husband's a wonderful man. He can mend clocks. Sure, Mrs. Moriarty, didn't he mend your cuckoo clock so that it kapes beautiful time now?"
"That he did, Mrs. Mulligan," replied Mrs. Moriarty; "he mended it all right. It's only got one single fault now—it 'cucks' before it 'cucks'."—London Telegraph.

Harmony in Life.

It is not by reducing life to less, but by expanding it to more—not by muffling its stern notes, but by ringing its sweetness clearly out—that a serene harmony may be obtained.

Cause For Jealousy.

Jess—They went to the lake district on their wedding trip, and Ethel was wretched. Rose—What was the trouble? Jess—George fell in love with the scenery.—Cleveland Leader.

Bright Outlook.

She—Is your brother, who is deaf, any better. He—Yes. He was arrested yesterday, and I'm told he is to get his hearing in the morning.—Brooklyn Citizen.

\$100 REWARD, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Like an Initiation.

"Was the bridegroom timorous during the ceremony?" "Not a bit. You see he has taken a great many lodge degrees."

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Hours: 4 P. M. to 7 A. M.

NOTICE OF HEARING

Upon the petition of Bates and Humphrey for a license to sell gasoline on land back of their store at Weymouth Centre, there will be a public hearing at the office of the Selectmen of Weymouth, on Monday, the twenty-fifth day of August, 1913, at two o'clock, p. m.
By order of the Board of Selectmen of Weymouth.
21-22 BRADFORD HAWES, Secretary.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

NORFOLK, ss. PROBATE COURT.
TO the heirs-at-law, next-of-kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of SUSANNA TAYLOR, late of Weymouth, in said County deceased, intestate:
Whereas, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to Israel Taylor of said Weymouth, without giving a surety on his bond, and you are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Dedham, in said County of Norfolk, on the third day of September, A. D. 1913, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have why the same should not be granted.
And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Weymouth Gazette, a newspaper published in said Weymouth, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.
Witness James H. Flint, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of July, A. D. 1913.
21-22 JOHN D. COBB, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

NORFOLK, ss. PROBATE COURT.
TO the heirs-at-law, next-of-kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of ANNIE M. SOULE, late of Weymouth, in said County, deceased, intestate:
Whereas, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to John M. Soule of said Weymouth and Charles S. Soule of New York, N. Y., without giving a surety on their bond, and you are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Quincy in said County of Norfolk, on the tenth day of September, A. D. 1913, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.
And the petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Weymouth Gazette, a newspaper published in said Weymouth, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.
Witness James H. Flint, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this sixth day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirteen.
21-22 JOHN D. COBB, Register.

WEYMOUTH Savings Bank.

CHARLES A. HAYWARD, President.
CHARLES T. CRANE, Treasurer.

VICE PRESIDENTS:
Francis H. Cowing, Henry A. Nash.

BOARD OF INVESTMENTS:

CHARLES A. HAYWARD, FRANCIS H. COWING,
HENRY A. NASH, EDWARD W. HUNT,
WALTER F. SANBORN.

Bank Hours—9 to 12 A. M., 1:30 to 5 P. M., 6:30 to 8 Monday Evenings, and 9 to 12 A. M. Saturdays.
Deposits placed on interest on the first Monday of January, April, July and October.

THE EAST WEYMOUTH Savings Bank.

President. W. H. PRATT

Vice-Presidents. J. H. Emerson,
Treasurer, John A. Raymond,
Clerk, John A. MacPann

BOARD OF INVESTMENTS:

W. A. Drake, W. H. Pratt,
J. H. Emerson, C. B. CURRIE,
BRADFORD HAWES, EDWARD M. CARTER.

Dividends payable on the 10th of April and October.
Deposits placed on interest on the 10th Jan., April, July and Oct.

BANK HOURS DAILY,

From 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 5 P. M., excepting Saturdays, when the hours will be from 9 A. M. to 12 M. only. Mondays 7 to 8:30 p. m. for deposits only.

SOUTH WEYMOUTH SAVINGS BANK

Incorporated March 6, 1868

OFFICERS 1913.

President - R. WALLACE HUNT.

Vice-Presidents, ELLIS J. PITCHER,
ALMON B. RAYMOND,
Treasurer, FRED T. BARNES.

BANK HOURS:

9 to 12 A. M.; 2 to 4 P. M. Also Mondays, 7 to 8 P. M. Saturdays, 9 to 12 A. M.

Deposits go on interest second Wednesday of January, April, July and October.
Dividends payable on and after the second Wednesday of January and July.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,

South Weymouth, Mass.

Fogg Building, Columbian Square.

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DIRECTORS:

EDWARD B. NEVIN, President.
EDWARD R. HASTINGS, Vice-President.
J. H. STETSON, Cashier.

ALLEN B. VINING, GORDON WILLIS,
CHARLES H. PRATT, THERON L. TIERRELL.

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Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue
Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHER. Buy of your
Druggist and ask for CHICHESTER'S
DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for twenty-five
years regarded as best, safest, Always Reliable.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS
TIME TRIED EVERYWHERE TESTED

CHURCH SERVICES

Under this heading the pastors of ALL the churches are cordially invited to make such announcements of services, etc., as they may wish. We only stipulate that such notices be inserted shall reach us at the latest on Thursday morning of each week—the day before publication.

OLD SOUTH CHURCH (South Weymouth). Rev. H. C. Alvord, pastor. Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School, 11.45. Baraca Young Men's Class, 12.00. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.15. Evening service at 7.00. Thursday evening, 7.30.

TRINITY CHURCH (Weymouth). Rev. William Hyde, rector. Service with sermon at 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday School at 12.00 m.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (South Weymouth). Rev. Albert V. House, pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6 p. m.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (North Weymouth). Rev. Rufus H. Dix, pastor. Sunday school at 1.15 p. m.; preaching at 2.30 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East Braintree). Rev. Nelson Allen Price, pastor. Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School, 11.45. Junior League, 4.30 p. m. Epworth League, 6.30 p. m. Evening preaching service, 7.15. Prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7.30. A cordial welcome is extended to all these services.

BAPTIST CHURCH (Weymouth). Lord's Day services: Preaching at 10.30 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Bible School 12 p. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday, evening, 7.45 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 5.45 P. M. on Sunday.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (Weymouth and Braintree). Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6.00. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7.30. All are invited to attend these services.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East Weymouth). Rev. George A. Grant, pastor. Morning worship and preaching at 10.30. Sunday School at noon. Epworth League meeting at 6.30 p. m. Evening service at 7.30. Tuesday evening, 7.45 p. m. Prayer meetings. Holy Communion, first Sunday in every month following morning service.

OLD NORTH CHURCH (Weymouth Heights). Rev. Edward Yaeger, pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Evening service at 7.00. Sunday school at 11.45 a. m. Thursday evening at 7.30. A cordial invitation is extended to all of these services.

PILGRIM CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (North Weymouth). Rev. Charles Clark, pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday school, 11.45 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. 6.15 p. m. Evening service at 7.00. A cordial welcome is extended to all of these services. Preaching at both morning and evening service.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (East Weymouth). Rev. Walter H. Commons, pastor. Morning worship at 10.30. Sunday school at 11.45. Evening service at 7.00. Tuesday evening service at 7.30.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (Weymouth). Rev. Rufus H. Dix, pastor. Sunday morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. C. U. at 5.30 p. m.

SECOND UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (South Weymouth). Minister; William Wallace Rose. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m.

PORTER M. E. CHURCH (Lovell's Corner). Rev. J. W. Reynolds pastor. Preaching service at 10.30 a. m. Sunday School at 11.45 a. m. Epworth League at 6.00. Social and Praise service at 7 p. m. All are cordially invited.

CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER (South Weymouth). Rev. J. B. Crimmins, rector. Sunday Masses 8.00 and 10 a. m. Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. Holy Rosary and Benediction at 3.30 p. m. Week days: Mass at 7.30 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART (Weymouth). Rev. J. B. Holland, rector. Sunday Masses at 7.30, 10.00 a. m. Sunday School at 11.00 a. m. Vespers at 4 p. m. Week days—Mass 7 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION (East Weymouth). Rev. James W. Allison, rector. Rev. Maurice Lynch, assistant. Masses Sunday at 8 and 10.30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Vespers at 7.45 p. m. Masses week days at 7 and 7.30.

ST. JEROME'S CHURCH (North Weymouth). Pastor, Rev. James W. Allison, Assistant, Rev. Maurice Lynch. Mass, Sunday at 9. Sunday School at 8.

ZION'S HILL CHURCH (East Weymouth). Social service at 2 and 6.30 p. m. Rev. E. W. Smith, preacher.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Braintree). Preaching at 10.30 a. m. Kindergarten class in charge of Miss Elizabeth B. Pray at 10.30. Second session of this class at 11.45. Regular Sunday school at 11.45. All are welcome.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST (of Quincy). Alpha Hall cor. Hancock st. and Cottage Ave. Morning service at Sunday School at 10.45. Wednesday, 7.45 p. m. an experience and testimony meeting. Reading room open every week from 3 to 5. All are welcome. Subject, Sunday morning Aug 17, "Soul."

N. R. ELLS

General Teamster!

LIGHT AND HEAVY TEAMING.

Sand and Gravel furnished at short notice. All Jobs promptly attended to.

So. Weymouth, Mass. Telephone 116-1 Weymouth

E. W. Shaw
This signature is on every box of the genuine
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets
the remedy that cures a cold in one day

KEEPING THE TABLE SUPPLIED

How New England Gets Strawberries
In February and Melons in May.
What the Railroads Have Done
to Accomplish This.

STRAWBERRIES in March, melons in May! Today this is the boast of no modern Lucullus, but the privilege of the many. You may even eat fresh strawberries away up in northern New England in February. Today the New Englander can cut his cantaloupe and eat fresh vegetables with snow still on the ground. New potatoes when his own are being planted are to him no longer a dream. Fresh peaches on his table when his own trees are just through blossoming excite about as much curiosity in him as the bride's bouquet of roses in January. No longer does that strawberry patch out in his own garden mean his first taste of the luscious fruit in June or July. It used to be so many years ago, but nowadays he has probably eaten quarts of berries long before his own have ripened.

All this has been brought about not by some agricultural wizard's work in our gardens, not by our meteorologists' work in studying the weather, but by the railroads. It is the result solely of the perfecting of our modern methods of transportation, the bringing up of our main steel highways of commerce to a standard not surpassed anywhere else in the world, enabling the traffic men and operating experts so to work out fast freight schedules that today the New England table is but forty hours from southern farms.

There is no faster freight service in the world than that which carries strawberries to the New England table from the southland in two days. There is no such terminal yard anywhere as the great yard or yards at South Boston of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, where this fruit and early vegetables are received, bought and sold and distributed. As many as 300 carloads of strawberries are sometimes received there in a single day, and so quickly are they handled that one hour after they have entered the yard they are either being unloaded or are being sent out again to Portland or places even farther north, where they can be eaten the next morning.

The celerity with which this most perishable of perishable freight is handled from the time it is put in the freight car in Florida, Georgia or Virginia until it has reached the marketmen scattered all over New England is probably not exceeded anywhere in this country. It represents years of study, of painstaking work over railroad schedules, of the most effective



GATHERING BERRY BERRIES FOR NORTHERN SUPPLIES

co-operation between the railroads and of the most scientific management so far as it relates to this phase of the railroad problem. It has created a new business in New England, a business that practically did not exist twenty years ago. It has made new markets and a new industry for many has wiped out the enormous advantage which Philadelphia and New York once seemed to have over Boston and New England in this matter of table delicacies and the handling of the early southern produce.

In the business world time is counted by the business day. In the produce business it is counted by the market day, and the market day begins and ends practically between 6 and 7 a. m. Thanks to a development of a fast freight service for this kind of prod-

uce, Boston's market day is now the same as New York's and Portland, Me., is but one market day later than Philadelphia. Today a carload of strawberries can make the journey between Norfolk and Boston in just thirty-six hours and a half.

Perishable freight is the bone of the railroad man's existence. He sometimes loses more sleep over it than he does over passengers. It involves problems not met with in most kinds of freight. It must be delivered in the quickest time possible, and in this connection the railroad, like the shipper and the commission men, must always reckon on the market day. The loss of one market day on perishable freight like strawberries often means the loss of the entire shipment. The failure of a railroad's freight schedule to insure delivery of this kind of freight for a certain market day may mean the loss to that railroad of this entire business; to the commission men and marketmen it means so much less business to get returns from. On the other hand, the ability of the time table experts and the traffic men to knock off half an hour even on the running time of a freight train may mean to the road thousands of dollars of new business and for the commission men may open up a brand new line of trade. For years men have worked over these freight train schedules trying to lop off precious minutes of time in the yards, in the stops en route and in the delivery. Always their aim has been in the case of New England to get table luxuries, such as early strawberries, melons and peaches, into Boston by the second market day.

There is no more perishable produce than strawberries, and next to them comes fish. The New England railroads must bring the first into New England and carry the second out. In the case of berries it is absolutely essential that they be consumed within seventy-two hours from the time they are picked for them to command a price that will make the business worth while. When one considers that these early berries are picked in Virginia and points farther south the problem confronting the New England railroads in getting them on the New Englander's table within this limit of seventy-two hours is thus seen to be a big one. If a carload of strawberries consigned to a New England produce merchant misses a market day at the South Boston yard it means usually a depreciation of at least 5 cents on every box; on melons it means probably a cent apiece. That may not seem much, but in the aggregate it is enough frequently to wipe out the profit on an entire shipment.

In order to make a market day with this kind of freight, the railroad must get it into Boston, say, between the hours of 2 a. m. and 6 a. m. The market day begins promptly at 6 a. m. That is the hour when the big bell rings out in the perishable freight yard and there begins a scene of activity among the marketmen. When this bell rings the cars must be ready to open so that their contents can be inspected and sampled and the fruit or vegetables sold right as they stand in the car. Ten minutes after this bell rings the contents of the train may be on the way to the market.

This hour of 6 a. m., then, is the goal upon which the eye of the operating man and the traffic man in the railroad organization is fixed. It is the hour they must make, not one day, but every day, or lose the business. Down in Virginia, through Maryland and Delaware a freight train loaded with the luscious early berries of southern plantations, the first to feel the vitalizing effect of the spring sunshine, may be rushing through the night toward this goal with the speed of a passenger train. The engineer along the route have it in mind, and up in the railroad office the operating men have it in mind too. Like the man with the ball in the football game, these men are all working to put the train with its produce over the goal line before the big bell in the Boston yard rings out as a signal for the market men that another market day has begun.

New England has not always enjoyed the privilege of having strawberries in February or even melons in May. It was not many years ago that the average householder had to rely chiefly on his local fruits and vegetables. He waited until July for his strawberries. His melons and peaches he got later. Vegetables out of season were rare. This was when New England, by the then means of transportation, was many market days away from the south. These were the days of intensive railroads, as Mr. Brandels would probably call them, short railroads connecting with one another, but operated separately and involving many transfer points. When freight has to go over several railroads operated on the intensive principle it is bound to suffer delays. Between Boston and New York there were the New Haven, the old Stonington road and the Ros-

ton and Providence, over which such freight had to travel.

Even in the early days of consolidation there was still much time consumed because the old freight transfer points were retained. Boston and northern New England were not entirely without early produce, but owing to the slow schedules and delays the business was a hazardous one for commission men. In these days the bulk of the southern fruit and vegetables was put on a boat at Norfolk and rushed by sea to Boston. Some of it went by rail to New York and thence by the old Stonington line to Boston. The sea was able to afford the better service for the most part. The boats from Norfolk made the third market day and sometimes not that. The Stonington line made possible a noon delivery on the second day, but while this enabled some large consumers, such as hotels, in Boston to serve fresh fruit at the dinner hour the gen-



FEBRUARY STRAWBERRIES IN NEW ENGLAND

eral consumer had to wait until the third day, while the depreciation went on.

In 1896 the first fast freight service was inaugurated, but it was not all that it ought to be until about four years ago.

At that time the New Haven road's officials got together with those of the Pennsylvania and decided to work out a schedule which would land the stuff from the southern farms in Boston in ample time for the second market day, counting from the time of its shipment. It was to be a schedule which would stand up under heavy service and be such as to warrant the commission men to increase their orders. The Pennsylvania put on several new trains, and a quick transfer was arranged for around New York.

In all about five trains are now required in the busy season to bring this produce from the south. The cars are picked up all over Virginia and even south of there and most of them are collected at Norfolk. There the Pennsylvania makes up a train, known as B 10, in one or more sections, and starts it north at noon. This train reaches the Jersey City yards of the Pennsylvania at 10 a. m. the next day. There it is broken up and the cars rushed to the New Haven transfer yards, which are taken around the East river and through Hell Gate by the most powerful tugs in New York harbor. In the great Harlem river yards it is "classified" again. It starts on its way to Boston at 3 p. m., making stops at New Haven, Providence, Mansfield and Readville to drop off cars. The old arriving time of this train was 2.30 a. m. in Boston, but thirty minutes have been cut off this in the last year. Frequently it comes into the South Boston yard at 1.30 a. m. Thirty-five cars is about the limit of a freight train. When 250 carloads of berries alone are coming up from the south in one day obviously this train can't take them all, though it runs in several sections. For the later sections of the Pennsylvania's trains from New Haven has still a faster train ready. This train leaves the Harlem river yards at 7.25 p. m. and gets to Boston at 4 a. m. It also makes stops on the way where cars have to be dropped for midway points. All this takes time, so that the speed between these stops must of necessity be that of a fast passenger train.

These are the two great berry express trains of New England. With the Pennsylvania's trains they form the route over which daily passes the out of season fruit to which we are now so accustomed.

Though this stream of farm produce runs practically all of the year, it is subject to many changes. When Feb-

ruary's snows cover New England this stream begins to trickle and then runs red with the first strawberries ripe. By the warmer sunshine of the south larger and larger it grows, and now the stream takes on a touch of green along with the red. Green peas and spinach and the early greens are flowing northward, first a few cars, then more, then fifty, a hundred, and finally sometimes as high as 300 cars a day of strawberries alone when the crest is reached in early June. The berries give way to melons and more vegetables then to peaches, potatoes and onions, and so it goes until all New England's own crops are ready for the marketing.

The amount of perishable freight borne northward to New England and distributed from Boston has grown enormously since the railroad men perfected this schedule. In 1902 there were handled in and out of the South Boston terminal 4,663 cars of perishable freight. In 1903 it had grown to 6,761. In 1908 to 7,808, and last year it totaled 8,881. Here are some of the figures:

	1902	1912
Berries	633	1,522
Cantaloupes	292	523
Watermelons	412	578
Peaches	434	891
Spinach	107	375
Tomatoes	104	375
Potatoes	611	1,653
Pineapples	28	203

It is this stream, rising and falling with the weather conditions, which feeds the summer resorts and has enabled New England's famous hotels to cater to the finest trade and made them independent of local truck farms. It has also greatly increased the number of Boston's commission houses.

The speed with which this stream flows northward is equaled by the celerity with which it is handled in the South Boston yard, the great distributing reservoir into which it pours its tons of produce. There are seven yards and thirteen freight houses making up the Boston terminal, and in and out of it run 1,800 cars a day, of which this perishable freight forms only a part.

As soon as one of the fast express freight trains reaches the yard in the early hours of the morning the cars are marked showing what yard they are intended for, this depending upon the firms to which they are consigned. Then the switch engines get busy. It takes an average of twenty minutes to mark the cars. They have so reduced the time of switching or classification, as it is called, that in thirty minutes every car in a forty car train will have been put in its proper yard and place. On an average it is just one hour from the time the big Pacific locomotive lands its train of fruit in the terminal that the cars are ready to have their seals broken. That is when it is ready to be sold by the marketmen, though the sales do not begin till the bell rings at 6 a. m.

There are few other cities where this kind of freight is landed so close to the market. Ten minutes is all that is required in Boston to transfer it to the market from the car. In this terminal, where 4,135 freight cars can be kept at one time, there is sufficient space provided so that teams can back up to 2,100 of these cars.

About 95 per cent of the produce brought into this yard every day remains there or is shipped out by express. The cars destined for Portland and for northern New England begin moving out by noon again, but from Boston a radius of at least twenty-five miles is covered direct. Portland will get its berries in time for breakfast the next morning.

About 75 per cent of New England is affected by this fast freight service perfected by the railroad men. The sea has had to yield this traffic to the line of steel which ties the north to the south. Today the New Englander, even though he lives in Maine, is as certain of fresh strawberries for his table in the spring as he is of his own garden truck in the summer.

When the great Hell Gate bridge and Connecting Railroad joining the New Haven system with the Pennsylvania is completed in New York city this schedule may be shortened even more. This great engineering feat, undertaken by the two roads, will obviate the long water transfer around Manhattan Island. It is only three miles across New York bay from Greenville, where the Pennsylvania's trains roll in from the south, to Bay Ridge, where the cars will again take the rails bound for Boston, and the dangerous and delaying tides of Hell Gate will thus be avoided. While it will not mean the saving of another market day, it will mean that more trains can be handled and may result some day in making Portland's market day the same as Boston's.

The railroad is the great harvester. It gathers the grain in one corner of our country and distributes it in another than man may be fed with the staff of life; but, more than that, it sees that his table is supplied with the good things of the ground though he live amid the snows.

Town Officers of Weymouth and their Post Office Address.

TOWN CLERK.
John A. Raymond, East Weymouth.

TOWN TREASURER.
John H. Stetson, South Weymouth.

CHIEF OF POLICE.
Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Willard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.

OVERSEERS OF THE POOR.
Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Willard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
A. Francis Barnes, South Weymouth.

ASSESSORS.
John F. Dwyer, Chairman, Weymouth.
Frank H. Torrey, Clerk, North Weymouth.
Waldo Turner, East Weymouth.
Warren T. Simpson, South Weymouth.
Edward L. Luce, South Weymouth.

Regular meeting of Board first Wednesday evening of each month at Town Office Savings Bank building, East Weymouth.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.
Clarence P. Whittle, Chairman, Weymouth.
A. Lillian McGree, Secretary, East Weymouth.
E. E. Leonard, East Weymouth.
Arthur H. Alden, North Weymouth.
Theron L. Tirrell, South Weymouth.
Prin H. Tirrell, South Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.
Farver T. Pearson, East Weymouth. At
se of school on Monday will be at the Athens
Building, Tuesday at Jefferson; Wednesday at
Sve. Thursday at Hunt.

WATER COMMISSIONERS.
Frank H. Torrey, Chairman, North Weymouth.
George E. Hicnell, Clerk, Weymouth.
Robert S. Hoffman, East Weymouth.
John H. Stetson, South Weymouth.
Edward W. Hunt, Weymouth.

BOARD OF HEALTH.
George E. Emerson, Chairman, So. Weymouth.
Nelson B. Gladwin, Clerk, North Weymouth.
John S. Williams, Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF WATER WORKS.
Ivers M. Low, East Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF STREETS.
John L. Maynard, East Weymouth.

TAX COLLECTOR.
Winslow M. Tirrell, East Weymouth.

FIRE ENGINEERS.
N. O'Dowd, chief, South Weymouth.
A. W. Pratt, clerk, East Weymouth.
J. O. Hunt, East Weymouth.
Charles W. Baker, Weymouth.
Philip W. Wolf, North Weymouth.

TREE WARDEN.
Charles L. Merritt, South Weymouth.

POLICE OFFICERS.
P. Butler, chief, East Weymouth.
Thomas Fitzgerald, Weymouth.
A. H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
John D. Walsh, Weymouth.
Elbert Ford, South Weymouth.
Geo. W. Nash, North Weymouth.

CONSTABLES.
Isaac H. Walker, North Weymouth.
George W. Nash, North Weymouth.
Patrick Butler, East Weymouth.
Arthur H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
Thomas Fitzgerald, Weymouth.
John D. Walsh, Weymouth.
George E. Bayley, South Weymouth.
Elbert Ford, South Weymouth.
George W. Conant, South Weymouth.
Willard F. Hall, East Weymouth.

AUDITORS.
William H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
John P. Hunt, Weymouth.
Frank N. Blanchard, East Weymouth.

JACK COMMISSIONER.
William H. Clapp, Weymouth.
Louis A. Cook, South Weymouth.
W. E. Bean, North Weymouth.

SEALER OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.
Frank D. Sherman, Weymouth.

REPRESENTATIVE TO GENERAL COURT.
(From Seventh Norfolk District.)
John F. Dwyer, Weymouth, Mass.

SENATOR.
(First Norfolk District.)
John J. McDevitt, Quincy.

County Officers.

OFFICES AT ORDHAM.
Judge of Probate and Insolvency, James H.
Wentworth, Weymouth.

Register of Probate and Insolvency, John D.
Wentworth, Weymouth.

Assistant Register, J. Raphael McCool.
Clerk of Courts, Louis A. Cook, South Weymouth.

Assistant Clerk, Robert B. Worthington.
Second Assistant, Louis A. Cook, Jr., of South Weymouth.

Register of Deeds, John H. Burdakin.
Assistant Register of Deeds, Edward L. Burdakin.

County Treasurer, Henry D. Humphrey.
Sheriff, Samuel H. Capen.

Special Sheriff, Edward E. Wentworth, Cohasset.
County Commissioners, John F. Merrill of Quincy, chairman; Evan F. Richardson, of Millis; Everett M. Bowker, Brookline. Session every Tuesday at 10 a. m.

Special Commissioners, Fred L. Fisher, of Norwood; Henry A. Whitney, of Bellingham.

District Attorney, Southeast District, Norfolk and Plymouth, Albert E. Barker, of Brockton.
Assistant, D. A. Fred L. Katzman, of Hyde Park.

Clerk of Dist. Court, (East Norfolk), Lawrence W. Lyons, of Quincy.

Calendar of County Courts.

Supreme Judicial Court. Jury Sitting, third Tuesday of February.

Superior Court. Civil Sessions.—For work with Jury.—First Monday of January, first Monday of May, and first Monday of October. For Court work.—First Monday of February, first Monday of April, first Monday of September, and first Monday of December.

Criminal Court, Criminal Sessions.—First Monday of April, first Monday of September, first Monday of December.

Probate Court.—At Dedham, on the first and third Wednesdays of every month, except August. At Quincy, on the second Wednesday of every month, except August. At Braintree, on the fourth Wednesday of every month, except August.

County Commissioners' Meetings.—Third Tuesday of April; fourth Tuesday of June; fourth Tuesday of September, last Wednesday of December. By adjournment. On Tuesdays, except during August.

District Court of East Norfolk. Jurisdiction Randolph, Braintree, Cohasset, Weymouth, Quincy, Haverhill and Milton. Court held at Quincy for criminal business every week day except legal holidays, and for civil business Tuesdays at 9 a. m. Justice, Albert E. Avery, Braintree. Special Justices, E. Granville Pratt, Quincy; Louis A. Cook, Weymouth; Clerk, Lawrence W. Lyons, Ass.-James McDonald. Probation Officer, Francis A. Sizer, 21 Thayer Street, Quincy. Court Officer and Bail Commissioner, William Marden, 24 Coddington Street, Quincy.

J. L. WILDES

Tuner and Repairer of Pianos and Organs

Reference: Mason & Hamlin Piano and Organ Co.

RESIDENCE:
522 Commercial St., Weymouth Heights

Words Stronger Than Actions Here.
The author of the old adage, "Actions speak louder than words," had never had a judge say to him "Five years."

Generally Succeeds.

A woman likes to marry a man who feels that he was born to command, just to prove to him that he wasn't.—Puck.

Genuine Pity.
"Mr. and Mrs. Whiffer never have any arguments." "How does that happen?" "Mr. Whiffer won't argue." "The poor woman."—Birmingham Age Herald.

Copper Consumption.
The United States is the chief consumer of copper.

Gross Carelessness.
"Bill's going to sue the company for damages." "Why, what did they do to him?" "They blew the quittin' whistle when 'e was carryin' a 'eavy piece of iron, and 'e dropt it on 'is foot."—Everybody's Magazine.

Same Thing.

Wife (bitterly).—"How can you talk that way? You know that I never pester you for money." Hub—"No, but the people you buy things from do."

Utilizing Air Space.

It is proposed to span a 2,500-foot gully at Akron, Ohio, by the erection of a series of industrial buildings, the roofs of which are to be used as a passageway.

Make the Milk Jug Sweet.

To sweeten a milk jug, scald it with boiling water, then fill with cold water and add a teaspoonful of salt and leave it for five minutes before emptying it.

Wobbly.

"What is your attitude on the tariff?" "Something," replied Senator Sorghum, "like that of a man who is walking a tight rope."

Something of a Lottery.

"What I want," said the young man, "is to get married and have a peaceful, quiet home." "Well, sometimes it works that way and sometimes it's like joinin' a debatin' society."

Device Stops Tail Switching.

To prevent a cow from switching her tail in the face of a person milking her a man has patented a chain and hook to hold her tail against one leg.

Search That Never Ends.

Ignorance may find a truth on its doorstep that erudition vainly seeks in the stars.

WEYMOUTH AND EAST BRAINTREE

—Mayor Fitzgerald will be one of the judges September 11.

—Dr. G. D. Bullock and family are home from their three weeks among the hills of New Hampshire, all having enjoyed the vacation and the doctor is quite himself again.

—Miss E. B. Lyon, clerk at the post office, is enjoying her annual vacation and will return to her duties next Monday.

—Mrs. Lucy R. Trufant of Abington spent Sunday and Monday with her husband's sister, Miss Susan E. Trufant.

—Victor Dubois is spending his vacation at Bethel, Vt.

—Attorney T. F. Daley and Miss Estella Hatch of Stoughton, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Daley of Common street.

—Mrs. and Mrs. John Donovan of St. Joseph, Mo., are here on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Maria Hart.

—Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Watts and children have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John McAlvine at Brockton.

—Mr. and Mrs. Richard DeNell, Jr., and children of Portland, Maine, are here on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard DeNell of Broad street.

—Miss Katherine Sweeney has gone to Hillsboro, N. H. for a two weeks' visit.

—The handsome bull dog "Buster" owned by gateman John Cain was killed by the cars at the station, Saturday afternoon.

—A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Gillard of Field avenue, Sunday.

—Mrs. John W. Ahern and son John W. Ahern, Jr., have been spending a week at Cohasset.

—Mr. and Mrs. John S. Bacon and Mr.

and Mrs. J. Ralph Bacon are spending the week at Peep Island, Cohasset harbor.

—Francis Leach has resigned as janitor of the First Baptist church and Albert T. Attwood has been appointed to the position.

—Mrs. A. K. Bates is home from a two weeks' stay at Seltate beach.

—Edward E. Richards for the past 30 years travelling salesman for N. F. Thayer & Co., Boston leather dealers is having his first vacation in that time this week.

—A dog owned by William Allison of Commercial street was killed by the cars at the Tufts crossing, Saturday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Chester Keene and family and Michael Gagin leave Sunday for Brant Rock where they will pass the next two weeks.

—Mrs. Patrick Reilly, mother of letter carrier James P. Reilly, met with an accident a few days ago which will cause her to be kept in her bed for the next three months or more. She was about to alight from an electric car near her home at Neponset, when the car started suddenly, throwing her to the ground and a fracture of the hip resulted.

—Letter carrier Phillip Monroe is having his annual annual vacation.

—A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Max Lasson of Sheppard avenue, Sunday.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Francis Bowle of Elliot street, Wednesday, a daughter.

—Mrs. Charles F. Curtis is spending the week with friends in East Boston.

—Conductor Edward Keefe of the local street railway is off duty on account of a sprained ankle, caused by a misstep while alighting from his car.

—Charles O'Connor is here from Chicago, Ill., on a visit to his brother, John W. O'Connor. Misses Nellie and Lillian Sherrin of Chicago are also the guests of Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor.

—The large touring car of Wallace Bicknell skidded and ran into the hydrant in front of the residence of Mrs. A. J. Richards, Commercial street, Sunday evening. Harry Bicknell was running the car. He and the other occupants escaped injury although two young ladies were thrown out. The hydrant was put out of commission and for a while until the water employees arrived there was a miniature Niagara.

—Mrs. Fred Connors and daughter, Helen, arrived home Wednesday night from an extended visit with relatives in Nova Scotia.

—Russell Dexheimer is having his vacation this week.

—Mrs. Michael Sullivan, Miss Josephine Sullivan and Miss Sylvester of Cambridge have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Daley of Foye avenue.

—Frederick Canfield is spending his vacation in Nahant.

—Michael McCulliget, superintendent of streets at Palmer, Mass., is being visited by Mrs. Margaret R. Fitzgerald of Phillips street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Parker Stowell leave tomorrow for Piermont-on-the-Hudson where they will spend the next two weeks.

—Miss Lillian Davis is having a two weeks' vacation.

—Mrs. Charles B. Edwards and Miss Dorothy Edwards are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hobart at their camp, N. Ipswich, N. H.

—Miss Elizabeth A. Connell is spending the week with friends in Sharon.

—Herbert W. Sylvester has taken a position as chauffeur in Hingham.

—Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Cotter have been visiting his parents at Douglas, Mass.

—Roy Britton is in town from Salt Lake City, Utah, on a visit to his mother, Mrs. Carrie Britton. Mr. Britton, who is connected with the Utah Copper Company was years ago on the Gazette staff.

—Stanley Nadell in visiting his cousin in Lynn.

CARD OF THANKS.

We take this occasion to return our thanks to our many friends and neighbors who were so kind to us and the departed during her long illness, and especially kind and helpful at the last with ready hand, words of sympathy and beautiful floral tributes. N. PORTER KEENE AND FAMILY.

Science and the Milkman.

Housekeeper—What makes you so late with the milk these mornings? Milkman—Well, you see, mum, the pure food law don't allow us more than 25,000,000 bacteria to the gallon, and you wouldn't believe how long it takes to count the little devils—Lipincott's.

Cruel.

"Men are really too mean for anything!" "What's the trouble now?" "Why, I asked John for an automobile today, and he said that I must be contented with the splendid carriage that nature has given me."—Judge.

Baked Potatoes.

When cooking baked potatoes it is a good idea to nip the ends off and grease them before placing in the oven. When finished you can take them out, gently break apart without spoiling their appearance and serve at once.

So Comforting.

Hub—The doctor says if I keep working at this pace after money I shall be a wreck at forty-five. Wife—Never mind, dear. By that time we shall be able to afford it.—Exchange.

Those who fearlessly shoulder their burden generally find a loyal helper.

EAST WEYMOUTH AND WEYMOUTH CENTER.

—Mayor Fitzgerald will be one of the judges Sept. 11.

—Mrs. H. K. Cushing of Hill street and Mrs. Ida Burrell of Brockton have gone to York beach, Maine, for the month of August.

—Miss Beatrice Mariner of Chestnut Hill is visiting her cousin, Miss Mildred Newcomb of Putnam street.

—Charles Seabury of Grafton has been visiting his son, Louis Seabury of Middle street.

—John A. McFann, clerk at the East Weymouth Savings bank, has resumed his duties after a two weeks' vacation part of which he spent in Goffstown, N. H.

—John Easton of Middle street has gone to Portland, Maine, where he has accepted a position.

—Lester Cushing entertained a party of twenty-five friends at his home last Friday evening. Games and music were enjoyed by the several guests and a dainty luncheon was served by Mrs. John F. Cushing, assisted by Mrs. Louis Seabury and Miss Florence Lincoln.

—Miss Florence Skinner of South Manchester, Connecticut, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Robert B. Raymond of Fairmount avenue.

—Mrs. James Haddie of 46 Union avenue is visiting friends at St. Paul, Minn.

—Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Clark and daughter, Miss Sallie are in Maine for two weeks.

—While stepping from a car at Nantasket last Saturday, Ralph Bates of Broad street accidentally wrenched a cord in his ankle which has kept him confined to his home the past week.

—Miss Margaret Looney and Miss Blanche Litchfield are enjoying a two weeks' trip to York Beach, Maine.

—Miss Loretta Looney, bookkeeper at J. F. & W. H. Cushing's, is having her annual vacation. Miss Florence Lincoln is substituting during Miss Looney's absence.

—Dr. F. L. Doucett and Mrs. Doucett and Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Hunt have been on an automobile trip to New Hampshire this week.

—"Don't" Bush, the diminutive short stop of the Detroit baseball nine of the American league, was the guest over Sunday of Leo Howley of Broad street. Bush played with Dan Howley while the latter was watching for Indianapolis of the American association.

—Plans are being perfected for the picnic of the M. E. church Sunday school to be held a week from tomorrow at Ridge Hill grove, Norwell.

—Robert B. Raymond of New York was home over Sunday.

—Mrs. William H. Moran of Center street is reported as slowly improving from the injuries she received recently by a fall.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Loud, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Bates and Miss Bessie Bates, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Humphrey, Mr. and Mrs. Carl T. Humphrey and Mr. and Mrs. Irving Nightingale enjoyed an outing at Bass Point on Wednesday of this week.

—B. J. Elkington and family, Howard Thompson and Miss Nellie Coffey of this place, attended the annual outing at the Point of Pines last Saturday of the Telephone & Telegraph society of New England.

—The Misses Ruth and Florence Skinner entertained a number of friends at the home of their sister, Mrs. Robert B. Raymond of Fairmount avenue on Wednesday afternoon in honor of Miss Ruth Porter of South Manchester, Connecticut, who is visiting in town. Games and refreshments were indulged in during the afternoon.

—Alton Blanchard arrived home this morning from a two weeks' vacation trip spent at Popham Beach, Maine.

—Emerson R. Dizer is suffering from a severe knife wound on the palm of his right hand.

—In honor of her nineteenth birthday, Miss Mildred Newcomb of Putnam street entertained twenty-five of her friends at her home on Wednesday evening. Games, music and a light lunch served by Mrs. Newcomb, Mrs. Ralph Haskins and Miss Newcomb, made the evening a very enjoyable one for all. Miss Newcomb was presented with an elegant leather bag and a fountain pen by Miss Florence Lincoln in behalf of those present.

—Miss Lillian F. Keene of Madison street, is enjoying a vacation at Northfield.

—The office girls of the Geo. E. Keith Co. tendered a farewell party to Miss Ethel M. Bartlett, who has gone to Portland, Maine, to live, on Thursday evening last, at the home of Miss Helen Powers, Main street, Hingham Centre. There were guests present from Hingham, Quincy, North Weymouth, East Weymouth and Brockton. A most enjoyable evening was spent in honor of the occasion. During the course of the evening, a dainty collation was served and Miss Helen Powers presented her with a gold bracelet as a gift from the superintendent, foremen, paymaster and office girls of factory number 8.

Merchants Act as Bankers.

In case of poor catches the merchants of Newfoundland frequently "carry" the fishermen over, not only one but several seasons.

MAGIC OF HOUDIN

He Scared the Algerians and Conquered the Nation.

A LITTLE BLACK BOX DID IT.

By the Aid of a Magnet and a Current of Electricity He Struck Terror to the Hearts of the Arabs and Took All the Desire For Fight Out of Them.

"These are great times," exulted the Electrician to his friend the Old Foggy "With machine guns and other instruments of war we certainly are going some in the fighting game."

"Yes," agreed the Old Foggy as he adjusted his glasses, "but do you know that before such things were dreamed of an entire nation was conquered with a magnet and a little black box?"

And the Electrician confessed, "No!" "You have heard, no doubt," the Old Foggy rambled on, "of the marvelous inventions of Robert Houdin, the great French conjurer, a man who did great things with electricity when Alexander Graham Bell was an infant."

"Houdin applied electricity to many of his magical experiments and delighted the Parisian public for years in his little theater. When he retired he was the most favored performer of his day and had bowed to the plaudits of royalty."

"Heard all about that," snapped the Electrician. "What about the black box?"

"Coming to that, boy; coming to that. Houdin retired to his family estate on the left banks of the River Loire near St. Gervaise, hoping to end his days in peace. But after a year or so there came to him through a military friend a request from the French government that he go to Algiers."

"In his memoirs, translated into English some years before his death, he says that the Marabouts of that country, a sort of medicine men and wonder working priests, controlled the masses and incited them to intermittent revolts against the French by their tricks. These tricks, he assures us were of the simplest and most primitive type."

"It was the hope of the French government that Houdin by his mysteries could demonstrate that the white conqueror's magic was superior. And Houdin did it."

"With the little black box and the magnet?"

"Yes. His recital of his performance in Algiers is exceedingly interesting. Some of the most distinguished natives were there. Houdin showed them all sorts of things; allowed himself to be shot at and caught the bullet unharmed and many other such feats."

"But his piece de resistance undoubtedly was his box. He called for a strong man to come on the stage, and a giant responded. Houdin toyed with him for a moment, bantered with him about his strength and asked him if he could lift his little black box. Disdainfully the Arab lifted it and smiled."

"But Houdin warned him: 'Wait. But a moment, and you shall be as a little child.' He placed the box on the stage over the magnet and dared his huge guest to raise it. The Arab tried with one finger; grasped it with his great muscular hand; tugged at it with all the strength of his massive arms, bracing his legs like two huge bronze columns, so Houdin says, to no avail. Try as he would, this son of the desert could not stir that little box from its place."

"For a breathing spell he released his grip for a moment, then went at it again as Houdin gave a signal to have the current turned off. And while the awe-stricken audience panted in amazement he suddenly writhed in acutest agony and sank groveling to the stage. The current coursing through him had galvanized him into misery."

"Then Houdin gave a signal, the current from the electro magnet beneath the stage was turned off, and the Arab fell back groaning. He lifted himself to his feet and, hiding his face in his cloak, crept away to blush unseen. The little black box had conquered."

"And?" inquired the Electrician.

"And," replied the Old Foggy, "Houdin was triumphant. The country had seen him shot at by a man who said he wished to kill; had seen him rob a giant of his strength. No Marabout had ever done that. No Marabout with primitive tricks could convince them that any revolt of theirs could prevail against the white man and his magic—his electricity. The conqueror's conquest was complete."—Popular Electricity.

Thought He Was on the Phone.

"Then, Minnie, you are going to get another physician instead of the old health inspector?"

"Yes; he is too absentminded. Recently as he examined me with the stethoscope he suddenly called out, 'Hello! Who is it?'—Pileggi's Blatter.

Not Lost.

Mother—Oh, Willie, you naughty boy, you have been fighting again and lost two of your teeth! Willie—No, I ain't mother; they are in my pocket.—London Answers.

She Might Be Right.

In the opinion of the average wife her husband ought to do more of his economizing away from home—Chicago Record-Herald.

The grand essentials of life are something to do, something to love and something to hope for.—Thomas Chalmers.

KINCAIDE THEATRE

HANCOCK STREET QUINCY CENTRE HIGH CLASS REFINED MOVING VAUDEVILLE PICTURES

Daily Matinee 2.30 P. M. Prices 5c, 10c, 15c. Evenings at 7.45, 10c, 15c, 25c.

BEGINNING MONDAY MATINEE—AUGUST 18th.

TORELLI'S DOG AND PONY CIRCUS.

Beauty Posters and Trick Dogs—A Coterie of Astounding Dumb Graduates Who Perform Acts That Make Humanity Wonder and Bessie, "Maude's Sister," The Unrideable Mule

BRING THE CHILDREN! COME YOURSELF! DON'T MISS THIS!

P. S.—Program also includes many other good features.

COAL
FOR RANGE OR FURNACE
Free Burning White Ash and genuine Lehigh, Franklin or Shamokin
WOOD
SAWED and SPLIT
HAY, GRAIN AND FLOUR
AUGUSTUS J. RICHARDS & SON
Weymouth and Quincy. Tel. Con.

A Man Cannot Get a Wrong Thing
IN A
Store Where They are All Right.
Any man who has so far hesitated about buying his Summer needfuls, and who has the smallest care for a cool, neat comfortable appearance, should come here and see how much value he can get for his money.
Nowadays most men of sense prefer to be sure of things of full value than to be doubtful about merchandise on which somebody decides to say that there is a "saving" of "a fourth," "a third" or "a half."
Also they prefer to deal with a store where they are always sure of getting 100 per cent value for their money, as against the store where there is one chance of getting something for almost nothing, and ninety-nine chances of getting taken in.
For these men of sense we are ready to-day with the good things for men to wear, and they are rightly priced—not too low priced to disgust any man.
STRAW HATS, SHIRTS, TIES, SHOES, TROUSERS, COOL UNDERWEAR, SOFT COLLARS, HOSE, ETC.
GEORGE W. JONES
1 Granite St. "Just around the Corner" Quincy

Daniel H. Clancy
Formerly with H. M. Ford Estate
Undertaker
Residence, - 28 Vine St., Telephone 336W. 31-48
REAL ESTATE
—AND—
INSURANCE
Thomas J. White
Central Square East Weymouth
FARM WANTED
In Weymouth, Hingham or Braintree
OF 5 ACRES OR MORE, NEAR R. R. DEPOT. STATE LOCATION, PRICE, ACREAGE, ETC.
T. E. BENNETT,
43 WHITNEY ROAD, Quincy. 19-23
HIGHLAND LINEN
is a writing paper especially adapted to vacation time. It comes in neat boxes that you can be proud to carry around with you at your summer resort. It is a paper that doesn't crumple easily and it is just heavy enough to let you write upon it outdoors without having it flutter in a breeze.
In texture and shape Highland Linen meets every requirement of the most exacting person. Yet with all its good taste, this is not a paper restricted to those who can afford to spend a great deal on their stationery. You will be surprised when you ask us to tell you the price—most agreeably surprised. Let us tell you today.
HUNT'S
On The Corner
EAST WEYMOUTH
Advice for Mother.
The small girl had been exasperating all day, and at last her mother lost patience and administered corporal punishment. The child had scarcely recovered from her sobs when she looked up and said: "Mother, you must try and control that temper of yours."

Wants, For Sale, To Let, Etc.

Four lines or less under this head. 25 cents each insertion; each extra line 10c. Count 8 words to a line. No ads. accepted in this department unless accompanied by the cash.

ASHES FOR SALE—Delivered in carload lots by the Bay State St. Ry. Co. Apply to Thomas Gammann, Supt., 934 Hancock street, Quincy. Telephone, Quincy 6. 9 tf

AUTO To let for parties, weddings, christenings, for long or short trips, 8 pass Buick. Tel. Wey. 233-W. Pine Point Auto and Motor Co., Bridge street, North Weymouth. 29 tf

CLOTHING—Men's and young men's. Handsome patterns. Two hundred suits, \$4 to \$12. Bargains not to be found elsewhere. Geo. A. Hunt, 78 & 80 St. Weymouth. 11 tf

CAN place a few mortgages, with private parties, and on reasonable terms if property is right. Address Box 553, E. Weymouth. 11 tf

FOR SALE—Eclipse Gas Range, never used. Apply to F. L. BICKNELL, 295 Front street. 22 tf

TO LET—An up-to-date tenement with modern improvements, on Broad street, in East Weymouth. Apply to W. H. Pratt, Broad street, East Weymouth. 11 tf

WANTED—An experienced all-round girl to work in a lunch room. Apply to MISS SMITH, 51 Sea street, North Weymouth. 22 tf

WANTED—A room for lodging in a private family, within five minutes' walk of Lincoln square. Apply to M. GORDON, tailor, Lincoln square. 20 tf

WANTED—People to know that it costs only 25 cents to make known their wants in the

Real Estate

Do you want to BUILD or BUY?

I have property for sale in Weymouth and vicinity, of all kinds.

Call and see me and make known your wants Reasonable terms.

CAREY'S REAL ESTATE AGENCY

733 Broad Street East Weymouth.

Telephone

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

NORFOLK, SS. PROBATE COURT.

TO the heirs-at-law, next-of-kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of

MARGARET F. FORD

late of Weymouth in said County, deceased: Whereas, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate by Teresa E. Madigan of Weymouth, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Quincy, in said County of Norfolk, on the tenth day of September, A. D. 1913, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation, once in each week, for three successive weeks in the Weymouth Gazette, a newspaper published in said Weymouth, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this thirteenth day of August one thousand nine hundred and thirteen.

JOHN D. COBB, Register.

Weymouth Gazette

AND TRANSCRIPT

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, AUG. 22, 1913.

VOL. XLVII. NO. 23.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

87TH ANNIVERSARY

Loring Stetson, Wellknown South Weymouth Musician Celebrated Last Saturday.

Loring Stetson, the veteran musician of South Weymouth, attained the age of 87 last Saturday, and the event was celebrated by a family gathering. In spite of his advanced age Mr. Stetson is hale and hearty and retains his faculties to a remarkable degree.

For more than sixty years Mr. Stetson has been prominent as a musician. He has probably attended more parades, fireman's musters, concerts, etc., than any other musician in New England.

He has been identified with the growth of band music from the simple fife and drum period to the present time. For more than 30 years the name of Stetson was associated with a certain Weymouth band, which won distinction among those of its class in the state and nation.

In 1829 Col. James L. Bates organized a small band in South Weymouth, which was the first of many bands in Weymouth. Mr. Stetson was leader of the Weymouth band in 1865 when it was awarded first prize in a contest in Philadelphia with 90 bands from all parts of the country, including Dodsworth's, the Washington Marine and the Chicago band.

For a time he was leader of the 4th regiment band and has traveled with Whiting's minstrels. For some time he was a member of the Boston band and of the Mart and band of Brockton.

Popular Young Lady Celebrates.

Miss Mae Mattie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Mattie of 670 Commercial street, East Braintree celebrated her 21st birthday, Friday evening, Aug. 15th. A very pleasant evening was spent with dancing, singing and graphophone selections. Games of all descriptions were enjoyed. Step dancing by Thomas Cummings and Lawrence Ryder of Dorchester. William Provost and Miss Annie, both of Quincy, rendered some very pretty selections on the piano. Charles Haggerty, Daniel McVey, William McCarthy, Charles Shortle sang, "What D'ye Mean, Yer Lost Yer Dog." Misses Mae and Bessie Mattie, Elizabeth McVey and Florence McDougall sang "Stick to Your Mother, Mary."

The dining room was prettily decorated with Japanese lanterns and flowers. At eleven o'clock a very pretty birthday cake was placed in the center of the table with 21 lighted candles, and all were seated around to a birthday supper. Miss Mattie received some very beautiful and costly gifts, including a handsome gold bracelet from her parents.

Friends were present from Randolph, Milton, Brookline, Dorchester, New Jersey, Quincy, Weymouth and Braintree. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Stetson of Randolph, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson and son, Harold of New Jersey, Mr. and Mrs. John DeCoste, Mr. and Mrs. James Mattie, Miss Florence McDougall of Brookline, Miss Annie Kain, Irene Collins, Mae, Bessie and Alice Mattie, Lillian Thorn, Katie and Elizabeth McVey, Florence Preston, Lillian Crane, Margaret Mahon, Gladys and Eleanor Fallon, William Provost, Charles Haggerty, Daniel McVey, Charles Shortle, William and Bernard McCarthy, Laurence Ryder, Thomas Cummings, Walter Mattie, George Crane, Joe Dearing and many others. The party broke up at a late hour wishing Miss Mattie many happy birthdays.

Oak Bluffs.

Mrs. Joseph A. Cushing entertained a piazza party of twelve ladies, invited to meet her guest, Miss Elizabeth Cross. There were three tables, and the game of "Five Hundred" was enjoyed for a couple of hours, after which ice cream and cake was served. The young lady having the highest score was Miss E. Talbot. She received a card case as a souvenir of the pleasant occasion. The following named ladies participated in the game: Miss Elizabeth Cross, Mrs. Charles Collins, Mrs. P. C. Kimball, Mrs. Emerson Wilkins, Mrs. S. Bailey, Mrs. E. S. Woodman, Mrs. George Jess, Miss Georgia Cushing, Mrs. Talbot, Miss E. Talbot, Mrs. Sylvester Clark, Mrs. F. P. Vincent. The kind hostess served refreshing drinks during the progress of the game.—From Martha's Vineyard Gazette.

False Alarm.

The ringing of Box 15 last night, which brought out the fire department of ward 1 and the motor truck of ward 3, proved to be a false alarm. Neighbors saw a party of young men and ladies (?) leave the box as the alarm was rung in, and efforts were made to round them up, but failed. This is expensive business for the town, and will be for the culprits if detected.

A Much Needed Remedy.

"Hoodlums" is not to be tolerated from now on if the enthusiasm among the members of the recently formed Westwood Grove Improvement association of East Weymouth, counts for anything. For years this pretty spot on the shores of Whitman's pond has been steadily infested with many of the so-called "clubs," who hire cottages in the grove, having been driven from one place to another and who have made life almost unbearable for the various property owners and residents until at last they are up in arms against this notorious element.

Complaints have been made every week and many remedies, protests and petitions have been tried, voiced and sent to the selectmen to put a stop to this dangerous evil.

Profane talk, drunkenness, midnight brawling, nude bathing and indecent immoral actions have greeted the eyes and ears of respectable people and the influence on young growing children of which there are many in the grove, can be easily imagined.

Numerous robberies have been reported of articles stolen from the cottages, which can be laid only to one source, as many witnesses can testify to and this growing condition of affairs has forced the people to form the above association for their own protection.

Although only a few weeks old, several very noticeable reforms have been brought about, some of the undesirable characters have been forced to leave the place under pressure and quietus put on some of the clubs.

The good work is to be pushed to the limit, committee on fire, police and postal service will take up those important matters and other committees appointed on health and sanitation, and social welfare, and disturbers of the peace are properly dealt with in accordance with the town laws.

At the Wednesday night meeting splendid reports of progress were made and already many families who formerly spent their summers at the grove have given the association the assurance that they will come next year, now that the "hoodlums" are to be severely dealt with.

Another excellent aid is the ready cooperation of the residents of the town to help in ridding this element and the support of various members of the Lovell's Corner Improvement Association. M.

Struck a Tree and Stunned.

On Wednesday night people in the vicinity of Vine street learned that in turning from Washington into Vine an automobile had struck a tree and its two occupants were completely stunned.

Officer Fitzgerald and others were called upon for assistance and discovered the machine belonged to the Weymouth Light and Power Company and its two occupants were in their employ. One of the party while two badly stunned to climb a fire alarm pole was able to walk with assistance and went away with that assistance. There being no appearance of an immediate recovery of the other one he was carried to the lock-up, and at the Quincy court was fined \$75 and ten days in jail for operating an automobile while stunned. Previous to this, however, he had pled guilty and when confronted with the penalty took an appeal.

Growth of Gas Service.

The Old Colony Gas Company reports output for the month of July 5,531,000 cu. ft. compared with 4,550,000 cu. ft. the previous month and 3,002,000 cu. ft. in July 1912.

WEYMOUTH HEIGHTS

—Miss Annie K. Jones and Mrs. Charles Taylor have returned from a two weeks outing at Jackson, N. H.

—Mrs. Samuel Thompson celebrated her 86th birthday last Sunday and was entertained to dinner at the home of her son, Walter Thompson, East Braintree.

—Alton Blanchard and family have been sojourning in Eaton, Maine, for two weeks.

—Miss Hope Barnard of Roxbury was a week end guest of Miss Lottie Whitehouse.

—Mrs. James Jones, Isabel Jones, Bertha Nash and George Lunt spent last Saturday with Norman Hunt of Stoneham.

—Mrs. Henry A. Nash pleasantly entertained the Larkin club this afternoon.

—Albert Hulbert, the Weymouth Heights station agent, has returned from a month's vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. James Wildes and Mrs. J. B. Merrill spent last Wednesday at Blue Hills, Milton.

—The Wide Awake Workers held a lawn party on the grounds of James B. Jones, last Wednesday afternoon. A detailed account of same will be given next week.

GRAND CELEBRATION.

Italian Colony of East Weymouth Keep Open House All Day Last Saturday.

In honor of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary the Italian colony of East Weymouth held a grand celebration in East Weymouth all last Saturday as well as in the evening.

The first event of importance was a street parade which formed on Middle street, opposite the George Strong Co. factory and with the well-known Marine band of Boston at the head, paraded through the principal streets of East Weymouth. At noon-time dinner was served to the members of the band and other out of town guests, of which there was a large number.

From three until five in the afternoon the band gave a pleasing concert in Jackson square. In the evening the square was again filled for the second concert of the day, and it was indeed a treat.

At the conclusion of the band concert the crowd adjourned to the James Humphrey school grounds where the finest display of fireworks it has ever been the pleasure of a Weymouth gathering to witness, was given.

After the fireworks the musicians and other guests returned to Boston and other places in autos and by street cars, all declaring the day to have been one continual round of pleasure from start to finish.

The committee in charge, consisting of Pasquale Santacrose, Giuseppe N. Petrucci, Damiano Scopettunio, Michele Di Lorenzo, Francesco Paolo, Saverio Caccavalle, are to be congratulated on the success of the event.

The entire Italian colony was decorated with American and Italian flags and at night the band stand was lighted with strings of red, white and blue lights.

Outing of the Weymouth Historical Society.

On Tuesday last, members of the Historical Society and their friends went on an outing to visit the land of long ago. The party numbered about 40 and journeyed in automobiles. They went from South Weymouth to the Miles Standish monument in Duxbury, taking note of important places and houses on the way. The monument was reached about 11.30, and soon after the noon hour lunch was taken among the trees on Captain Hill near the monument. The good things and pleasant conversation were much enjoyed by all. The old Standish cottage, built in 1666, was then visited, and after visiting all the rooms, lemonade and cake was served to the party by Miss Allen, the daughter of the owner of the cottage, Mr. Horace G. Allen of Boston. The party next visited the graves of Miles Standish, John Alden and others in the cemetery. The grave of Miles Standish is surrounded by a stone wall somewhat like a fort and on the four corners large cannons are mounted with balls ready for use. The next important place visited was the landing place of the French cable and the voiceless station. The house of Daniel Webster was then visited, where still can be seen the old family coach in which Webster rode. Near by is the cemetery in which he and other worthies lie buried. The party then proceeded to the scenes of the Old Oaken Bucket; the wide spreading pond and the mill that stood by it, were gazed upon by the party, who then went to the childhood home of Samuel Woodworth the author of the Old Oaken Bucket. Here a drink of pure, cold water from the famous well was enjoyed by most of the party, and Mr. Martin, a son-in-law of Mr. Henry Northey the owner of the house, gave an address in which was an account of the Woodworth family and the Northey family which were the original owners of the estate and are also the present owners. This address was very interesting and instructive and included information concerning the doings of the Indians in the neighborhood during King Philip war.

From the scene of the Old Oaken Bucket the party journeyed homeward, reaching their destination in time for supper. The outing was a grand success and much praised by all. The president of the society, Mr. Howard H. Joy, had arranged beforehand with the owners of the various places visited, so that the party was welcomed and given every opportunity to see all that was to be seen. Before leaving the house of the Old Oaken Bucket the party joined in singing the Old Oaken Bucket.

King's Daughters Calendar.

Sept. 19.—Lecture by Mr. T. A. Watson: "The Birth of the Telephone," Union Congregational church, East Braintree, at 8 o'clock, under auspices of the Unity Circle of King's Daughters.

Oct. 9.—Norfolk County Autumn Convention of King's Daughters, Union Congregational church, East Braintree. Morning session 10 to 12. Afternoon session 2 to 4.

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"How was the play you saw last night?" "Pretty melodramatic. In the second act when the skulking villain descends upon Hickory farm and forecloses the mortgage on old Uncle Zeke's automobile there was hardly a dry eye in the house."

PROSPECT UNION WINS 6 TO 3.

South Weymouth Nine Loses to Cambridge Aggregation.

On Reed's field, South Weymouth, last Saturday afternoon, the Prospect Union of Cambridge pinned defeat on Capt. "Sid" Hazelton's Stetson Shoe Co. aggregation to the tune of 6 to 3.

The game was very interesting until the seventh and eighth innings, when the visitors secured four runs, enough to wipe out Stetson's one run lead and give them three tallies to the good. The score:

PROSPECT UNION.				
	bh	po	a	e
Murphy, rf	1	0	0	0
Daley, lf	2	1	0	0
Murray, 1b	2	12	0	0
Thomas, 3b	1	2	2	2
Faulkner, ss	1	0	2	1
Tevelin, c	1	0	0	1
Culhane, cf	1	2	0	1
Bull, 2b	0	0	0	0
Greene, 2b	0	1	4	0
Haley, p	1	0	3	0
Totals	10	27	11	5

STETSON SHOE.

	bh	po	a	e
Blackburn, c	1	5	1	9
Hendrickson, cf	1	3	1	0
Carlisle, 1b	2	10	0	0
Gleason, ss	0	1	5	1
Hanson, rb	0	5	3	1
Hazelton, p	1	1	4	1
Cross, 3b	0	2	2	1
Reiser, lf	0	0	1	0
McMahon, rf	0	0	0	0
Totals	5	27	17	4

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Prospect Union	0	0	2	0	0	2	0	0	6
Stetson Shoe	0	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	3

Runs made by—Murphy, Daley 2, Haley 2, Culhane, Blackburn, Hendrickson 2. Two base hits—Carlisle, Daley, Faulkner. Stolen bases—Gleason 2, Murphy, Daley. Base on balls by—Haley 2, Hazelton 3. Struck out by—Haley 8, Hazelton 3. Sacrifice hits—Tevelin, Culhane—Double play—Hazelton and Carlisle. Hit by pitched ball—Gleason, Tevelin. Wild pitch—Haley. Passed ball—Tevelin. Time—3h. Umpire—Murray.

Baseball Notes.

22 to 1. Was that a baseball game? Sounds more like football.

Prospect Union proved too much for the South Weymouth nine last Saturday the Stetson boys losing 6 to 3.

"Ken" Nash is sticking for 305 with Waterbury and fielding in grand style. Guess Ken will be up higher next year, if he keeps up the good work.

Leonard, the C. M. A's. new twirler looks pretty good, but one can't judge by his work last Saturday. The Virginia boys couldn't hit if they had used tennis rackets. Leonard pitched formerly for Fall River of the New England league and pitched excellent ball until taken ill. Watch his work against Samec tomorrow.

Leo Fraher is now playing first base for the New Glasgow nine in Nova Scotia. "Toby" was shifted to the first sack when the regular first baseman split a finger on his throwing hand. "Toby" is leading the league in batting, according to latest reports.

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Harvest Auto Parade.

It has been very gratifying to the Committee that so many auto owners have already sent in their entrance blanks, although the blanks were only sent out last Saturday.

It shows how interested the people are in the parade and thus early assures its success. It also helps the committee in making arrangements which are so necessary.

If the parade were to take place tomorrow we would have, with the machines now entered, a moving picture over one half mile in length.

Now if those who have not answered will do so within the next week the committee can finish its preliminary work and pass on to the many details of its plan.

The committee has been offered TEN CARS which can be filled with Weymouth men who are not fortunate in receiving invitations to ride in the parade.

These cars will all be decorated. If you are one of the above send your name and address to Robert S. Hoffman, Chairman, 621 Broad street, East Weymouth.

Reservations will be made up to the carrying capacity of these cars and guests tickets mailed with instructions.

First come, first served.

Now folks we have this affair well started, it only needs your interest to make it the biggest event Weymouth ever saw. Won't you inject a little of that get-together-spirit into it.

BOOST IT.

Remember everyday is Weymouth day but September 11th is a holiday.

Birthday Party.

Burns Cottage, the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Ling, was the scene of an enjoyable event, Friday, the 15th, the occasion being the celebration of the second birthday of their only child, Isabelle.

There were about twenty little folks assembled to enjoy the festivities and in addition a number of adult people, among them guests from Pennsylvania and other places.

The festivities extended from 11 a. m. to 4 p. m. and included many unique games some of them peculiarly characteristic of Scotland and the Scotch people.

A dainty lunch was served and Miss Isabelle has many tokens of the event presented by relatives and friends.

Weirsdale, Florida, July 19th.

Among the many celebrations held in this country on the Fourth of July none were more patriotic or enthusiastic than those held at South Lake, Weirsdale.

The ceremonies consisted in part in raising and saluting a magnificent American flag, donated by Reynolds Relief Corps No. 102, of Weymouth, Mass., and presented through the W. C. T. U. to the public schools.

The children present, all of whom belonged to L. T. L. sang America and each in turn saluted the flag and repeated a patriotic selection.

An address was given by Rev. J. A. Logan, recitation "Old Glory" by F. W. Perin, H. C. Packham gave the history of the Stars and Stripes, patriotic readings by Mrs. Henry Read and Mrs. S. A. Sigmond. At the close of the exercises the ladies of the W. C. T. U. presented each one present with a small flag.

LOVELL'S CORNER

—Frank Sherman has been spending the past ten days in New York.

—Mrs. C. J. Rea is visiting relatives at Hampton, N. H.

—The Boy Scouts of this place spent three days last week camped out at King Cove, North Weymouth.

—A meeting of the Sunday school board of the Porter church was held in the vestry, Thursday evening to elect a new superintendent.

—Master John Cummings, son of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Cummings died at the Boston hospital, Wednesday morning with lockjaw. Master Cummings graduated from the Pratt grammar school this past June and was to enter the High school in September. He was an exceptionally fine scholar and a very good violinist.

Funeral services will be held at the Church of the St. Francis Xavier, South Weymouth, Saturday morning and the body will be taken to Rhode Island for burial.

Love is Smaller to Sunlight.

How the sunlight seems to watch for a chance to get through the smallest opening in the clouds! Love, which forgives because it is love, and which waits for every opportunity to manifest kindness, is not going to wait to be asked to forgive. Ignore the wrongs you receive and think over the good that has been or yet may be, and the evil will dwindle into nothingness.—Robertson.

Trolley Express Hearing.

The Town offices were well filled Wednesday evening with people who came as participants in and spectators to a hearing asked for by the Bay State Street Railway Company for a franchise "to act as common carrier of newspapers, baggage, express matter and freight in said town."

The meeting was called to order by the chairman of the Board of Selectmen. The full board of selectmen was present, and the petitioners were represented by President Conway, Hon. J. F. Jackson, leading counsel of the company, and H. C. Reynolds, superintendent of trolley freight service.

Mr. Jackson opened the ball with a statement of what was wanted, why it was wanted and conditions by which it might be accomplished. It was wanted because it had become a necessity as a connecting link to franchise to every city and town surrounding Weymouth, and had been refused on account of the inability of the company and selectmen to come together on terms, principally a limited or perpetual franchise.

From the standpoint of the company, limited was impracticable, as different franchises would be expiring at different times in different municipalities and they would constantly be hampered by uncertainties of the future. Mr. Jackson thought the question of limit had been over estimated and he believed that they, the company, and the town counsel of Weymouth, Mr. Worthen, could come together and frame a bill by which the town and the company would both be protected.

The next speaker was Geo. L. Barnes who represented the Stetson Shoe Co. and argued that the franchise had become a necessity in order to place the Stetson Co. on an equal basis of manufactures in other towns which had superior advantage both in receipt and delivery of goods, South Weymouth today not being as well accommodated as it was ten, fifteen and twenty years ago, it often taking two or three days to get goods from Boston or Brockton.

Mr. Barnes was followed by Mr. Heald of the Stetson Co. whose argument was the same, and he said their hurry goods from Brockton now came by trolley to Rockland and were then taking over the road by their own team.

Mr. Bemis, representing the Geo. E. Keith Co., said that in coming to Weymouth a factor which entered in was their nearness to the railroad and probable expedition in handling freight, but they early learned that that feature was a delusion and they were compelled to put on a motor service of their own.

Fred Alden of the Alden, Walker & Wilde Co. and Louis K. Jones representing the Edwin Clapp Co. both spoke of the absolute necessity of better freight traffic for their business, and Fred Humphrey speaking for provision trade urged the necessity of the service in handling perishable goods, saying that he got his perishable and much other stuff by trolley line to Quincy and there took it in his own team.

With answers to a few questions asked by the chairman, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Hanley, member of the board and Mr. Barnes a former member of the board, the petitioners' side of the question was closed, and remonstrance called, and for a while it looked as though that side would go by default, but Mr. C. J. McMahon came to the rescue and spoke against any franchise, however much it might be needed, unless the same were safely guarded by a limitation and forfeiture clause.

The meeting adjourned and the board went into an executive session.

The Knocking Epidemic.

An epidemic of denunciation of public evils—imaginary or fabricated—is ravaging this unfortunate country; no one knows when he may be smelted out and held up to public ignominy for crimes and misdemeanors that have never been perpetrated, and the dangers to innocent and inoffensive men are aggravated by the acute receptiveness of congressmen, senators, publicists, muckrakers reformers and uplifters and the extreme gullibility of the American ass.

The denouncers range in variety and virulence from the unbalanced crank to the plain liar, from the fellow seeking headlines and notoriety to the blackmailer pursuing plunder and profit. The field of denunciation is profitable in its way; all one needs is a clamorous cock and bull story, a public man of wealth and reputation to assail, a sympathetic yellow paper and an eager, uproarious bunch of near statesmen. If you cannot find a handy man to traduce there are public service corporations to malign and institutions of wealth to slander, and the greater the man or the concern libeled, the more hospitable the treatment the virtuous liar and blackmailer will receive.—"Truth."

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General Teamster!

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Family Trees Defined.
While the family tree of the elephant runs mostly to trunk, that of the chorus girl does nothing of the sort.

ON THE FARM

Read this column and you can have it delivered at your house with something new every week for a full year by sending \$2.00 to this office now.

Strawberries should be cultivated, the weeds eradicated and the moisture conserved for late summer drought.

A tablespoon of baking soda placed in the drinking water two or three times a week will prevent bowel trouble in the chickens.

If you are not situated so that you can let your hogs out draw a load of earth and throw it into the pens now and then. The hogs will work it over and take a lot of comfort doing it. Makes them grow faster too.

Small fruits of all kinds respond readily to good cultivation. Keep out all weeds and the soil well stirred around all vines and bushes during the growing season so that strong growth and bud development will take place.

In no branch of business usually conducted by land owners have there been such radical changes of late years as in the poultry industry. Indeed, the raising of poultry and production of eggs have come to be sciences, and yet so simple ones as to make one wonder how it was possible for us so long to pursue the occupation in the haphazard ways of even a decade ago.

Constant selection is the only way to get your flock up to where you want it. When you see a good bird, look carefully and note well her characteristics. Put her in a breeding pen and use her as a breeder another year. Do this throughout the summer and when fall comes you will have made your selection of the best birds and a breeding pen of the best you have.

No matter what some people tell you, turkeys and other roots make fine milk producing feed. Turnips will not affect the flavor of milk if fed in large quantities, and two or three hours before milking, they are likely to give the milk an unpleasant taste, but if fed directly after milking no flavor whatever will be noticed.—Farm Progress.

Deep plowing is essential to good farming to increase fertility and moisture for better crops. Heavy draft horses, says Live Stock Journal, are the essential for deep plowing and big loads. Deep and shallow plowing has had a long time controversy and the deep plowing has won the victory for better farming by the scientific experts at the agricultural colleges, and farmers who have good draft-horse teams plow deep.

Gather cucumbers, for pickles, of a uniform size: this can be done for several successive days, placing the cucumbers in brine as they are gathered. When you have as many as you wish to pickle, take them from the brine, soak in fresh water for two days, changing the water once. Heat vinegar to the boiling point. Add to each quart of vinegar a half pound of sugar, a teaspoonful each of mace and spice and clove and a stick of cinnamon. Pour this hot over the cucumbers and let it stand two days before using. The spices should be boiled about ten minutes in the vinegar.

The young orchard should be cultivated as carefully as a field or garden crop. The first year after the trees are set out they should have the most careful cultivation while they are making new root-growth, and becoming established in their new soil home. Frequently young trees are set out rather late in the spring. With these the ground must be stirred frequently and a soil mulch maintained to conserve the moisture at their roots. Failure in this matter of keeping the lower soil from drying out will result invariably in some dead trees later in the season if dry weather comes.

The cry is becoming more general for better seeds. How are we to get them? As the situation is, says a correspondent of the American Agriculturist, I believe the answer to the question is to breed them ourselves. We often see in horticultural and agricultural periodicals articles that have a tendency to throw a wet blanket over this proposition, claiming that seed breeding is business of its own, requiring special training to do it properly. This may be true, viewed from a scientific standpoint, and yet there are few market gardeners or truck farmers who cannot breed and grow what seeds they require for their individual plantings.

Subscribe now for the Gazette and Transcript. It will cost you less than four cents a week to get this department.

Progress.

"Thirty years ago," said a woman of middle age, "it was the custom of demure girls to sit in public conveyances with their silk-gloved wrists crossed. It is now the custom of demure girls to sit in public conveyances with their silk-stockinged ankles crossed."—New York Sun.

Curves of Japanese Roofs.

Western architects are often puzzled by the origin of the Japanese roof curve and the ease with which Japanese carpenters can so accurately construct what their architects design. The curve of a Japanese temple roof is about as difficult a line to draw as man has contrived, but how the Japanese artists themselves succeed so well in reproducing it has never been explained. Modern artists and writers see in these unique and beautiful curves a resemblance to the sagging outlines of the primitive tents used ages ago by the forefathers of the Japanese race, who dwelt on the burning plains of China, but there does not appear to be any evidence to support such a conclusion. The curve is a century, the most beautiful perhaps of all natural curves, formed by gravitation when a chain or cord is suspended between two points.—London Globe.

Steer Clear of the Police.

One thing that convicts careless automobile drivers beyond all else, says the New York Times, is that none of them ever runs down a traffic policeman. Hundreds and hundreds of blue coats are on crossing duty in New York every day of the year, and if they were not protected by their uniform their ending would be extra hazardous. They stand in what for civilians would be the most dangerous positions conceivable—right in the middle of the tide of traffic, with automobiles and motorcycles and other vehicles passing them by dozens, scores, hundreds, thousands, and on holidays tens of thousands. There is nothing to prevent any traffic policeman from being crushed at any moment of his day's work. No matter how stout he may be, his bulk could not stop an automobile. Yet the significant fact remains that he is not run down.

Bulwer's Deafness.

If Byron was possessed of an enormous vanity Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton was quite his equal in that respect. There was a medium by the name of Home, who in the course of an eventful life held spiritualistic meetings in the United States, England and on the continent of Europe; was expelled from Rome as a sorcerer; married twice, each time to a Russian lady of rank, and published various books. Home was particularly disliked by Charles Dickens, who applied to him all the hard names of which he could think. Mr. Bigelow once remarked to Dickens that Bulwer had faith in the medium. "Oh, yes," Dickens replied, "but you see Bulwer is deaf and does not like to have it remarked; so Home would say, 'Do you hear those raps?' and Bulwer would say, 'Oh, yes, I heard them perfectly.'"—Bookman.

\$100 REWARD, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 7c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Yes Paint

may be high next year, so much work has been put-off and more will be. Men don't know that it costs more money to wait than to paint; it costs about 10 per cent to wait, and not over 5 for the extra price.

What is 5? About \$2.50 on the average job (3000 square feet); 10 gallons Devco, 15 of average paint, yes 20 of some. Suppose there's plenty of oil next year, won't paint go down? Yes a little; there can't be plenty of oil; the demand settles that. Half the work of last year and this is waiting; so stupid we are.

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34—Elm St. and Washington St.
35—West St. and Washington St.
36—Ash St. and Hollis Ave.
38—Washington St. opp. Monatiquot school.
41—Union St. and Middle St.
42—Union St. and Washington St.
43—Pearl St. and Washington St.
45—Pearl St. opposite Shoe Factory.
46—Hancock St., private, Hollingsworth
47—Pond St., opp. A. O. Clark's house
48—Franklin St. and Central Ave.
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52—Corner Washington St. and South St.
53—Corner Quincy Ave. and Allen St.
125—Liberty St., opp. Elmer Vinton's.
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135—West St. and Mt. Vernon Ave.
142—Corner Franklin St. and Central St.
143—South Braintree Engine House.
145—Fountain St. and Pearl St.
146—Corner Plain St. and Grove St.
147—Town St. and Pond St.
221—Corner Howard St. and Hayward St.
225—Corner Liberty St. and Stetson St.
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Estimates given on all kinds of contracts.

Tel. Weymouth 14-1.

TOWN CLERK'S OFFICE

East Weymouth Savings Bank.

OFFICE HOURS, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 5 p. m.
At all other hours at Residence on Hillcrest

Road, opp. Catholic Church.

JOHN A. RAYMOND, Town Clerk

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of **JOSEPH H. MARTELL**, late of Weymouth, in the County of Norfolk, deceased, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

JULIA A. MARTELL, Administratrix,
389 Front St., Weymouth, Mass.
July 25, 1913.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor of the will of **EDWARD L. HUNT**, late of Weymouth, in the County of Norfolk, deceased, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

EMMA A. HUNT, Executrix,
109 Front St., Weymouth, Mass.
July 25, 1913.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

NORFOLK, SS. PROBATE COURT.

TO the heirs-at-law, next-of-kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of

ANNIE M. SOULE

late of Weymouth, in said County, deceased, in-
testate:

Whereas, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to **John M. Soule** of New York, N. Y., without giving a surety on his bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Quincy in said County of Norfolk, on the tenth day of September, A. D. 1913, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Weymouth Gazette, a newspaper published in said Weymouth, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness **James H. Flint**, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this sixth day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirteen.

21-23 **JOHN D. COBB**, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

NORFOLK, SS. PROBATE COURT.

TO the heirs-at-law, next-of-kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of

SUSANNA TAYLOR

late of Weymouth, in said County, deceased, in-
testate:

Whereas, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to **Israel**, late of said Weymouth, without giving a surety on his bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Dedham in said County of Norfolk, on the third day of September, A. D. 1913, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Weymouth Gazette, a newspaper published in said Weymouth, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness **James H. Flint**, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of July, A. D. 1913.

21-23 **JOHN D. COBB**, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

NORFOLK, SS. PROBATE COURT.

TO the heirs-at-law, next-of-kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of

MARY L. REDMOND

late of Weymouth in said County, deceased:

Whereas, **Frank S. Redmond**, executor of the will of said deceased, has presented to said Court his petition for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the order named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjudged best, the whole of a certain parcel of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dedham in said County, on the third day of September, A. D. 1913, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Weymouth Gazette, a newspaper published in said Weymouth, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness **James H. Flint**, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this seventh day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirteen.

22-24 **JOHN D. COBB**, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

NORFOLK, SS. PROBATE COURT.

TO the heirs-at-law, next-of-kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of

MARGARET F. FORD

late of Weymouth in said County, deceased:

Whereas, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate by **Teresa E. Madigan** of Weymouth, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named without giving a surety on her official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Quincy, in said County of Norfolk, on the tenth day of September, A. D. 1913, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation, once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Weymouth Gazette, a newspaper published in said Weymouth, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, by special delivery, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness **James H. Flint**, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of August one thousand nine hundred and thirteen.

22-24 **JOHN D. COBB**, Register.

E. H. Brown

This signature is on every box of the genuine
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets
the remedy that cures a cold in one day

HERBERT A. HAYDEN
PIANO TUNER.
PIANOS FOR SALE
78 Cleverly Court, Quincy Point.
Telephone 1153-M Quincy.

NURSERY STOCK

A full line of Trees,
Shrubs, and Vines,
Fruit and Ornamental.
Asparagus, all best
selected stock at reason-
able prices.
First Class Spray
Pumps and Solutions.

Charles L. Merritt
257 Main Street
SOUTH WEYMOUTH
TEL. 249-M
Hours: 4 P. M. to 7 A. M.

Mystery of a Missing Will.
In July, 1910, Frederick Holden Turner, a well known London solicitor, had a stroke of paralysis which left him quite helpless, yet with his mind perfectly clear. Soon after his seizure he told his nurse to fetch a drawer from his writing table. He made her take out a particular paper and put this into an envelope and seal it. He then said, "Write on the outside, 'My last will.'" This she did also.
The envelope was put back and the drawer locked.
After Mr. Turner's death his nephew went with the nurse to the drawer, only to find that the will was missing from the still sealed envelope.
The envelope itself was shown to court, but the mystery of the disappearance of its contents could not be solved.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

No Room For Cream.
"My dear," said the young husband, "did you speak to the milkman about there being no cream on the milk?"
"Yes, I told him about it this morning, and he has explained it satisfactorily. I think it is quite a credit to him too."
"What did he say?"
"He said that he always filled the jug so full that there is no room on the top for the cream."—*Farm and Home.*

Camel Travels 90 Miles a Day.
A camel with an average load will travel 25 miles a day, and when unladen it will reach 90 miles a day sometimes.

Difference Between Two Words.
The vast difference between the words "may" and "shall" can be fittingly described by those who have gone before the parole board.

LADIES

We have opened a Special Department for you on **MONDAYS, from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M.**

Shampoo, Facial Massage, Etc.
at reasonable prices. Only the best of work in a modern, up-to-date shop. We solicit a trial.

Amos Cantara
THE CENTRAL SQUARE BARBER
Central Square East Weymouth

Steadfastness Key to Success.
Many a man falls in life not because he lacks ability or enthusiasm, or a general desire to get on in the world, but because he lacks steadfastness of purpose.

Wall Vases.
Tall wicker vases and baskets of many shapes and sizes to hang on the wall are favorite flower holders. Grays, greens, pinks, browns and blues are only a few of the many colors seen.

On the Box

By **THOMAS R. DEAN**

Years ago there were two men living in one of the great cities on the eastern coast of the United States who, though they were father and son, were chums. They were rich and ultra fashionable, which meant then something far different from what it would mean today. In those days the fashionable people of the land were refined and intelligent. Now to be ultra fashionable has a questionable sound. One may be ultra fashionable, yet devoid of ordinary breeding.

The two men referred to looked like gentlemen and acted like gentlemen. Shakespeare has described them in his words "to the manner born." They were always seen together on the street, and one looking at them would think them a pair of noblemen belonging to some lordly English estate. In society they were known as "Dombey and Son."

The father, who was a widower, drifted on, thinking that their companionship would last as long as they lived. What a shock, then, was it to him when his son announced to his father his engagement! The older man could not believe his senses. But when he learned that his son was to marry a girl with no fortune, that the young couple could not retain the position in society that their ancestors, the Van G's, had held for 200 years, his desolation was complete. He could not conceive of himself failing to appear at the functions he had from his youth been accustomed to attend, and to go to them without the companion who had always gone with him would be worse than not going at all.

The first quarrel the two had ever had followed. "You shall not marry," said the elder Van G. "unless you marry one of our set and one with sufficient fortune to enable you to keep up a position as a married man."

"I have asked a lady to be my wife," replied the son, "and I will not turn upon my invitation."

"Very well, then, you must shift for yourself."

Harry Van G. married a lovely girl; but, since it would have required an income equal to his father's to take her in the society he had been used to going with, he did not attempt it. But this in comparison with the young couple's real condition was a bagatelle. They had nothing whatever to live on and sank rapidly into poverty.

The elder Van G., though it nearly broke his heart to go to functions without his double, chose what he considered the lesser of two evils and went. He saw nothing of his son—not that he blamed him or was angry with him, but that he considered Harry out of the chosen set who had composed society since colonial days and it would be contamination for him to associate with any one except the elect.

One day the elder Van G.—this was several years since he had parted with his son—stepped out of his club to a carriage that had been called for him. Elegantly dressed, as usual, his head covered with a shining silk hat, his feet with white spats, his hands with tan gloves and carrying a cane, he stood for a moment looking up and down the street, then went down to the cab. The coachman annoyed him, for instead of looking straight ahead of him he turned his face in the opposite direction.

Mr. Van G. got into the carriage and told the cabman to drive him to the home of a lady social leader. On arriving at the door some friends of the aristocrat happened to pass, and he stopped on the sidewalk to speak to them. When doing so he happened to cast his eye to the coachman and recognized his son. He was too well bred to show surprise or shock at even this contretemps. Nor did he in any way recognize the fact that his own offspring was his cabman. When his friends passed on he went into the house before which he stood and after making a call came out, directed the coachman to drive him to his home, tipped him and went inside.

The next day the same cab was called at the same club for the same man. On this occasion Mr. Van G. was dressed in his most ordinary costume. As he entered the cab without looking at his cabman he gave his directions as to where he wished to be driven.

The cabman started. He was directed to take his fare to his own humble domicile. He whipped up his horse with as much sang froid as if he had been directed to drive to a railway station, considering as he proceeded what he should do. It was evident that his father had recognized him and was going to see him and his wife, but what for he did not know. Harry and his wife lived in a small suit of rooms in a cheap flat-house. On reaching it his father without the least unbending said:

"Can you direct me to the rooms of Harry Van G.?"

"Certainly, sir," said the coachman, touching his hat respectfully, and he, leading him to his rooms, rang, and the door was opened by Mrs. Van G.

Once across the threshold, a marked change came over the visitor. Taking his son's hand in one of his own, his daughter-in-law's in the other, with wet eyes, he said:

"Come home, my dear boy and girl. I can stand this no longer. I shall give up society for you."

That ended the estrangement. The father was getting old and found more comfort at home than in society.

Town Officers of Weymouth and their Post Office Address.

TOWN CLERK.
John A. Raymond, East Weymouth
TOWN TREASURER.
John H. Stetson, South Weymouth.

SELECTMEN.
Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Willard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.

OVERSEERS OF THE POOR.
Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Willard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
A. Francis Barnes, South Weymouth.

ASSESSORS.
John F. Dwyer, Chairman, Weymouth.
Frank H. Torrey, Clerk, North Weymouth.
Valdo Turner, East Weymouth.
Warren T. Simpson, South Weymouth.
Edward J. Lord, South Weymouth.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.
Clarence P. Whittle, Chairman, Weymouth.
A. Lillian McGregor, Secretary, E. Weymouth.
E. E. Leonard, East Weymouth.
Arthur H. Alden, North Weymouth.
Theron L. Tirrell, South Weymouth.
Prince H. Tirrell, South Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.
Parker T. Pearson, East Weymouth. At close of school on Monday will be at the Athens building; Tuesday at Jefferson; Wednesday at Towne; Thursday at Hunt.

WATER COMMISSIONERS.
Frank H. Torrey, Chairman, North Weymouth.
George E. Ricketts, Clerk, Weymouth.
Robert S. Hoffman, East Weymouth.
John H. Stetson, South Weymouth.
Edward W. Hunt, Weymouth.

BOARD OF HEALTH.
George E. Emerson, Chairman, So. Weymouth.
Nelson H. Gladwin, Clerk, North Weymouth.
John S. Williams, Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF WATER WORKS.
Ivers M. Low, East Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF STREETS.
John L. Maynard, East Weymouth.

TAX COLLECTOR.
Winslow M. Tirrell, East Weymouth.

FIRE ENGINEERS.
M. O'Dowd, chief, South Weymouth.
W. W. Pratt, clerk, East Weymouth.
J. Q. Hunt, East Weymouth.
Charles W. Baker, Weymouth.
Philip W. Wolf, North Weymouth.

TREE WARDEN.
Charles L. Merritt, South Weymouth.

POLICE OFFICERS.
P. Butler, chief, East Weymouth.
Thomas Fitzgerald, Weymouth.
A. H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
John D. Walsh, Weymouth.
Elbert Ford, South Weymouth.
Geo. W. Nash, North Weymouth.

CONSTABLES.
Isaac H. Walker, North Weymouth.
George W. Nash, North Weymouth.
Patrick Butler, East Weymouth.
Arthur H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
Thomas Fitzgerald, Weymouth.
John D. Walsh, Weymouth.
George E. Bayley, South Weymouth.
Elbert Ford, South Weymouth.
George W. Conant, South Weymouth.
Willard F. Hall, East Weymouth.

AUDITORS.
William H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
John P. Hunt, Weymouth.

PARK COMMISSIONER.
Frank N. Blanchard, East Weymouth.
William H. Clapp, Weymouth.
Louis A. Cook, South Weymouth.
W. E. Bean, North Weymouth.

SEALER OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.
Frank D. Sherman, Weymouth.

REPRESENTATIVE TO GENERAL COURT.
(From Seventh Norfolk District.)
John F. Dwyer, Weymouth, Mass.

SENATOR.
(First Norfolk District.)
John J. McDevitt, Quincy.

County Officers.

OFFICERS AT DEDHAM.

Judge of Probate and Insolvency, James H. Flint, of Weymouth.

Register of Probate and Insolvency, John D. Cobb.

Assistant Register, J. Raphael McCool.

Clerk of Courts, Louis A. Cook, of South Weymouth.

Assistant Clerk, Robert B. Worthington.

Second Assistant, Louis A. Cook, Jr., of South Weymouth.

Register of Deeds, John H. Burdakin.

Assistant Register of Deeds, Edward L. Burdakin.

County Treasurer, Henry D. Humphrey.

Sheriff, Samuel H. Capen.

Special Sheriff, Edward E. Wentworth, Cohasset (and Plymouth).

County Commissioners, John F. Merrell of Quincy, chairman; Evan F. Richardson, of Millis; Everett M. Bowker, Brookline. Session every Tuesday at 10 a. m.

Special Commissioners, Fred L. Fisher, of Norwood; Henry A. Whitney, of Bellingham.

District Attorney (Southeast District, Norfolk and Plymouth), Albert F. Barker, of Brockton.

Assistant, D. A., Fred L. Katzman, of Hyde Park.

Clerk of Dist. Court (East Norfolk), Lawrence W. Lyons, of Quincy.

Calendar of County Courts.

Supreme Judicial Court (Jury Sitting, third Tues day of February).

Superior Court, Civil Sessions—For work with Jury—First Monday of January, first Monday of May, and first Monday of October. For Court work—First Monday of February, first Monday of April, first Monday of September, and first Monday of December.

Superior Court, Criminal Sessions—First Monday of April, first Monday of September, first Monday of December.

Probate Court—At Dedham, on the first and third Wednesdays of every month, except August. At Quincy, on the second Wednesday of every month, except August. At Brookline, on the fourth Wednesday of every month, except August.

County Commissioners' Meetings—Third Tuesday of April; fourth Tuesday of June; fourth Tuesday of September, last Wednesday of December. By adjournment: On Tuesdays, except during August.

District Court of East Norfolk Jurisdiction Randolph, Braintree, Cohasset, Weymouth, Quincy, Hallowbrook and Milton. Court held at Quincy for criminal business every week day except legal holidays, and for civil business Tuesdays at 9 a. m. Justice, Albert F. Barker, of Brockton.

Assistant, D. A., Fred L. Katzman, of Hyde Park.

Clerk of Dist. Court (East Norfolk), Lawrence W. Lyons, of Quincy.

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Assistant, D. A., Fred

Weymouth Gazette
AND TRANSCRIPT

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY THE

Gazette and Transcript Publishing Co.

WEYMOUTH, - MASS.

M. E. HAWES,

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NORTON F. PRATT, Assistant.
MARK J. GARRITY, Supt.

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FRIDAY, AUG 22, 1913.

The Gazette & Transcript is printed and mailed Friday afternoons, and is for sale at all News-stands in the Weymouths and at the South Terminal, Boston.

All communications must be accompanied with the name of the writer, and unpublished communications cannot be returned by mail unless stamps are enclosed.

Notices of all local entertainments to which admission fee is charged must be paid for at regular rates, 10 cents per line in the reading matter, or regular rates in the advertising columns.

We are encouraged when a subscriber says, "I always send my papers to— as soon as I have read it." We have no means of knowing how many do this and probably those who do send, do so because their particular friend is interested in it. There is however a broader reach. Have you ever thought how thoroughly representative a newspaper is of its home town?

A newspaper is the only home institution that travels around to distant cities. Buildings and streets cannot be seen unless one visits a place. The newspaper goes as far as the mail.

The home newspaper furnishes a means by which distant people gain an idea of the place where it is published. If a newspaper is newsy and clean typographically, and has liberal advertising, every man from Los Angeles to the Atlantic who sees it gets an idea that the town is alive. Subscribe for this paper read it and pass it along.

CORRECTION.

In our article last week among the items of years ago in our file of the Gazette we were made to say "Flour Mills" at East Braintree. In the earlier days of Braintree it had extensive iron, cotton, yarn and grain mills but no flour mills to any extent. The article should have read "Flax" instead of "Flour" and in the early days every frugal housewife in Braintree prided herself on her home grown flax and home spun linen.

A GOOD MOVEMENT.

Weymouth for many years has been a town of Village Improvement Societies. Some have started with "vigor and boldness" and run for a season, leaving behind a few well planted trees to fall into decay for want of care; others have killed drink nuisances but stopped with one or two scalps attached to their belts. We might enumerate indefinitely and find that we could enumerate on the fingers of one hand all which have gone on and are still at work, but we welcome this week to the ranks of the continued ones, the "Westwood Grove Improvement Association."

Westwood Grove is a beautifully located spot not far from the site of the Old Town Hall. There are in the vicinity

a limited number of old time residents but there has sprung up the Westwood Grove Colony, with people who have erected cozy cottages overlooking Witman's pond and other beautiful scenery.

Unfortunately there has crept into the locality within the past two years an undesirable element or class of people which embraces a few out of town clubs (?) which have been making that locality a place (not for residence) but for carousals especially on Sunday, which have become a nuisance. Hence the Westwood Grove Improvement society, which has started, and asks the town authorities to help them in stopping drunken carousals, vulgar, profane and abusive language, indecent exposure and other evils.

We look at this as one of the most laudable undertakings which has been started in Weymouth for a long time and hope the Westwood Grove spirit may reach one or two other places which, according to the stories we hear, are the Sunday resorts of out of town people who are here for no good and laudable purposes. Weymouth has beautiful places for a quiet week or Sabbath day's rest and we welcome those who live in congested cities to their enjoyment but a halt should be called on those who come here for a gambling retreat or to hold a cock fight.

The Katydid Party.

We always find the katydid about this time of year. Uplifting its accusing voice in accents loud and clear.

It makes a mighty clamor. We inquire of it in vain.

What remedy it has for things that move it to complain.

It seeks a high, secluded perch. When face to face it's found,

You wonder how so small a chap could make so great a sound.

There seems to be no object in its unrelenting lay.

Except to raise a protest that will fill us with dismay.

But its accents are convincing and its voice is keen and shrill.

We forget the shaded blooming and the sunshine on the hill.

The fruit trees in the orchard and the harvest in the field.

No more invite our gratitude for earth's abundant yield.

The mocking bird is silenced by the sharp persistent call.

That only tells about the frost that threatens in the fall.

When you attempt to fathom all its utterance prolix,

You half believe the katydid is talking politics.

GIVING OUT.

The Struggle Discourages Many a Citizen of Weymouth.

Around all day with an aching back, Can't rest at night; Enough to make any one "give out." Doan's Kidney Pills are helping thousands.

They are for kidney backache; And other kidney ills.

Here is Weymouth proof of their merit: William V. Brown, 15 Norfolk street, Weymouth, Mass., says: "Driving a team over the rough streets and roads had a weakening effect on my kidneys. It brought on severe pains which not only troubled me during the day while at work but also when I went to bed at night. The kidney secretions were irregular in passage, and in various other ways I knew that I had kidney complaint. I used about ten boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills and a cure which has lasted was the result."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Caution Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

NORTH WEYMOUTH.

—Be a Booster Sept. 11th.

A serious accident happened last Wednesday morning when an automobile struck a telegraph pole on Bridge street near Rosemont road, badly damaging the machine. But one man was in the car. He was rendered unconscious and taken to the hospital.

The regular song service will be held at the Wessagussett Yacht club next Sunday evening.

Edward Brown and son, Aldrich, are spending two weeks at North Woodstock, Vermont.

H. A. Bailey is enjoying his annual vacation.

The Wessagussett Yacht club fleet Capt. A. Lane and six or eight boats leave today (Friday) for a trip to the Cape Cod Canal. They will run to Plymouth the first day, stop over night there and proceed the next day to the canal returning home at their leisure.

Mrs. Edward Brown is on the sick list this week.

Mrs. W. P. Bullard gave a whist party at her home at Wessagussett on Wednesday afternoon, August 20th.

Mrs. Chester Barnes and daughters of Bedford have been in town this week visiting relatives and friends.

Mrs. Lawrence Dunn and daughter Annie, are spending a few weeks with relatives in Worcester.

Miss Dorothy and Lillian Dunn are spending the week with their aunt, Mrs. Frank Pratt of East Weymouth.

J. P. Holbrook and W. B. Dasha with their families spent the week end on Mr. Holbrook's yacht, Meda.

Roland, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Seabury, was operated on for appendicitis at the Fottler hospital, Boston, last Monday.

D. M. Kidder is enjoying his annual vacation and left on Monday with Mrs. Kidder for two weeks in New Hampshire.

Mrs. Alice Ash of Brookline was the week end guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Delorey of Delory avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Whiting have been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Allen of Randolph Vermont, and Mr. and Mrs. Belding of Benson, Vermont.

Mrs. Walter Slade of Belmont has been visiting her sister, Mrs. T. H. Powers, the past week.

Mrs. Ramsdell of Milwaukee, Wis., is the guest of Mrs. A. E. Beals.

Mrs. R. T. Vining entertained friends at a covered dish party at her home on Sea street, last Friday afternoon.

The Hunt's Hill club will have their annual outing tomorrow, Saturday.

Mrs. Frank Alden of Pearl street, has had as guests this week her sister, Mrs. W. L. McPhee and daughter of South Framingham.

Mrs. E. J. Jordan has been visiting her sister in East Harwich, Mass., this week.

Mrs. Eppler entertained about 40 friends at a covered dish party on Wednesday of last week at her home at Wessagussett.

Mrs. W. W. Burr and son Woodbury of Jacksonville, Fla., are the guests of Mrs. S. Lizzie Burr of Shaw street this week.

Miss Stella Phillips has been spending her two weeks' vacation in New Hampshire.

Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Drake have returned from a several weeks' stay at their summer home at Lake Pennesseewassee, Norway, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hall of Taunton have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holbrook, recently.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Smith on Monday, August 11th.

This contract has been awarded and

work is being pushed on the grading of 32 very desirable lots in the North Weymouth cemetery. As these are the only lots available an early sale of a majority of the same is expected.

Miss Dorothy Dasha has been spending a few days with her aunt in South Weymouth.

Miss Velma Collier is enjoying a week's vacation from her duties with the United Shoe Machinery Co. of Boston.

Mrs. Earl Williams is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Stafford Keith of East Bridgewater.

Mr. Manuel P. Silva and Miss Mary Santos Brown were married at the home of the groom by Rev. Melvin S. Nash, on Saturday evening, August 16th.

A meeting was held at the Ponemah cottage, Fort Point on Wednesday, August 20th to arrange for the sports to be held on Labor Day.

Miss Hazel Clark entertained a party of friends at the home of her uncle, J. H. Tower, last Monday evening. All present were delightfully entertained by games, music and refreshments.

The King Cove Boat club will hold its annual field day tomorrow afternoon and evening, August 23.

A poverty party at the Wessagussett Yacht club on Wednesday evening added to the enjoyment of the season.

Buy Land, Young Man.

Ownership of real estate is a certificate of thrift. The young man who seeks a position of responsibility can furnish no better recommendation than the deed to well chosen city or farm property paid for out of his earnings.

Debt due to spendthrift habits is a tremendous handicap to the young married couple beginning life. Many a matrimonial ship has been wrecked on just such a rock. But debt assumed to purchase real estate is different.

Instead of causing discouragement, and impairing a man's ability to succeed in his life work, it is a powerful incentive to industry, and almost infallibly adds thrift and good habits to the character.

The most solid foundation of financial independence is the possession of real property, because as population increases its value constantly grows.

The young man who is about to marry can give his bride no more eloquent proof of affection than her own home. It is a fact that the couple who begin married life under their own roof seldom end it in the divorce court.—Chicago Journal.

What a Sparrow Did.

What is perhaps the most remarkable accident that ever occurred was reported from Germany. A large touring car was traveling at fair speed along a boulevard lined with trees.

Large flocks of sparrows were in the trees, and several boys were taking chances of being arrested by the police by shooting at the birds with sling shots. One pebble, particularly well aimed, struck a sparrow on the upper wing and sent him gliding through the air directly toward the driver of the car; the bird struck him full in the face, and in the next instant things began to happen.

The driver clutched at his eyes, the car lurched into the ditch, knocking down a telegraph pole, valuted to a plowed field on the other side of the ditch, and went full force into a huge haystack. Despite this wild swerve, no one was even scratched except the driver, whose eyesight was damaged by the claws of the sparrow.

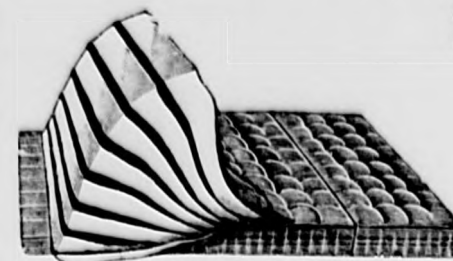
The whole incident had taken far less time than needed to relate it.—Leslie's.

Aliens.

A man's world always, this has been—everything arranged for men—and the women are foreigners.

Sure Thing.

Some men who are always saying "business before pleasure" never give intelligent attention to either.

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NOW IS THE TIME TO SELECT YOUR FURNITURE

as we have the largest stock now we have ever carried—floors crowded full.

We have some very handsome things in

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ALSO, A GOOD LINE OF **BABY CARRIAGES** THAT WE ARE SELLING LOW. A COMPLETE LINE OF PAPER HANGINGS.

And we will Re-upholster your old Furniture, and make over your Hair Mattress, as good as new.

Ford Furniture Co.
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IN A
Store Where They are All Right.

Any man who has so far hesitated about buying his Summer needfuls, and who has the smallest care for a cool, neat comfortable appearance, should come here and see how much value he can get for his money.

Nowadays most men of sense prefer to be sure of things of full value than to be doubtful about merchandise on which somebody decides to say that there is a "saving" of "a fourth," "a third" or "a half."

Also they prefer to deal with a store where they are always sure of getting 100 per cent value for their money, as against the store where there is one chance of getting something for almost nothing, and ninety-nine chances of getting taken in.

For these men of sense we are ready to-day with the good things for men to wear, and they are rightly priced—not too low priced to disgust any man.

STRAW HATS, SHIRTS, TIES, SHOES, TROUSERS,
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Weymouth and Quincy.

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SOUTH WEYMOUTH

—Be a Booster Sept. 11th.

—Elbert Ford has resigned as a member of Hose 5 of the Fire Department.

—The band concert in Columbian Square last Friday evening by the Stetson Shoe Co. band attracted a large crowd from the Weymouths and Rockland.

—Miss Laura Sherman has been visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Joseph Sherman of Marshfield.

—Miss Jennie Deane of Brockton has been the recent guest of relatives in town.

—Miss Miriam Fearing's Sunday school class of the Old South Church enjoyed a trip to Provincetown last Saturday. Among those who took the trip were Miss Fearing, Mary Bartlett, Ella Anderson, Florence Monroe, Lillian Clark, Grace Pierce, Elizabeth Clark, Flora McDons' and Evelyn Tirrell.

—Miss Ameda Corbin is reported ill at the home of her sister, Mrs. Loring Orcutt.

—Mrs. Henry Lawler is home from a week's outing at Salisbury Beach.

—Miss Margaret Heald has been visiting friends in Wolfboro, N. H.

—The Misses Emma Todd and Ethel Birmingham are in Canada for a few weeks.

—Miss Rita Brennan, employed at the Stetson Shoe Co. office, is enjoying her annual two week's vacation.

—Miss Jessie Morrill is the guest of Mrs. L. W. Attwood at her summer home at Bailey's Island, Maine.

—President Harry Thayer, James Young and D. Frank Daly of the Old Colony Driving Club have been attending the races at Goshen, N. Y., this week. They made the trip by automobile.

—Miss Helen O'Dowd is spending the week at Nantasket Beach.

—A. B. Raymond has been on a pleasure trip to Maine this week.

—Miss Ethel Wright is on a few weeks' visit in Wolfboro, New Hampshire.

—The Old Colony Driving Club is arranging for an interesting card of races for Labor Day.

—Stanley Hersey is passing a two weeks' vacation at Chebeague Island, Maine.

—George Barnard of this place has been at Marshfield this week with his stable of horses.

—Miss Dorothy Nash is in Portland, Me., for a two weeks' vacation trip.

—Miss Grace Fawley is visiting in Birchfield, Maine, and later will visit relatives and friends in Canada.

—Policeman Elbert Ford and Mrs. Ford are spending a few weeks in Nova Scotia. Charles Holbrook is covering Mr. Ford's beat during the latter's absence.

—Miss Ethel Wright is on an outing in Maine.

—Mrs. Joseph Bass is visiting her son in Concord Junction.

—Mrs. Lillian Veeze and family have taken up their residence in the house on Maine street formerly occupied by Mrs. Sherwood.

—Mrs. Lottie Baker and Miss Ella Parker are at York Beach, Maine, for two weeks.

—Samuel Robinson has gone to Maine for a week's vacation.

—Miss Mary Lintfield, clerk at the post-office, is in Onset for two weeks.

—South Weymouth grange conducted a very successful lawn party on the grounds of Mrs. Thomas Nash, at Nash's Corner last Wednesday evening.

Old South Church Notes.

The pastor is expected to preach at the morning service next Sunday at 10.30.

During August the choir omits regular rehearsals, but arranges special music.

Last Sunday F. E. Lond and Flora MacDonald rendered a duet, and a ladies' quartet sang "Nearer My Home."

The evening service next Sunday at 6.30 will be led by the pastor and have for its subject, "How I Have Proved Christianity and Seen It Proved." At the meeting last Sunday evening on "Lessons from the Forests and Field," many interesting experiences were given and Inez Allen sang "Consider the Lilies." Greetings were extended to Dea. Charles N. Dyer of the Center church, Haverhill, a native of this place and also to Dea. Francis A. Rugg, a manufacturer of Greenfield, who, with his son, Clarence (Amherst 1914) was the guests over Sunday of the pastor whose parishioner he formerly was in Montague.

The Baraca Cadets in charge Dea. Clarence W. Fearing, have recently purchased a dozen oak chairs for the furnishing of their Sunday school room.

Miriam Fearing and her Sunday school class of girls made an excursion by boat to Provincetown last Saturday.

No Cause to Worry.

"Theophilus," said Mrs. Gossip, "just think: One-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives!" "Never mind, dear," replied her long-suffering husband, "that isn't your fault."

Good Fellow.

Father (visiting at college)—"My son, these are better cigars than I can afford." Son—"That's all right, father; take all you want; this is on me."—Yale Record.

Draining a Metropolis.

London sewage has its main drainage outfalls at Barking and Crossness the average daily quantity dealt with is about 260,000,000 gallons, while the total quantity of sludge collected at Barking and Crossness is over 2,500,000 tons.

Following Are a Few of the Items Which Appeared in the Gazette Years Ago This Week.

TWENTY-TWO YEARS AGO.

Francis Richards had a duck which stole her nest and hatched out a peculiar brood. There were 10 ducklings and three chickens.

Henry should have left his place in charge of some faithful servant. Boys are mischievous. Not a peach of water-melon is left on the place.

Poll taxes are assessed to be collected; so say the Assessors, and a large number of delinquents have been placed in the hands of officer Asa B. Pratt, with orders to arrest at sight.

The work of connecting the main pipes of the Braintree and Weymouth water-works, has been completed, and in case of a failure of the service in either town from accident or otherwise, the connecting gate can be quickly opened.

We know a good thing when we see it. Selectman Howe is having the sides of Union street and the edge of the sidewalks mowed. We are glad this street has become a pet to our town fathers. It has been an "orphan" long enough.

The auction of the Tufts Library buildings tomorrow, will attract an interested number of people. The predictions as to the sum that will be realized from the sale of these buildings varies from \$300 to \$1800 for each. We hope for the good of the town and of the library that the larger sums will be bid.

Next Tuesday evening Braintree will hold a town-meeting to consider the matter of electric lighting. Mr. T. A. Watson of East Braintree, as chairman of the committee, has prepared a very careful and exhaustive report giving the results of his research and investigations.

TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.

Hingham, Cohasset and Hull comprise one representative district and just at present the question is, shall Hingham keep faith with Cohasset and let them have the nomination this year.

The veteran sportsman, Mr. John P. Lovell, is stopping at the Vineyard with his family, and as he expresses it, is daily waking up the bluish in the Sound, though he has no story to tell of his captures.

The East Weymouths will play with the Kiag Phillips for a purse of \$100 at the upon picnic of the L. P. U., and machine operatives union to be held at South Weymouth park, Labor Day.

The post office room in Fogg building is being rapidly fitted up under the direction of Postmaster Vining and the arrangements and furnishings are sure to be above criticism. Windows, boxes and all the settings will be of a style at once attractive and convenient.

Rev. Wm. Hyde, rector of Trinity church, in a prelude to his sermon last Sunday morning, alluding to the recent sad death of Master Hilton, commented on the large amount of indifference among dog owners to the order of the authorities for restraint of the animals, stating that every day he encountered from three to a dozen dogs in one locality without muzzles and going at large.

TWENTY-SIX YEARS AGO.

The ringing of a bell Friday afternoon supposed to have been for a fire at South Weymouth, was the trying of the new bell at Lovell's Corner.

The schooner Wm. Todd of Philadelphia, is unloading 240 tons of pipes at Sheppard's wharf, consigned to the Braintree Water Supply Co.

A happier or a better set of men than compose the members of Hose No. 2 would be hard to find, and last Monday evening they were even happier than usual, for on that evening their new uniforms, which the citizens of East Weymouth liberally contributed toward, arrived.

In consequence of constant agitation and renewed vigilance on part of the police force, there is little disturbance nights along the face wall on the west side of the square in South Weymouth, although an occasional crowd too much saturated with ice water, makes things lively for several minutes at a time.

Last Saturday at North Weymouth, there was witnessed by a large crowd, one of the most exciting and laughable games of the season. The clubs in this game were both from Clapp's factory, East Weymouth, and were known as the Stitches and Cutters. The game was won by the Cutters by a score of 32 to 19.

Why March is Shortest Month.
A Kansas girl observes that March is the shortest month of the year "because the wind blows three days out of every week."

THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

Maybe It Was a Quince Eve Ate in the Garden of Eden.

Why and how it has happened that the apple has been spoken of as the fruit that was forbidden in the Garden of Eden is one of the great puzzles of biblical scholars. The fact is that in Genesis iii., where the incident of the eating of this fruit of the "tree of knowledge of good and evil" is mentioned, no name whatever is given to that fruit. All that is said is: "And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat." (Verse 6.)

In fact, scholars doubt very seriously whether it was the apple at all. They suggest that all evidence points to it having been the quince, the fragrance of which was held in the highest esteem by the Orientals. Another point in favor of the quince is that it is the fruit which was sacred to Venus, the goddess of love, and in a great many of the ancient writings the quince is very frequently mentioned in this manner. In Babylonia Ishtar took the place of Venus in the Roman mythology, and it should be remembered that the story of the creation originated with the Babylonians. All evidence seems to point away from the apple having been the "forbidden fruit," and toward the quince as having been that fruit of the "tree of knowledge of good and evil."—Tit-Bits.

DREAMING OF FALLING.

What Happened in the One Known Case of Hitting the Ground.

Probably all of us have dreamed that we were falling down the back stairs or a high cliff, then gliding swimmingly off into space. This dream gives the same sensation as a rapidly descending elevator or a fast swaying swing. We are worried for the instant about what will happen when we strike bottom, but we never strike. Either we are off on another dream before that disastrous event happens or we awake.

There is an old superstition that if one ever hit the ground the shock would kill the dreamer, but this is difficult of proof, for, as our Irish neighbor might remark, the only way it could be proved would be to have the dreamer wake up dead and tell us about it.

Of the thousands who wrote letters a few years ago to an Englishman who had published an essay on the subject but one correspondent had dreamed that the fall continued clear to the ground. This woman dreamed she fell off a tall rock. When she hit the ground she was broken into small bits, but a sort of second self gathered up the pieces and glued them together making a piece of humanity as good as new. This dream, however, is unique.—Chicago Tribune.

Sarcastic.

He had just reached the philosophical stage when he slipped into a restaurant between bars for a bit to eat. He ordered. Then he sat staring ahead, quietly thoughtful in expression, and waited.

It is admitted that he did some waiting too. What happened to his order couldn't be understood outside the peculiar convolutions of a restaurant kitchen, but he spent half an hour sitting there, staring ahead of him.

At last it came. As the waitress put the order before him he started from his deep study as if he had forgotten he had an order coming. Then, looking up at the fair transporter of edibles, he said:

"You don't look a day older!"—Everybody's.

The Sleep of Horses.

When the horse sleeps, it is said that one ear is directed forward, why is not known. A writer in the English Mechanic thinks this is to guard against danger, being a survival of its originally wild habits. He says: "Watch a horse asleep through the window of his stable and make a faint noise at the front. That ear will be all attention, and probably the other will fly around sharply to assist. Now let him go to sleep again and make the same noise to the left. The forward ear still will keep guard, with possibly a lightning flick round, only to resume its former position."

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In texture and shape Highland Linen meets every requirement of the most exacting person. Yet with all its good taste, this is not a paper restricted to those who can afford to spend a great deal on their stationery. You will be surprised when you ask us to tell you the price—most agreeably surprised. Let us tell you today.

HUNT'S

On The Corner
EAST WEYMOUTH

Man in the Case. Probably,
Alice—"I think Kitty's new hat is simply a fright." Marie—"Isn't it. I helped her to select it."—Boston Transcript.

Better Than Wealth

is perfect health; but to enjoy good health it is necessary first to get rid of the minor ailments caused by defective or irregular action of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels,—ailments which spoil life, dull pleasure, and make all sufferers feel tired or good for nothing.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(The Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World)

have proved themselves to be the best corrective or preventive of these troubles. They insure better feelings and those who rely upon them soon find themselves so brisk and strong they are better able to work and enjoy life. For that reason alone, Beecham's Pills are

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Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c, 25c.
Directions with every box show the way to good health.



The Husbands of Edith

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

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PROLOGUE

This humorous tale, written in McCutcheon's best vein, is faultless in its morals, despite its title, and cumulative in its interest. It may be stated in strict confidence that Edith did not actually have more than one husband; consequently the gentle reader need harbor no apprehension on this score. Like all other estimable married women, Edith had only one husband, but circumstances arose through which it seemed necessary for her husband to be in two places at the same time, and how this was accomplished and what the outcome was—But wait a bit; let George Barr McCutcheon, the prince of story tellers, unfold the romance.

CHAPTER I.

Husbands and Wife.

BROCK was breakfasting out of doors in the cheerful little garden of the Hotel Chatham. The sun streamed warmly upon the concrete floor of the court just beyond the row of palms and oleanders that fringed the rail against which his Herald rested, that he might read as he ran, so to speak. He was the only person having dejeuner on the "terrace," as he named it to the obsequious waiter who always attended him. Charles was the magnet that drew Brock to the Chatham, that excellent French hotel with the excellent English name.

Charles was standing, alert but pensive, quite near at hand, ready to replenish the bowl with honey. Brock was especially fond of it. Brock had gone to the Chatham for years just because Charles was a fixture there. Charles spoke the most execrably picturesque English, served with a punctiliousness that savored almost of the overbearing, and boasted that he had acquired the art of making American cocktails during a five weeks' residence in the United States.

It was a lazy morning Brock was happy. He was even interested when a porter came forth and unraveled a long roll of garden hose, with which he abruptly began to splash water upon the concrete surface of the court without regard for distance or direction. Moreover, he proceeded to water the palms, operating from a spot no less than twenty feet away, until the faithful Charles restored him to earth by means of certain subdued injunctions and less moderate gesticulations, from which it could be readily gathered that "Monsieur was cutting, not bathing." Whereupon the utterly uncrushed porter splashed water at right angles, to Brock's relief. "Monsieur will pardon the boy," apologized Charles in deepest humility, taking much for granted. "It will be very warm today. Your serviette, Monsieur—it is damp. Pardon!" He flew away and back with another napkin. "Of course, Monsieur, the Chatham is not the Waldorf," he announced deprecatingly. "Parbleu," he murmured, "Paris is not New York, no." Having sufficiently humbled Paris he withdrew into the background, rubbing his hands as if he were cleansing them of something unsightly. Brock spread one of the buttered biscuits with honey and inwardly admitted that Paris was not New York.

He was a good looking chap of thirty or thereabouts, an American to the core, bright eyed, keen witted, smooth faced, he had spent a portion of his summers in Europe. Two or three years of his life had been employed in the beaux arts, fruitful years for Brock had not wasted his opportunities. He had gone in for architecture and building. Today he stood high among the younger men in New York, prosperous, successful and a menace to the old cry that a son of the rich cannot thrive in his father's domain. Nowadays he came to the old world for his breathing spells. He was able to combine dawdling and development without sacrificing one for the other, wherein lies the proof that his vacations were not akin to those taken by most of us.

The fortnight in Paris was to be followed by a week in St. Petersburg and a brief tour of Sweden and Norway. His stay in the gay city was

drawing to a close. That very morning he expected to book for St. Petersburg, leaving in three days. Suddenly his glance fell upon a name in the society column before him, "Roxbury Medcroft." His face lighted up with genuine pleasure. An old friend, a boon companion in bygone days was this same Medcroft, a broad minded, broad gauged young Englishman who had profited by a stay of some years in the States. They had studied together in Paris and they had tolled together in New York. This is what he read:

Mr. and Mrs. Roxbury Medcroft of London are stopping at the Ritz, en route to Vienna. Mr. Medcroft will attend the meeting of Austrian architects, to be held there next week, and, with his wife, will afterward spend a fortnight in the German Alps, the guests of the Alfred Rodney of Seattle.

"Dear old Rox, I must look him up at once," mused Brock. "The Rodney of Seattle? Never heard of 'em." He looked at his watch, signed his check, deposited the usual franc, acknowledged Charles' well practised smile of thanks, and pushed back his chair, his gaze traveling involuntarily toward the portals of the American bar across the court, just beyond the concierge's quarters. Simultaneously a tall figure emerged from the bar, casting eager glances in all directions—a tall figure in a checked suit, a gray cap, white reindeer gloves, high collar, and gray spats. Brock came to his feet quickly. The monocle dropped from the other's eye, and his long legs carried him eagerly toward the American.

"Medcroft—bless your heart—I was just on the point of looking you up at the Ritz. It's good to see you," Brock cried as they clasped hands.

"Of all the men and of all the times, Brock, you are the most opportune."



"I'm in a deuce of a dilemma."

exclaimed the other. "I saw that you were here and belted my breakfast to catch you. These beastly telephones never work. Oh, I say, old man, have you finished yours?"

"Quite—but luckily I didn't have to bolt it. You're off for Vienna, I see. Sit down, Rox. Won't you have another egg and a cup of coffee? Do?"

"Thanks and no to everything you suggest. What you doing for the next half hour or so? I'm in a deuce of a dilemma and you've got to help me out of it." The Englishman looked at his watch and fumbled it nervously as he replaced it in his upper coat pocket. "That's a good fellow, Brock. You will be the ever present help in time of trouble, won't you?"

"My letter of credit is at your disposal, old man," said Brock promptly. He meant it. It readily may be seen from this that their friendship is no small item to be considered in the development of this tale.

"My dear fellow, that's the very thing I'm eager to thrust upon you—my letter of credit," exclaimed the other.

"What's that?" demanded Brock.

"I say, Brock, can't we go up to your rooms? Dead secret, you know. Really, old chap, I mean it. No one must get a breath of it. That's why I'm whispering. I'm not a lunatic, so don't stare like that. I'd do as much for you if the conditions were reversed."

"I dare say you would, Rox. But

what the devil is it you want me to do?"

"Do I appear to be agitated?"

"Well, I should say so."

"Well, I am. You know how I loath asking a favor of any one. Besides, it's rather an extraordinary one I'm going to ask of you. Came to me in a flash this morning when I saw your name in the paper. Sort of inspiration, 'pon my word. I think Edith sees it the same as I, although I haven't had time to go into it thoroughly with her. She's ripping you know—pluck to the very core."

Brock's face expressed bewilderment and perplexity.

"Won't you have another drink, old man?" he asked gently.

"Another? Hang it all, I haven't had one in a week! Come along. I must talk it all over with you before I introduce you to her. You must be prepared."

"Introduce me to whom?" demanded Brock, pricking up his ears. He was following Medcroft to the elevator.

"To my wife—Edith," said Medcroft, annoyed by the other's obtuseness.

"Does it require preparation for an ordeal so charming?" laughed Brock. He was recalling the fact that Medcroft had married a beautiful Philadelphia girl some years ago in London, a young lady whom he had never seen, so thoroughly expatriated had she become in consequence of almost a lifetime residence in England. He remembered now that she was rich and that he had sent her a ridiculously expensive present and a congratulatory cablegram at the time of the wedding.

The Londoner did not respond to the innocuous query. He merely stared in a preoccupied, determined manner at the succeeding stages as they slipped downward. At the fourth floor they disembararked, and Brock led the way to his rooms, overlooking the inner court. Once inside with the door closed he turned upon the Englishman.

"Now, what's up, Rox? Are you in trouble?" he demanded.

"Are we quite alone?" Medcroft glanced significantly at the transom and the half closed bathroom door. With a laugh Brock led him into the bathroom and out and then closed the transom.

"You're darned mysterious," he said, pointing to a chair near the window. Medcroft drew another close up and seated himself.

"Bro," he said, lowering his voice and leaning forward impressively, "I want you to go to Vienna in my place." Brock stared hard. "You are a god-send, old man. You're just in time to do me the greatest of favors. It's utterly impossible for me to go to Vienna as I had planned, and yet it is equally unwise for me to give up the project. You see, I've just got to be in London and Vienna at the same time."

"It will require something more than a stretch of the imagination to do that, old man. But I'm game, and my plans are such that they can be changed readily to oblige a friend. I shan't mind the trip in the least, and I'll be only too happy to help you out. God! I thought by your manner that you were in some frightful difficulty."

"By Jove, Brock, you're a brick!" cried Medcroft, shaking the other's hand vigorously. At the same time his face expressed considerable uncertainty and no little doubt as to the future welfare of his as yet partially divulged proposition.

"It's easy to be a brick, my boy. If it involves no more than the changing of a single letter in one's name. I'd like to attend the convention anyway," said Brock amiably.

"Well, you see, Brock," said Medcroft lamely, "I fear you don't quite appreciate the situation. I want you to pose as Roxbury Medcroft."

"You—What do you mean?"

"I thought you'd find that a facer. That's just it. You are to go to Vienna as Roxbury Medcroft, not as yourself. Ha, ha! Ripping, eh?"

"Ton my soul, Rox, you are not in earnest?"

"Never more so."

"But, my dear fellow—"

"You won't do it? That's what your tone means," in despair.

"It isn't that, and you know it. I've got nothing to lose. It's you that will have to suffer. You're known all over Europe. What will be said when the trick is discovered? God, man!"

"Then you will go?" with beaming eyes. "I knew it would appeal to you as an American."

"What does it all mean?"

"It's all very simple, if one looks at it from the right angle. Brock. Up to last night I was blissfully committed to the most delightful of outtings, so to speak. At 10 o'clock everything was

changed. Mrs. Medcroft and I sat up all night discussing the situation with the messenger—my solicitor, by the way. The Vienna trip is out of the question, so far as I am concerned. It is of vital importance that I should return to London tonight, but it is even more vitally important that the world should say that I am in Vienna. See what I mean?"

"No, I'm hanged if I do."

"What I have just heard from London makes me shudder to think of the consequences if I go on east tonight. I may as well tell you that there is a plot on foot to perpetrate a gigantic fraud against the people. The county council is to be hoodwinked out and out into moving forward certain building projects, involving millions of the people's money. Our firm has opposed a certain band of grafters, and when I left England it was pretty well settled that we had blocked their game. They have learned of my proposed absence and intend to steal a march on us while I am away. Without assuming too much credit to myself, I may say that I, your old friend, Roxbury, I am the one man who has proved the real thorn in the sides of these scoundrels. With me out of the way they feel that they can secure the adoption of all these infamous measures. My partners and the leaders on our side have sent for me to return secretly. They won't bring the matter to issue if they find that I've returned. It would be suicidal. Therefore it is necessary that we steal a march on 'em. I know the inside workings of the scheme. If I can steal back and keep under cover as an advisory chief, so to speak, we can well afford to let 'em rush the matter through, for then we can spring the coup and defeat them for good and all. But, don't you see, old man, unless they know that I've gone to Vienna they won't undertake the thing. That's why I'm asking you to go on to Vienna and pose as Roxbury Medcroft while I steal back to London and set the charge under these damned bloodsuckers. Really, you know, it's a terribly serious matter, Brock. It means fortune and honor to me, as well as millions to the rate payers of Greater London. All you've got to do is to register at the Bristol, get interviewed by the papers, attend one or two sessions of the convention, which lasts three days, and then go off into the mountains with the Rodney's. The society reporters will do the rest."

"With the Rodney's? My dear fellow, suppose that they object to the substitution? Really, you know, it's not to be thought of."

"Deuce take it, man, the Rodney's are not to know that there has been a substitution. Perfectly simple, can't you see?"

"I'm d-d if I do!"

"What a stupid ass you are, Brock! The Rodney's have never laid eyes on me. They know of me as Edith's husband, that's all. They are to take you in as Medcroft, of course."

At this point Brock set up an emphatic remonstrance. He began by laughing his friend to scorn; then, as Medcroft persisted, went so far as to take him severely to task for the proposed imposition on the unsuspecting Rodney's, to say nothing of the trick he would play upon the convention of architects.

"I'd be recognized as an impostor," he said warmly, "and booted out of the convention. I shudder to think of what Mr. Rodney will do to me when he learns the truth. Why, Medcroft, you must be crazy. There will be dozens of architects there who know you personally or by sight. You?"

"My dear boy, if they don't see me there they can't very well recognize me, can they? If necessary you can affect an illness and stay away from the sessions altogether. Give a statement to the press from the privacy of the sickroom—regret your inability to take part in the discussions and all that, you know. Hire a nurse if necessary. You might venture to express an opinion or two on vital topics in my name. I don't care a hang what you say. I only want 'em to think I'm there. No doubt our enemies will have a spy or two hanging about to see that I am actually off for a jaunt with the Rodney's, but they will be Viennese, and they won't know me from Adam. What's the odds, so long as Edith is there to stand by you? If she's willing to assume that you are her husband—"

"Good Lord!" half shouted Brock, leaping to his feet, wide eyed. "You don't mean to say that she is to go to Vienna with me?"

"Emphatically yes. She's also invited. Of course she's going."

"You mean that she's going just as you are going—by proxy?" murmured Brock helplessly.

"Proxy, the devil! 'Pon my soul, Brock, you're downright stupid. She can't have a proxy. They know her. The Rodney's are in some way connections of hers, and all that—third cousins. If she isn't there to vouch for you, how the deuce can you expect to?"

"Medcroft, you are crazy! No one but an insane man would submit his wife to— Why, good Lord, man, think of the scandal! She won't have a shred left!"

"At the proper time the matter will be explained to the Rodney's—not at first, you know—and I'll be in a position to step into your shoes before the party returns to Paris. Afterward the whole trick will be exposed to the world, and she'll be a heroine."

"I'm absolutely paralyzed," mumbled Brock.

"Brace up, old chap. I'm going to take you around to the Ritz at once to introduce you to my wife—to your wife. I might say. She'll be waiting for us, and take my word for it, she's in for the game. She appreciates its importance. Come now, Brock. It means so little to you, and it means everything to me. You will do this for me—for us?"

(To Be Continued.)

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Herald.

Outpouring.
The garret seemed suddenly empty,
as I closed and sealed a letter to you.

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Keep yourself clean and bright. You
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man.

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comfort of the husband. Every man
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George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Willard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.

**Meetings Savings Bank Building, East
Weymouth, Every Monday.**
during the municipal year, from 2 to 5 o'clock p. m.

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Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hayes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Willard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
A. Francis Barnes, South Weymouth.

**Meet at the Town Home every first Tues-
day of the month and at the Town Office,
East Weymouth, every third Tuesday from
2 to 5 o'clock p. m.**
Weymouth, March 14, 1913.

WEYMOUTH FIRE ALARM BOXES.

- 12—Pole, River and Parnell Sts
- 13—Bradley Fertilizer Works.
- 14—Pole, Wessagusset Road.
- 114—Pole, Wessagusset & Hobomac St.
- 15—Pole, Bicknell square
- 115—Pole, Pearl and Norton Streets.
- 18—Pole, Bay View Street.
- 116—Pole, Bridge and Saunders Sts.
- 117—Pole, Sea and North Sts.
- 18—Pole, Lovell and Bridge Sts
- 19—Pole, Church and North Sts
- 21—Pole, Grant and High Sts.
- 221—Pole, Wharf St.
- 23—Pole, Jackson Square.
- 223—Pole, Commercial and Putnam Sts
- 24—Pole, Electric Station, private
- 224—Pole, Charles St.
- 25—Pole, Central square.
- 225—Pole, Middle St., near Lake.
- 26—Pole, Broad St., near Essex.
- 226—Pole, Cedar and Hawthorne Sts
- 27—Pole, Broad St. and Bates Ave
- 28—Pole, Shawmut St.
- 29—Pole, Strong's Factory, priv.
- 31—Pole, Summer and Federal Sts.
- 32—Pole, Congress and Washington Sts
- 34—Engine House No. 3.
- 35—Pole, Prospect and Granite Sts
- 36—Pole, Garfield Square
- 38—Pole, Washington Square.
- 39—Pole, Commercial Street, opposite
Wharf.
- 41—Pole, Lovells Corner
- 42—Pole, Elm and Pleasant Sts.
- 43—Pole, Nash's Corner.
- 45—Pole, cor. Park Ave. and Main Sts.
- 46—Pole, Middle and Washington Sts.
- 47—Pole, Pleasant and Canterbury.
- 48—Lake View Park.
- 49—Pole, opp. Pratt School, Pleasant St
- 51—Pole, Pleasant, opp. Otis Torrey's.
- 52—Engine House No. 5.
- 53—Pole, Independence Square.
- 54—Pole, near Depot.
- 55—Pole, Pond St., near Robinson's
- 56—Pole, Thicket and Pond Sts
- 57—Pole, May's Corner, Union St.
- 58—Henry Chandler's, Union Street.
- 61—Corner Randolph and Forest Sts.
- 62—Pole, E. C. Staples, Main St.

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inclusive during p. m. The same signal
at 12.45 o'clock p. m., no school in any
grade during p. m.

A PAPER BULLET

It Was Fired With Great
Success

By ALBERT KENYON

One evening during the war between
the states, when we were lying in face
of an enemy, I stole away from camp
and in the darkness succeeded in pass-
ing the pickets. Climbing a tree, where
I could hear if not see what the Con-
federates were doing, I heard so
much going on that I believed they
were preparing for one of those at-
tacks just before dawn, the hour usu-
ally chosen for an intended surprise.
I got down from the tree, choosing a
moment when the const was clear, and,
crawling through underbrush, retraced
my steps, got safely through the pick-
ets and returned to my own lines.
There I made myself known and, mak-
ing for my captain's tent, told him
the whole story.

He was too much impressed with
the importance of getting it to the
general to reprimand me for leaving
camp without permission and hurried
me to headquarters. It was midnight,
and all were asleep there. But the
captain called an aid, and the aid
awakened the general, who gave or-
ders that the command should be
called (without beating the long roll)
and formed in line of battle behind
such natural defenses as the location
afforded.

At 3 o'clock—dawn did not come till
nearly 4—we heard the tramp of men
and when their shadowy forms ap-
peared astonished them with a storm
of lead and iron that drove them back
in confusion. They returned, but were
again driven back, after which they
retired to their camps.

This sally of mine gave me all the
adventure I wanted for the rest of my
term of service, for it made me the
general's chief scout. I almost always
went out for information in uniform.
In the first place, I preferred being
captured or shot to being hanged for
a spy, against which death my uni-
form was a protection. I have ridden
into the enemy's lines rigged as a Fed-
eral trooper, acknowledged myself to
the people as such and was not
believed. "You can't come that on us,"
they would say. "You're one of Mos-
by's men." When I would deny this
they would insist that I had adopted
the Yankee uniform for secret service.

After one of our fights, in which nei-
ther side seemed to have got an
advantage, I was sent into Confederate
territory with a view to determining
whether the enemy were taking steps
to continue the fight or withdraw.
But a far more important object was
to carry an order to General B., on our
flank, to join in a simultaneous attack
without command in case I found the
enemy inclined to retreat. If I found
them in good condition to renew the
fight and preparing to do so I was
to destroy the order, and if the re-
verse I was to deliver it. It was writ-
ten on tissue paper, giving details of
time of attack, etc., and rolled into a
ball about the size of a pistol bullet.

I carried it in my holster in order that
I might have it ready to throw away
or destroy in case of expected capture.

I went out, as usual, in my blue jack-
et with yellow cavalry facings, my
carbine slung to my saddle and a re-
volver at my hip. I emerged from our
lines into a wood, through which by
the general's direction a skirmish line
had been sent to determine whether it
was occupied by the enemy. It was
free, and after riding through it for
half a mile I came to a clearing. Be-
fore entering upon it I looked over
what was in front of me, for, being on
an eminence, I could see quite a dis-
tance. There were no camps in sight
nor any large force, only stray bands,
mostly cavalry. So I started out,
intending to ride forward, keep my eyes
open and be guided by circumstances.

Descending a slope through a corn-
field, I struck a road leading south-
ward, the direction in which the ene-
my were supposed to be. I could see
approaching bands of persons and di-
rected my course so as to avoid them.
One would have had to come near me
to see that I wore a Federal uniform.
For mine was by no means a new one
—rather dingy, in fact—and needed
close inspection to tell whether it was
Confederate or Union. So, while I saw
all I cared to see, no one saw me with
sufficient distinctness to know that I
was a Yankee soldier.

I rode on over low ground till I came
to a ridge from which I could see the
Confederate camps. A wagon train
was headed southward. If it was
loaded with supplies that meant that
the enemy were preparing to retreat.
If the wagons were empty it meant
that they were engaged in hauling sup-
plies to the army; that they had
brought a load and were returning for
another. I could see the white line of
the road over which they would pass
and that it made a turn not far from
where they were. By riding across
fields I could intercept them. I pushed
forward and, taking them on the flank,
rode along by them toward their rear.
"What yo' doin' in that uniform?"
called a teamster.

"Took it from a Yank killed in the
fight yesterday," I replied. "My but-
ternut suit was ragged. And look at
the boots! I never let a Yank get away
with his boots, especially if he's dead."
"I'll give you a hundred dollars for
em."

"Not much. I got all the money I
want, but only one pair o' boots."

It was plain that the wagons were
full of supplies, not only by the power
required by the mules to haul them,
but through the front or rear openings
in the covers I could see the property
stacked up inside.

Having learned all I wished to know,
I continued my way to the rear end of
the train, then turned into a wood,
where I lost myself for awhile. It was
now my object to ride northeastward
to General B.'s corps and deliver my
order. While I was waiting I heard a
rumble and a creaking in the road and
recognized sounds made by artillery.
If I had needed further evidence of re-
treat this would have confirmed my
opinions, for the next thing to sup-
ply a retreating army moves is its heavy
guns—that is, unless pressed so hard
by an enemy as to need them for de-
fense.

The direction I was now to take forced
me to cross the road I had just left.
Preferring to move through woods, I
kept on among the trees as long as pos-
sible, then turned into the road, having
a stretch of a quarter of a mile before
me before striking other timber. While
making this interval I heard the quick
thud of horses' hoofs behind me and,
turning my head, saw a troop of Con-
federate cavalry coming. I turned into
the wood on the north side of the road,
and, though I did not alter my gait, I
continued my course. I heard a "Hello,
thar?" from the troop, but, pretending
not to hear, kept on. As I disappeared
in the wood there came a sharp "Halt,
you, thar!"

I must make a quick decision. In
Federal uniform I could not expect to
deceive an officer as I had deceived a
teamster. I would be obliged to give
an account of myself and would doubt-
less be detained. If the general's or-
ders were found on me my Federal uni-
form might not save me from the
gallows, for, although it was simply an
order, it was evident that it was based
on my observations of Confederate
movements. I was certainly not on a
direct line between the Federal general
who had written it and the officer for
whom it was intended. This would
prove me a secret service man.

All this was but a flash in my brain.
My decision was made upon the im-
portance of getting the order through.
If I succeeded it would give our troops
a great advantage; if I failed a fine
opportunity would be lost. I deter-
mined to run for it. Having passed out
of sight, I put spurs to my horse and,
though I was obliged to dodge the
trees, made good progress. I was in
hopes that those who had seen me
would not consider me of sufficient im-
portance to chase. But these hopes
were blasted by hearing one or more
horses crashing through the under-
growth behind me.

A lightning flash before me indicated
that the wood had no great extent and
I would soon be in the open. It was
evident that I must soon fight or sur-
render. While I was thinking about
it I came to the end of the wood and
entered a field. Soon after doing so I
looked back to see by how many I was
pursued. But one man thus far had
left the wood. I rode on at a break-
neck pace for about half a mile, then
looked back again. Only the one pur-
suer was in sight. This decided me
I determined to fight.

But, realizing that I was more likely
to be taken alive than killed, after
drawing my revolver I took the mes-
sage from my holster. What would I
do with it? If I threw it away the
man chasing me would see it and look
for it. I stuffed it in the muzzle of
my pistol, then, reining in my horse,
I faced him toward the Confederate.
He was within a hundred yards of me
at the time and, drawing his weapon,
came on. My horse was standing still,
which enabled me to take a good aim.
When he came within range we both
fired almost simultaneously. His bul-
let cut the edge of my ear, though I
did not know it at the time. My bul-
let pierced his brain.

No sooner had the man fallen from
his horse and I saw blood oozing from
his forehead than I bethought myself
of the situation. If no more Confed-
erates came for me and I could find
the dispatch I might yet carry it to
General B. I calculated that on ac-
count of its light weight it had not
gone more than a few yards from my
pistol and, calculating the direction of
the wind, began to hunt for it. Seeing
a bit of paper, I took it up and found
it to be the dispatch. It had been
partially opened by pressure against
the atmosphere. Had it not been for
this I doubt if I should have found
it, since in its globular form it was
very small and blackened by powder.

My first act after finding it was to
look to see if any more pursuers were
emerging from the wood. None ap-
peared. Noticing C. S. A. branded on
the trooper's horse, I decided to take
him instead of my own. I also took
his hat and his belt, the latter hav-
ing the same letters. He wore no
coat or I would have taken that too.
But I threw away my own coat and,
mounting, rode away at a gallop.

The change of horse and belt served
a good purpose. As soon as I got away
from my dead enemy I slowed down
and rode at a moderate pace. I took
to roads and passed a number of citi-
zens and soldiers, but the brand on my
horse and the letters on my belt were
a sure protection. I soon made ground
occupied by neither army and by noon
rode into General B.'s camp and deliv-
ered my dispatch. After reading the
instructions General B. acted upon
them at once and attacked the enemy
in force. My own commander heard
his guns, and, joining him, the two
made a complete rout, capturing many
prisoners and stores.

In my chest of war relics I have my
paper bullet, which General B. after-
ward gave me, and it is of course more
prized than any other of my souvenirs.

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serted about noon of the day before pub-
lication.

OLD SOUTH CHURCH (South Wey-
mouth.) Rev. H. C. Alford, pastor.
Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School,
11.45. Baracca Young Men's Class, 12.00.
Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.15. Evening
service at 7.00. Thursday evening, 7.30.

TRINITY CHURCH (Weymouth.) Rev.
William Hyde, pastor. Service with ser-
mon at 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday
School at 12.00 p. m.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
(South Weymouth.) Rev. Albert V.
Horse, pastor. Morning service at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E.
meeting at 6 p. m.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (North Wey-
mouth.) Rev. Rufus H. Dix, pastor.
Sunday school at 1.15 p. m.; preaching at
2.40 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East
Braintree.) Rev. Nelson Allen Price, pastor.
Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School,
11.45. Junior League, 4.30 p. m. Epworth
League, 6.30 p. m. Evening preaching
service, 7.15. Prayer meeting, Friday
evening, 7.30. A cordial welcome is ex-
tended to all these services.

BAPTIST CHURCH (Weymouth's Day Ser-
vice.) Preaching at 10.30 a. m. and 7.00
p. m. Bible School, 12 p. m. Prayer
meeting, Thursday, evening, 7.15 p. m.
Y. P. S. C. E. at 8.45 P. M. on Sun-
day.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (Wey-
mouth and Braintree.) Morning service,
10.30. Sunday school at 12. Y. P. S. C. E.
at 6.30. Prayer meeting, Friday
evening at 7.30. All are invited to attend
these services.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East
Weymouth.) Rev. George A. Grant,
pastor. Morning worship and preaching at
10.30. Sunday School at noon. Ep-
worth League meeting at 6.30 p. m. Even-
ing service at 7.30. Tuesday evenings,
7.45 p. m. prayer meetings. Holy
communion, first Sunday in every month
following morning service.

OLD NORTH CHURCH (Weymouth
Heights.) Rev. Edward Yaeger, pastor.
Morning service at 10.30. Evening ser-
vice at 7.00. Sunday school at 11.45 a. m.
Thursday evening at 7.30. A cordial in-
vitation is extended to all of these ser-
vices.

PIGHEM CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
(North Weymouth.) Rev. Charles Clark,
pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Sun-
day school, 11.45 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E.
6.15 p. m. Evening service at 7.00. A
cordial welcome is extended to all of
these services. Preaching at both morn-
ing and evening service.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (East Wey-
mouth.) Rev. Walter H. Commons, pastor.
Morning worship at 10.30. Sunday school
at 11.45. Evening service at 7.00. Tues-
day evening service at 7.30.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (Wey-
mouth.) Rev. Rufus H. Dix, pastor. Sun-
day morning service at 10.30. Sunday
School at 12 m. Y. P. C. U. at 5.30 p. m.

SECOND UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (South
Weymouth.) Minister; William Wallace
Rose. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday
School at 12 m.

PORTER M. E. CHURCH (Lovell's Corner)
Rev. J. W. Reynolds, pastor. Preaching ser-
vice at 10.30 a. m. Sunday School at 11.45
a. m. Epworth League at 6.00. Social and
Praise service at 7 p. m. All are cor-
dially invited.

CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER (South
Weymouth.) Rev. D. J. Crimmins, rector.
Sundays—Masses 8.00 and 10 a. m. Sun-
day School at 2.30 p. m. Rosary and
Benediction at 3.30 p. m. Week days:
Mass at 7.30 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART (Wey-
mouth.) Rev. J. B. Holland, rector.
Sundays—Masses at 7.30, 10.00 a. m.
Sunday School at 11.00 a. m. Vespers at
4 p. m. Week days—Mass 7 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION
(East Weymouth.) Rev. James W.
Allison, rector. Rev. Maurice Lynch, as-
sistant. Masses Sunday at 8 and 10.30 a.
m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Vespers
at 7.45 p. m. Masses week days at 7 and
7.30.

ST. JEROME'S CHURCH (North Wey-
mouth.) Pastor, Rev. James W. Allison.
Assistant, Rev. Maurice Lynch. Mass,
Sunday at 9. Sunday School at 3.

ZION'S HILL CHAPEL (East Weymouth)
Social service at 2 and 6.30 p. m. Rev.
E. W. Smith, preacher.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Braintree.) Preach-
ing at 10.30 a. m. Kindergarten class in
charge of Miss Elizabeth B. Pray at
10.30. Second session of this class at
11.45. Regular Sunday school at 11.45
All are welcome.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST
(at Quincy, Alpha Hall cor. Hancock st.
and Cottage Ave.) Morning service and
Sunday School at 10.45. Wednesday, 7.45
P. M., an experience and testimony meet-
ing. Reading room open every week day
from 3 to 5. All are welcome. Subject,
Sunday morning Aug 24, "Mud."

Golden West

Furniture

Dressing.

WHEN YOUR FURNI-
TURE LOOKS DULL
AND NEEDS BRIGHT-
ENING AND CLEAN-
ING UP use the

GOLDEN WEST FURNITURE DRESSING
(Not a Polish.)

J. H. MURRAY, dealer
in Paints, Oils and Hard-
ware, East Weymouth,
Agent.

Prepared by OLIVER BURRELL, East
Weymouth, Mass. Price 25 Cents. It is

Wants, For Sale, To Let, Etc.

Four lines or less under this head. 25 cents each insertion; each extra line 10c. Count 8 words to a line. No ads. accepted in this department unless accompanied by the cash.

APARTMENTS FOR SALE.—Delivered in car lot by the Bay State St. Ry. Co. Apply to Thomas Gannon, Supt., 354 Hancock street, Quincy, Telephone, Quin. 56.

TO LET.—For parties, weddings, christenings, for long or short trips. 5-pass Buick. Tel. Wey. 235-W. Fine Point Auto and Motor Co., Bridge street, North Weymouth. 117f

CLOTHING.—Men and young men's. Hand-some patterns. Two hundred suits. \$4 to \$12. Bargains not to be found elsewhere. Geo. A. Hunt, 75 Front St., Weymouth. 117f

CAN place a few mortgages, with private parties, and on reasonable terms if property is right. Address Box 553, E. Weymouth. 117f

FOR SALE.—Eclipse Gas Range, never used. Apply to F. L. BICKNELL, 230 Front street. 22-1f

FOR SALE.—At your own price, a marble top black walnut chamber set and mattress; mattress never been used. Apply at once to A. C. BATES, 45 Charles street, East Weymouth. 23-1f

TO LET.—Furnished room, with or without board. Apply at No. 11 Tremont street. 23-1f

TO LET.—An up-to-date tenement with modern improvements, on Broad street, in East Weymouth. Apply to W. H. Pratt, Broad street, East Weymouth. 117f

WANTED.—To rent, a house with modern improvements; good location, in Weymouth Landing. Address, with description and rental, FRANK B. TAYLOR, Hanover, N. H. 23-1f

WANTED.—People to know that if you want a 25-cent note to make known they want it, call on me.

Real Estate

Do you want to BUILD or BUY?

I have property for sale in Weymouth and vicinity, of all kinds.

Call and see me and make known your wants. Reasonable terms.

CAREY'S
REAL ESTATE AGENCY
733 Broad Street
East Weymouth.
Telephone

FARM WANTED
In Weymouth, Hingham or Braintree

OF 5 ACRES OR MORE, NEAR R. R. DEPOT. STATE LOCATION, PRICE, ACREAGE, ETC.

T. E. BENNETT,
43 WHITNEY ROAD,
Quincy. 19-23

Recall to Mind.

Some days the sun will fail to shine,
And Nature seem quite dreary;
Sometime to sadness we incline
And of this life may weary.

'Tis then we need sweet words of cheer,
Or thoughts that may be lighter;
'Tis then we wish those friends were near
Who once our lives made brighter.

Should these days come to you, my friend,
As time continues fleeting,
Recall to mind the words which here
We are so oft repeating.

That in the good old summer time
You should our goods be using;
Our nice Fruit Pies, Leaf Cookies,
too,
'Tis not worth while refusing.

WHITCOMB'S

WEYMOUTH AND EAST BRAINTREE

—Be a Booster Sept. 11th.
—Mrs. Edwin R. Senior and Miss Barbara Senior are spending two weeks at Milford, N. H.

—William H. Cowing is home from his vacation spent at Long Island, N. Y.

—Mrs. Charles H. Curtis is on a visit to friends in Manchester, N. H.

—Mrs. John W. Donovan and Miss Nellie Donovan are at Portland, Me., on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Preston McDonald, former residents of this place.

—William R. Lounger is spending his vacation at Onset.

—Mrs. Frank O. Whitmarsh, who has been seriously ill, is now on the road to recovery.

—Patrick Shea is having his vacation this week.

—John O. Bicknell has broken ground for a house on his land on Federal street.

—Miss Agnes Mitchell is spending her vacation in New York.

—Mr. and Mrs. William P. Kelley have taken a cottage at Hampton Circle, Nantasket. Miss Lena McCarthy, bookkeeper at the Lincoln Square Market, will spend next week with them.

—Miss Katherine Tracey of Keith street is having a two weeks' vacation.

—A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas of Manchester, N. H., a few days ago. Mrs. Thomas, before her marriage was Miss Mary Bentley of this town.

—Henry Dwyer is ill with an attack of bronchitis.

—Miss Helen Lynch of Cambridge has been in town visiting friends.

—Mrs. Frederick H. Cushing is visiting Mrs. Cora Poe and Miss Nettie Pray at their cottage at Scituate beach.

—John P. Hunt, clerk at the Savings bank, is having a two weeks' vacation.

—Mrs. Walter Jordan and son and Arthur Jordan are at Peake's Island, Me.

—Mrs. Mary Hanlon of Worcester and Miss May Herlihy of Holyoke are visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Condrick of 304 Broad street.

—Edward Avery and George H. Kelley have passed the Massachusetts Bar examinations and will begin the practice of law next month.

—Doric Rondeau, a leading attorney at Montreal, Canada, and Mrs. Rondeau are here on a visit to his brother, Godfred Rondeau of Summer street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Russell B. Worster left town yesterday morning for an automobile trip to the White Mountains and other places of interest in New Hampshire.

—J. Ralph Bacon and Harry Dinsmore took the auto combination to Saugus, Wednesday where the carburettor was re-adjusted.

—Miss Ruth Tobin of Brighton is visiting Miss Katharine Dwyer.

—Miss Dorothy Ferris is visiting relatives in Milford.

—Mr. and Mrs. John S. Bacon and Mr. and Mrs. J. Ralph Bacon are home from a two weeks' outing at Peep Island, Cohasset.

—Miss Alida Allen of Philadelphia is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Aldrich.

—James O'Connor has been spending his vacation at Cohasset.

—The stock of groceries and fixtures of George Whitehouse was sold at auction yesterday. The store is to be conducted by George Harris, who was at one time in the grocery business here.

—Theodore Raymond is erecting a dwelling on his land on Summer street.

—Morris Bloom is to add another to his chain of stores. This time he is to open one in South Braintree.

—Miss Lillian Gerald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gerald and Mr. Ernest Johnson of Quincy were married in that city Saturday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson will reside in this town.

—Miss Irene Kramer of Kittery, Maine, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Remick.

—Mr. and Mrs. Atherton Richards and daughter of East Orange, N. J., are here on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Richards and Mrs. Harriett Voorhees of Commercial street.

—Miss Gertrude Kelley, an assistant buyer at the Magrane-Houston Co., Boston is having her annual vacation, a part of which she will spend in New Hampshire.

—Miss Agnes Kelley is visiting her brother in Randolph.

—Miss Katherine Costa, chief operator in the Bridgewater Telephone exchange, is spending her vacation with her cousins, Misses Elizabeth and Mary Backrie of Walnut avenue.

—Mrs. Robert J. Donnelly is spending the week at Provincetown.

—Mr. and Mrs. Chester Wright have been spending two weeks at Sunapee, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Clapp, Mrs. Eleanor Clapp, Mrs. Elizabeth Clapp, Miss Emma Clapp and Warren Clapp are at Rangley Lakes.

—Judge and Mrs. James H. Flint are spending the week at Ashburnham.

—Combination Auto 3 answered two alarms out of the ward yesterday. The first from box 23 at 3 p. m. was for a fire at the Sherman waiting room, East Weymouth. The alarm from box 18 at 8 p. m. was false.

—Grand Country Fair by Trinity Parish on the grounds of the residence of Rev. William Hyde, at Weymouth Heights, on Saturday afternoon and evening, August 30, 1913. Games, sports, baseball, amusements, food and refreshments. Advertisement.

EAST WEYMOUTH AND WEYMOUTH CENTER.

—Be a Booster Sept. 11th.

—Daniel H. Clancy, Undertaker, Vine street, Weymouth. Tel. 336 W.—Advertisement.

—Chester Tirrell of Auburn, Maine, has been visiting relatives in town the past week.

—Miss Beatrice Mariner, who has been visiting her cousin, Miss Mildred Newcomb of Putnam street has returned to her home in Boston.

—Mrs. Edward Cote and children of Holbrook have been the recent guests of Mrs. Cote's mother, Mrs. Margaret Looney of Broad street.

—Miss Ruby Graves of Middle street entertained the "Cheerful Workers" last Thursday evening at her home. Games and refreshments were features of the evening's program.

—Daniel Looney, the letter carrier in Philadelphia for a short vacation. He is the guest of Dan Howley, the local boy with the Philadelphia baseball nine of the National league.

—Miss Louise Pratt of Braintree is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Augustus Tirrell of Middle street.

—Miss Nellie Coffey, the popular chief operator at the central telephone office, is enjoying her annual vacation. Miss Alice Howley is chief operator during the absence of Miss Coffey.

—A party of twenty-two young people from this place enjoyed a hay ride last Friday evening to Braintree, Quincy, Milton and Wollaston. The ride was taken in Peter Gallant's large hay cart with Edward Earle holding the reins. William Rix had charge of the affair.

—Miss Edith Canterbury, who is engaged in summer teaching in New Bedford has been home a few days the past week.

—Miss Annie Powers of Lynchburg, Virginia, a former resident of this village is in town for a month's visit with old friends.

—Miss Addie Canterbury, who has been at the Homeopathic hospital in Boston the past month for treatment was home on Sunday, and while improving slowly, will probably not be able to resume her duties at the James Humphrey school on the second of September.

—The Stetson Shoe Co. band will give a concert in Jackson square this evening.

—Dorothea L. Dix tent, Daughters of Veterans netted about \$30 at its recent lawn party held on the grounds surrounding the G. A. R. hall.

—Mrs. Cemira Raymond, patriotic instructor of Reynolds Corps 102 W.R.C., is slowly recovering from her recent illness.

—Arthur Blanchard, conductor on the local street railroad, has been enjoying a few days' vacation from his duties this week.

—Mrs. George P. Wardwell of Orient Heights has been the recent guest of relatives in this place.

—Mrs. George P. Howe and family were the guests over Sunday of Miss Jennie Beare of Broad street.

—Charles Loring of Cain Avenue is having a few days' vacation from his duties as motorman on the Bay Street Railway.

—Mrs. W. O. Alden of Brookville has been visiting in town the past week.

—Mrs. Harry E. Beare entertained Miss Ruth Elms of Dorchester over Sunday.

—Mrs. Ann McLellan and son, Charles and Mrs. Edna Sprague are guests of Mrs. L. W. Cain this week.

—Physical Director J. E. Fabyan of the C. M. A. will start the work in a few days of renovating the bowling alleys of the association for the coming season. The alleys will be thoroughly repaired, a new lighting system installed and the alleys should be among the fastest in this section the coming winter.

—Miss Irene Fraser entertained a party at lunch on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Carl Humphrey of Philadelphia. Several of the guests were college classmates of Miss Fraser's.

—Mr. and Mrs. Lewis French are spending a two weeks' vacation along the coast of the "Pine Tree State."

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Studley returned on Sunday from an extended trip through Maine.

—Dr. J. C. Fraser is taking his annual vacation which he is spending at various points in Nova Scotia.

—Kinsman Chamberlain of Cedar street has returned from a visit with friends in Melrose.

—Miss Ruth H. Gardner went today to Springfield on a short visit with Miss Gladys Hall, and on Sunday both will leave for Plainfield, where they will commence the school year as teachers.

—The meetings held at the Town Home during the month of August were conducted by the Watchful Circle of King's Daughters, Mrs. B. J. Briggs, leader, assisted by the Christian Endeavor Society of the Congregational church. August 3rd was a praise service led by the leader of the Circle, which was very enjoyable.

August 10th, the Christian Endeavor Society had charge and through their efforts the meeting was very interesting.

—The alarm for fire yesterday at 2:30 o'clock was for a small blaze in the pool room over Sherman's waiting-room in Commercial square. The loss was slight. The all-out was sounded at 2:45.

—Miss Angeline Heartz, teacher at the Weymouth High school last year, has accepted a position in the High school at Montpelier, Vermont.

—Mrs. C. W. Bailey and Mrs. Florence Cutter are on a trolley trip to Lawrence today.

—Mrs. Gustavus Pratt and son, Ass., have been spending the last two weeks in Easthampton as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Emulus Carter, former residents of this place.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. Will Bailey were the guests over Sunday of friends in Lynn.

—Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Cain have been spending a few days with Mr. Cain's father, Leonard W. Cain, Whitman road.

SATURDAY BATHING.

A Custom the Occident Borrowed From the Orient.

Most barbarians, judged by modern standards, were anything but cleanly in their personal habits. In England, France and Germany bathing was an almost unknown custom until after the Crusades. The pilgrims from the east brought home with them ideas of the bath as help in the treatment of disease, and bathrooms were gradually introduced into the hospitals. From the hospitals the ideas of bathing spread generally. People who had been treated there saw the value of keeping the body clean in order to resist disease. The great plague that swept over Europe in the early years of the fourteenth century helped to teach this lesson.

By the fifteenth century there was scarcely a large city that did not possess well patronized public bathing establishments, although it was not until the seventeenth century that the Turkish bath was introduced, and not until the eighteenth century that sea bathing, so common among the American Indians, was tried experimentally.

Saturday was chosen as bathing time and the reason is not difficult to imagine. On Sunday everybody was compelled to go to church, whether he would or not. As the Moslem in the east bathed before entering the mosque so did the medieval man before entering his church, only he must take his bath on Saturday afternoon in order to be clean the following day. There was even a distribution of bath money to the children whose parents were unable to pay for their baths.—New York Post

Deep and Shallow Diamonds.

In buying a diamond see to it that your stone is neither too deep nor too shallow. If it be too deep the "table" at the top of the stone will have a dead look instead of showing as much color and light as at the edge, where the diamond is cut thin to receive the light. You are simply paying for extra weight that adds nothing to, but rather detracts from the appearance of the gem. The shallow stone, on the other hand—which is technically known as a fish eye—has a glassy look. Some people buy them because they appear bigger than they really are, but the bargain is a poor one and to be avoided.

Optimism.

Cheer up, old boy, don't dump your joy because the day is grim; pick out the best and dump the rest, let's hear you start to hum. When in a jam don't cuss and slam, but grin and wait it out; the joys love hope, it's powerful dope and puts the glooms to rout. So don't despair, turn down dull care and leave him to the mob. The sun ain't dead, he'll leave his bed and soon be on the job.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Another Illusion.

"Had an interview with a farmer just now," said the poet, "which gave me quite a shock."
"How was that?"
"He told me that new mown hay had no points of superiority whatever over hay a year old."—Pittsburgh Post.

A Proof.

"Does Emily date so on that young man of hers?"
"Does she? At this moment she is changing her brown hair to golden because he likes blonds best."
"Oh, I see." She's positively dying for him!—Baltimore American

Midsummer.

Bright falls the sunshine on the living land;
It is the high tide of the happy year;
The long sweet, days change into nights so clear
That heavens seems leading to our lifted hand,
Each sentient creature in his measure knows
The high tide of the utmost joy of life;
No longer with the elements at strife,
All revel in the bliss each hour bestows.
The soft, deep grasses ripple like the sea,
The south wind dreams among the fair, glad flowers;
Thick plumes of verdure crown each stately tree;
Birds come and go among the leafy bowers,
And evermore we wonder, "Can it be
That heaven is fairer than this world of ours?"
—New York Sun.

Thayer Academy.

Examinations for admission to the Junior Class and for the removal of conditions will be held SATURDAY, Sept. 6, at 8:45 A. M. The Head Master can be consulted at the office Friday, Sept. 5, from nine till five. School commences Monday, Sept. 8.

W. H. GALLAGHER,
Head Master.

KINCAIDE THEATRE
HANCOCK STREET QUINCY CENTRE
HIGH CLASS VAUDEVILLE REFINED MOVING PICTURES

Daily Matinee 2.30 P. M. Prices 5c, 10c, 15c. Evenings at 7.45, 10c, 15c, 25c.

TORELLI'S DOG AND PONY CIRCUS

And the Greatest Fun Show of the Season now Playing.

BEGINNING MONDAY AUGUST 25th.

LANDER BROTHERS,
Black Face Comedians, with a wealth of wit.

MITCHELL and GRAND,
Singing, Talking and Musical Entertainers.

"Alkali Ike's Cal."

A 2-Act Comedy Picture that's a scream all the way thru.

Helen Petham Lynton,
English Songs and Stories.

Vera Sabina & Co.,
Dramatic Playlets, "The Old Man's Dream."

OTHER PHOTO PLAYS AND ORCHESTRA

SPRING DELICACIES

ASPARAGUS, TOMATOES, CUCUMBERS,
CANDLIONS, RADISHES, LETTUCE,
SPINACH, RHUBARB, BERMUDA ONIONS,
NEW MAPLE SUGAR and SYRUP

Hunt's Market Grocery
Washington Sq. Telephone 152 Weymouth

BASEBALL

CLAPP MEMORIAL GROUNDS, EAST WEYMOUTH.

Saturday, Aug. 23, 1913, at 3.30 P. M.

Samec Club of Boston

VS.

Clapp Memorial Asso.

ADMISSION, 15c.

GENERAL SURVEYS

TOPOGRAPHICAL SURVEYS

RUSSELL H. WHITING

CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR

56 Sea Street

NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

SURVEYS MADE AND PLANS PREPARED FOR THE LAND COURT

NOW is a Good Time to Subscribe

—FOR THE—

Gazette and Transcript

We begin this week one of the best serials published,

"The Husbands of Edith"

By George Barr McCutcheon

We will start next week a series of Illustrated Articles on the Panama Canal and when completed you will have a fine history of that wonderful work.

We will give you every week valuable information for Farm and Garden Work, and Live Stock Raising and Care.

We will give you every week the Current Events of the Town.

We will give you every week a synopsis of the Leading Events of other Towns, the State and Nation.

If you are already a subscriber and sending your paper abroad when read, subscribe for that absent friend and save your own paper. You may need it for reference.

Send \$2.00. You will begin with this issue.

Harvest Auto Parade.

But ten days remain before the date of the parade.

While many auto owners have sent in entrance blanks, yet there are several from whom the committee has not heard. It would appreciate the early response of those who have not as yet answered.

The committee has received the names of many men who desire to ride, and all those who have applied will be sent tickets within a few days.

They now have five more machines, with room for twenty-five more men. Send in your name if you want to ride.

John H. Corcoran, President of the State Board of Trade, and one of the leading merchants of Cambridge, will address the meeting in the Fogg Opera House.

The committee would like to hear from more commercial truck owners, as the entry of these machines will allow of considerable local business advertising, and will form the third division of the parade.

For the benefit of those who will view the parade at the Fair Grounds we would advise that the parade will reach the ground no later than 5 o'clock.

Jewel Thief Arrested.

In connection with the theft of a large amount of jewelry at the home of Mrs. Francis Tirrell of South Weymouth a few weeks ago, Raymond Hutchison, age 27, who, it is said, has been arrested several times before, was taken into custody last week in New York after being tracked to that city through the work of the Watts Detective Agency of Boston. Hutchison was traced to Philadelphia and then to New York, where he was arrested at a lodging house.

Extradition papers were secured by Chief of Police Patrick Butler and the man was arraigned in Quincy court yesterday morning.

After he had entered a plea of not guilty to charges of breaking and entering and larceny of jewelry, he was bound over until September 6, in \$1000. bonds.

Baseball Notes.

As we have remarked before, Norwig, who pitched for Stetson last Saturday, is some pitcher.

The Electric A. C. of East Weymouth defeated the Pioneers of South Weymouth last Saturday on the latter's field by the score of 6 to 5. The features of the game were contributed by Kennedy and Lyons of the winners. The batters were Lyons and Burton for the Electric A. C. and Madden and Waite for the losers.

In the official average of the New England league to Thursday August 21, Leo O'Dowd, the South Weymouth boy with Brockton is batting for 292 and fielding for 932. He has had 271 put outs, 240 assists and has made 37 errors. At the bat he has taken part in 96 games, been at the bat 353 times, scored 68 runs, made 103 hits for a total of 127 bases. He has batted out 9 two base hits, three triples and three home runs. Paul Howard, well known in this town is hitting the ball for 307 and fielding for 974. In the pitcher's records Ray Condrick, the Weymouth High School star has won one game and lost two.

The Tanguay Show.

Under contract for the Eva Tanguay show are Fivi Juggling Mowatts, club swingers; Braily and Mahoney; Musical Nosses, novelty musicians; Harry English and Co. in a comedy sketch, "What's n a Name?"; Oranda Trio, operatic singers; Seven Bomom Arabes, whirlwind acrobats, and Johnny Ford, dancer.

Miss Tanguay will inaugurate her second tour at the head of her own road company with a week's engagement at the Tock, Buffalo, Sept. 1, followed by a route that will take her to the Pacific Coast and keep her away from New York for nearly a year.

Jack Edwards will travel ahead and S. W. Coombs with the show.

Wasp's Feet Were "Hot."

My little sister, three years old, was stung on the hand by a wasp, which then flew away. My mother came in swift pursuit. Through her tears my little sister called: "O mother, let him fly through the air and cool his feet; they are so hot."

Pushed to Death.

It was a machine in a miscellaneous show, and on it was inscribed: "Push hard enough and you will get your penny back." Or opening the show the other morning they found at the foot of the machine a Scotchman lying dead.

So Beware!

When a man begins to boast about his ability as a weather prophet it is a sign that he is growing old.

Stetson Shoe 7, Kingston 2.

On Reed's field, South Weymouth, last Saturday afternoon, the Stetson Shoe Co. nine easily defeated the Kingston team 7 to 2, mainly through the efficient pitching of Norwig, who up to the ninth inning allowed no hits and struck out 14 of the visitors. The features of the contest were contributed by Hazelton, Norwig and Dean. The score:

STETSON SHOE.

	bh	po	a	e
Blackburn, cf	1	0	0	0
Hendrickson, c	2	13	0	1
Dillon, lf	0	0	0	0
Carlisle, lb	2	10	0	1
Gleason, ss	2	0	3	2
Hanson, 2b	2	2	1	0
Hazelton, rf	1	0	0	0
Cross, 3b	1	1	2	1
Norwig, p	0	1	3	1
Totals	11	27	9	6

KINGSTON.

	bh	po	a	e
Bunker, cf, 2b	0	0	0	1
Cash, lf	1	0	0	1
Downton, c	0	10	3	0
Town, ss	0	2	2	0
Osborn, p, rf	0	0	3	0
Frew, lb	1	5	1	0
Martin, 2b, p	1	8	1	1
Ford, 3b	1	2	1	0
Dean, rf, lf	0	2	0	0
Totals	4	24	11	3

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Stetson Shoe	0	2	0	1	0	1	3	0	—7
Kingstons	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	—2

Runs made by—Carlisle 3, Hanson, Blackburn, Hendrickson, Gleason, Cash, Town. Stolen bases—Hazelton, Gleason, Cash. Base on balls—by Osborn 2. Struck out—by Norwig 14, by Osborn 8. Sacrifice hits—Cash, Gleason 2. Double plays—Town, Martin and Drew. Hit by pitched ball—Downton. Umpire—T. Murray. Time—2 hr.

Samec Club Wins 3 to 1.

On the Clapp Memorial field, East Weymouth, last Saturday afternoon, the C. M. A. nine was defeated by the Samec club of Boston 3 to 1 in a snappy and well played game. Both pitchers were in line shape and pitched grand ball with Perry having a shade the better of the battle. The score:

SAMEC CLUB.

	bh	po	a	e
Wolf, cf	1	1	0	0
Whorf, lf	0	2	0	0
Peterson, rf	1	2	0	0
Dempsey, lb	1	8	1	0
Perry, p	1	2	3	1
Kennedy, 3b	0	1	1	1
Powers, ss	0	1	5	1
McLeod, c	0	8	1	0
W. Humphrey, 2b	0	2	1	0
Totals	4	27	12	3

CLAPP MEMORIAL.

	bh	po	a	e
McCarthy, ss	0	2	4	1
Lyons, 2b	0	2	2	0
Wall, c	0	8	0	1
Drinkwater, rf	1	1	0	0
Gloster, 3b	0	0	2	1
Jenkins, lb	0	12	0	0
Leonard, p	2	1	3	1
A. Humphrey, lf	0	0	0	0
Hoyt, cf	0	0	0	0
Totals	4	27	11	3

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Samec	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	—3
Clapp M. A.	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1

Runs made by—Gloster, Wolf, Peterson, W. Humphrey. Two base hits—Wolf. Stolen bases—Wolf, Peterson. Base on balls—by Perry 4. Struck out by—Perry 8, Leonard 7. Sacrifice hits—McCarthy, Kennedy. Double plays—Gloster to Lyons to Jenkins, Perry to W. Humphrey. Passed balls—Wall. Umpire—Fitzpatrick. Time—2 hr.

LOVELL'S CORNER

—Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Richards and daughter Vivian and Mr. and Mrs. James VanTassel and daughter Alice are spending the week at Wessagussett.

—Miss Amelia Nelson of Plymouth has been spending the past week as the guest of Miss Edith Smith.

—Mrs. William French and Miss Nellie Holbrook have returned from Bergham Maine, where they have been spending the past three weeks.

—Miss Alta Hawes has been visiting Mrs. Charles Turner of Rockland.

—Mrs. George Goodnough of Lynn is visiting Mrs. Etta Hunt.

—Miss Helen White has been visiting her sister at Randolph.

—The Epworth League will begin their meetings Sunday evening at six o'clock. Miss Maria Hawes is to speak on East Greenwich Assembly. The monthly business meeting will be held in the vestry Tuesday evening at seven o'clock.

—Eugene Thurston of New York is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Albenia Wadleigh.

—Rev. and Mrs. Scott of Boston have been spending the past three weeks at Lake Crest.

—Miss Marion White spent part of the week with relatives in Quincy.

—Miss Catherine O'Hare of Boston has been stopping with Mrs. Robert Darrouch for a few days.

TOWN BUSINESS.

At the Monday meeting of the Selectmen George R. Sellers and W. A. Bond were drawn as Jurors for the next court term at Dedham.

Geo. F. Madden, E. A. Aldrich and Charles Elcheuer were appointed as special police for suppressing lawlessness in and about Westwood grove.

In response to a petition from the Citizens' club of Weymouth and E. Braintree the Selectmen selected Saturday, Oct. 4th, as a "clean up day" and further notice may be looked for in regard to it.

The present dilapidated and unsightly condition of the building and other features of the herring fishery were a matter of discussion and Hon. George L. Wentworth, trustee of the J. P. Lovell estate, will be asked to give the matter some consideration.

The selectmen designated the Engine houses in Precincts 1, 3, 5 and 6 as voting places for those Precincts; the Hose house at Nash's Corner for Precinct 4 and Oddfellows opera house in East Weymouth for Precinct 2.

The Chief of Police was instructed to appoint, from his force, officers to assist Charles J. McMorrow in serving process for collecting delinquent taxes.

A communication signed by Walter W. Hersey, chairman Hingham Selectmen; George E. Kimball of Hingham, George Jenkins of Whitman, C. H. Alden & Co. of Abington, A. W. Donovan of Rockland, George E. Keith Company of Campello, Commonwealth Shoe and Leather Co. of Abington, American Shoe Finding Company of Whitman, Edwin Clapp & Son of East Weymouth and George Cushing, chief engineer at Hingham, requested the Selectmen to grant the Street Railway Company the privilege of carrying on the trolley freight business in and through Weymouth.

Mrs. Ellen Ahern Donovan.

Mrs. Ellen Ahern Donovan died at her home on Walnut avenue, Monday morning, aged 87. She was born in Limerick, Ireland, and had resided here for more than 65 years. She is survived by five sons, Daniel E., John W., James E., Thomas H. and Jeremiah Donovan. The four latter officiated as bearers, the funeral being held from the Church of the Sacred Heart, Wednesday morning and was attended by many of the friends of the deceased. Mass was celebrated by Rev. John B. Holland. The interment was at St. Francis Xavier cemetery.

Mr. Richard DeNeil Dead.

Mr. Richard DeNeil, a well known resident, died at his home, 140 Broad street, Wednesday evening. He had been in ill health for the past few years. He was born in Ireland 58 years ago and came to Randolph, Mass., when six years old. He resided there up to the time of his marriage and since that time has lived in Weymouth and East Braintree. He is survived by his widow, who was before her marriage Miss Nellie Viger and three daughters, Mary, Angie and Helen DeNeil and five sons, Richard Jr. of Portland, Maine, John, James H., William and Joseph DeNeil all of this place and a sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Noonan of Brockton. The funeral will take place from the Church of the Sacred Heart, tomorrow, Saturday morning at 9 o'clock.

Lyon—Curtis.

Miss Mabel Curtis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Wilson and Mr. Charles H. Lyons were married at the home of the bride's parents, 60 Front street, East Braintree, last Saturday evening. Mrs. Carl McNeil, a sister of the bride was matron of honor and Mr. McNeil, best man. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Price, pastor of the Methodist church. The bride wore a costume of white satin, with veil and carried a bouquet of white roses. The matron of honor wore white messaline and carried a bouquet of sweet peas. A reception followed the ceremony and was attended by guests from Boston, Quincy, Rumford Falls, Maine, Rockland, Weymouth and other towns. On their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Lyons will reside at 60 Front street, East Braintree.

Grape a Prolific Grower.

There are about 40 species of grapes in the world, more than half of which are found in North America. Few other plants on this continent grow wild under such varied conditions and over such extended areas.

Merciful Wife.

A Cincinnati man who attempted to dictate what his wife should wear is now defendant in a divorce suit. It is a wonder he isn't the central attraction in a jam-up funeral.—Houston Post.

WHY LOVELL'S CORNER?



The Major Lemuel Lovell House.

We are often asked why it is called Lovell's Corner, and possibly there may be some reason why the people of today ask that question and by the same token it might be answered in a few words but to make it more generally understood we take this occasion to give the public some of our stored up history, a part of which we have accumulated by hours, days and weeks of research and a part by our own observation and memory. Possibly, in some years of the past the name Lovell has been more prominent in town matters than it is today but from the earliest days it has been a factor at times, most notably so.

When the territory which made the town of Weymouth was bought from the Indians, and which by the way, geographically is the same as when it was purchased, John and James Lovell were among those who contributed to the purchase.

For a few years Weymouth was a community as far as land went and the land was of common use to the purchasers. This of course could not continue as men making improvements must have individual claim on the land so improved.

To meet the demands of the time the territory was divided into two divisions called the First and Second Division. Then a portion of each division was divided into lots some small and some large and these lots were assigned to men in proportion to the sums paid by each, only a small part of the territory being assigned at the first division which took place in 1663, and James Lovell was assigned one lot of 10 acres and another lot of 8 acres in the First Division while John was assigned 21 acres in the Second Division. There was another assignment, a few years later and each received an addition to his land holding. This land was along what our late Quincy Reed puts down as the Pleasant street trail and on his map runs from the Abington line to tide water at North Weymouth, and like the land assigned to Stephen French some of it remains in the Lovell family today as we will show later.

As we have said the Lovells were prominent in town matters but we skip a long line

of them and their work. Enoch Lovell, born in 1702, who with others established a fishing business and fitted out vessels for Cape Sable fishing, had a wharfage and packing plant at Hunt's hill.

We next come to a son of Enoch, Micah, who was born in 1734. He was a member of Weymouth Coast Guard at the beginning of the Revolutionary War. This guard was for the purpose of protecting our coast line from British invasion and while they prevented the British from getting onto the mainland they did not prevent them from landing on Sheep Island and carrying off the sheep. This coast guard was recruited and paid for by the town and the soldiers received two pence a day. There was no American coin then, most of the coinage being Spanish and a pistareen was worth about 20 cents.

Micah Lovell was the father of James, born May 7th, 1767, and Lemuel, born Oct. 1774. We have said that some of the land first assigned is still in the same family and here we reach our point. James was the last Lovell occupant of the old house on the east side of Pleasant street recently torn down by Geo. F. Maynard. Among the children born to him was a daughter who was christened Abigail Adams in the old house by Abigail Adams of historic fame. She was married to Naamon Cobb and ended a long and useful life in the house where she was born and where she was married; died leaving one daughter, Mrs. Geo. F. Maynard, who undoubtedly lives on land ceded to her ancestors nearly three hundred years ago.

Major Lemuel Lovell like his brother, James, was the last of his name, and in fact the last of his race, to occupy the ancient home which we present to our readers this week as it stands on the west side of Pleasant street a few rods north of Lovell's Corner.

Major Lovell, as the title indicates was a military man following in the footsteps of his ancestors, General Solomon and Colonel Enoch Lovell.

Weymouth was then a military town having among its citizens a battery of light artillery, a company of horse and

two, or even three companies of infantry. Field and drill days were regularly held and usually took place on Dyer's Plains, Pleasant street, South Weymouth or at the plains on Bridge street. North Weymouth and no field day was complete without the presence of Major Lovell. He died Sept. 15th, 1855, aged 81 years and among his descendants were two sons, David and Micah twins, born March 31, 1798 and now Why Lovells' Corner?

The two boys, David and Micah, were familiarly known as Dave and Mike and as they grew into manhood they grew into a business established by their father on the north east corner of the square formed by Pleasant and Washington street. The building occupied was a long low one extending along Washington street with a row of sheds beyond the store and shop.

No one ever called "Dave" Mike or "Mike" Dave, each was well known in his particular sphere. Micah could always be found at the store where you might buy powder and shot, shoemakers' and bees' wax, dip candles and oil, shoe thread and binding cotton, pins, needles, red and yellow flannel, unbleached cloth, denims and bed ticking.

David on the other hand took a broader field. In the easterly end of the building was a sort of shoe factory where a few brogans and low strap shoes were manufactured under the supervision of David. He was also man largely read, a pacifist, a man of no mean ability and at times occupying important town positions.

Washington street was then one of the most extensive long distance travelled streets in town, it was the through route from Boston to Marshfield and Plymouth and here the traveller stopped to get a few quarts of oats of Micah, bait his horse in the shed and have a chat with David. Notably among these travellers was Daniel Webster, who never passed the red store at Lovell's Corner without stopping to greet David and Micah.

We have made this much longer than we had intended but for ages no place from Boston to Plymouth was better known than Lovell's Corner.

Annual Convention.

The Annual Labor Day Convention of the Faith Mission and Alliance Branch will be held in Faith Mission Hall, 28 School street, East Weymouth, Sunday and Monday, August 31st and September 1st. The speakers will be: Rev. Martin Eckvall and Mrs. Eckvall from Western China; Rev. F. H. Kidder of Hanover, Mass. and others. Solo singer, Miss Annie MacDonald of Somerville. Hours of service, 10 a. m., 2, 3 and 7 p. m. Children's meeting, Sunday, at 1.30. Missionary addresses, preaching and altar services will be held.

On Sunday afternoon following the Missionary addresses will be distribution of pledge cards, and missionary jugs will be given out.

Mr. and Mrs. Eckvall are from the farthest mission fields in the world and were among those who were cut off from all communication with the rest of the world for a month during the Chinese revolution. Come and hear them.

WEYMOUTH HEIGHTS

—Miss Annie K. Jones has been spending a few days with friends in Wellesley.

—Norman Hunt, of Stoneham, has returned to his home in Stoneham after making a week's visit with his grandmother, Mrs. Mercy Hunt.

—The lawn party given by the Wide Awake Workers on the grounds of James B. Jones, Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 20th, was a great success. The candy table was presided over by Alice Freeman and Doris Winters; the ice cream table was in charge of Ruth Nash, Helen Ries and Isabel Jones, and the grab table was in charge of Ruth Freeman and Edith Pettee. A program of various races was indulged in, and prizes were awarded the winners. A pleasant afternoon was spent by all, and a good sum was realized.

—George J. Reis and son, Marshall, are visiting relatives in New York for ten days.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ema Luot entertained a number of their relatives at their home on Sunday.

—Miss Barbara K. Reis was a week end guest of relatives in Harwich.

—Miss Kate Fletcher of Boston is a guest of Mrs. James B. Jones.

—Mrs. Geo. J. Ries enjoyed an auto trip through New Hampshire with Mr. and Mrs. William Ames of East Weymouth, this week.

—Robert Atkinson of Melrose is making a visit at the Heights.

—Ralph Murphy has returned from a few days outing at Old Orchard beach, Me.

Daily Thought.

True dignity comes only of humility. Pride is the ruin of dignity, for it is a worshipping of self, and that involves a continuous sinking.—George MacDonald.

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At 9 Commercial Street,
at 7.30 P. M.

Money to Loan at Each Meeting on
Mortgages of Real Estate.

For information, or Loans between the
meetings, apply to

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Weymouth, Mass.

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CHARLES T. CRANE, Treasurer.

VICE PRESIDENTS:

Francis W. Cowing, Henry A. Nash.

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HENRY A. NASH, EDWARD W. HUNT,
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Bank Hours—9 to 12 A. M., 1.30 to 5 P. M.
9.30 to 5 Monday Evenings, and 9 to 12 A. M.
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Deposits placed on interest on the First Monday
of January, April, July and October.

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South
Weymouth,
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Fogg Building, Columbian Square.

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DIRECTORS:

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Incorporated March 6, 1898

OFFICERS 1913.

President - R. WALLACE HUNT.

Vice-Presidents, ELLIS J. PITCHER,
ALMON B. RAYMOND.
Treasurer, FRED T. BARNES.

BANK HOURS:

9 to 12 A. M.; 2 to 4 P. M. Also Mondays, 7 to 9
P. M. Saturdays, 9 to 12 A. M.

Deposits go on interest second Wednesday of
January, April, July and October.
Dividends payable on and after the second
Wednesday of January and July.

THE EAST WEYMOUTH Savings Bank.

President - W. H. PRATT

Vice-Presidents, T. H. Emerson,
E. M. Carter,
Treasurer, John A. Raymond,
John A. MacParr

BOARD OF INVESTMENTS:

W. A. Drake, W. H. Pratt,
T. H. Emerson, C. B. CUSHING,
BRADFORD HAWES, EUGENE M. CARTER.

Dividends payable on the 10th of April
and October.

Deposits placed on interest on the 10th
Jan., April, July and Oct.

BANK HOURS DAILY,

From 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 5 P. M.,
excepting Saturdays, when the hours will
be from 9 A. M. to 12 M. only. Mon-
days 7 to 8.30 p. m. for deposits only.

TOWN CLERK'S OFFICE

East Weymouth Savings Bank.

OFFICE HOURS, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 5 p. m.

At all other hours at Residence on Hillcrest
Road, opp. Catholic Church.

JOHN A. RAYMOND, Town Clerk

ON THE FARM

Read this column and you can have
it delivered at your house with
something new every week for a
full year by sending \$2.00 to this
office now.

Wheat and oats are better hot weather
feeds than corn and Kaffir.

Be sure to store away some clover or
alfalfa hay this summer for the layers in
cold weather.

If you intend to plant a few choice trees
next spring, dig large holes for them this
fall, fill them with manure, removing it
next spring and filling in up to the desired
depth for a tree.

Many faults that have been blamed upon
the incubator, the brooder and even the
faithful hen, should, in many cases, have
been laid to improper methods in growing
and caring for the breeders. There is
still much to be learned about the real
foundation of the poultry business—the
breeding pen.

Silage may be made of plants that ani-
mals are permitted to eat in the green
state, and such fodder preserved by this
means loses but little of its feeding prop-
erties in the process. In one way there
is a slight improvement. That is, the
tougher fiber of silage fodder is soft-
ened and made thereby more digestible
and acceptable to animals.

For late summer or fall seeding of al-
falfa, rye, wheat, vetch and other small
seeds, the ground should be plowed as
soon as possible. If harrowing, rolling or
discing will have any effect, the plowed
ground should then be surface worked to
make it fine to hold what moisture is pres-
ent. If the plowed ground is too dry and
cloddy to be worked immediately after
plowing, wait for the first good shower,
and then go onto it and work it down as
soon as possible to a fine and smooth con-
dition. Do not wait for more rain to
pack the soil.

In the case of a heavy rain falling upon
plowed ground intended for late seeding,
wait till the ground will work well and
then reduce the surface by harrowing.
If the weather seems to be turning dry,
harrow again within a few days. Con-
tinue to harrow about once every week as
long as the weather remains dry. There
is no danger of overpacking the plowed
ground by working it in a dry condition.
If it seems to become too compact under
any conditions, a good discing will bring
it back.

Fodder preserved in a concrete silo is
safe from fire and waste and retains the
maximum food value. The cost of build-
ing a silo with a capacity of 150 tons need
not exceed \$300. It varies according to
the supply of labor. Concrete costs little
more than wood and is so much better in
every way that it is confidently recom-
mended. No fodder is relished so much
by stock as silage. Its influence is bene-
ficial to the animal system, is invigorating
and prevents cripples and impaction.
Succulent silage makes for good health
and heavy milk flow. It is equally good
for poultry and hogs.

Poultry are bringing better prices than
ever before, and it is predicted that in
Massachusetts, at least, this coming Win-
ter will see the highest prices ever known
for fresh eggs, on account of the new
laws covering the sale of storage eggs.
Milk never before has brought the farmer
as high a price as it does now, and
butter and cheese in the past few
years have reached prices that seldom
have been exceeded. There is money as a
rule in market gardening and apple raising
has not been overdone. There is not only
the home market for the latter, but in re-
cent years a steadily increasing export
demand.

The man who is engaged in pork grow-
ing as a business and not merely feeding
hogs to find an outlet for his farm by-
products must recognize the fact that
young hogs up to six months of age need
a growing, not a fattening ration, and
that they need feed in judicious quantities.

During the last two months, the finish-
ing period, the previously built frame and
digestive capacity, in the making of which
a variety of suitable food is essential, is
loaded with fat, a process in which corn
produces the cheapest gains.

Norfolk County, through its enterpris-
ing Sheriff, Samuel H. Capen, and the
prisoner charges of the County Jail, has
entered in a successful way the business
of reclaiming bog lands in Dedham,
thereby solving local problems in handling
waste lands that have vexed experts be-
fore now.

Incidentally, the Sheriff and his non-
paid, but on-the-whole contented work-
men, labor to such advantage that on
hitherto waste land are being raised
bumper crops of table vegetables—enough
to supply the inmates of the jail the year
round and to leave over for marketing
such delicacies as asparagus—profitable
business for the county.

Subscribe now for the Gazette and Trans-
script. It will cost you less than four cents
a week to get this department.

OLD FORT COLTON

Now New York's Famous Aquar-
ium at the Battery.

ONCE NAMED CASTLE GARDEN.

The Historic Building In Its Day Has
Heard the Eloquence of Daniel Web-
ster, the Fiery Oratory of Kossuth
and the Divine Voice of Jenny Lind.

Before New York's famous old build-
ing at the Battery became the Aquar-
ium it had changed from fort to recep-
tion hall, from chief amusement place
of the city to gateway of the promised
land. Long before it became the home
of the finny tribe the building resound-
ed with shouts for Lafayette, Andrew
Jackson, Tyler, Van Buren. It heard
the eloquence of Daniel Webster, the
fiery oratory of Louis Kossuth, the
Hungarian patriot, and the divine
voice of Jenny Lind, the Swedish
Nightingale.

When the building was new it stood
on a little island separated from the
mainland by some 200 feet of water,
and was reached by crossing a draw-
bridge. A great part of Battery park
was then water, and it was the filling
in of this stretch that made the aquar-
ium a part of the mainland. The rea-
son for building it on an island away
from the main shore was disclosed in
a government order to Colonel John
than Williams, who had charge of the
construction of the proposed fort: This
order said to construct the fortification
so that the guns could be trained on
both the North and East rivers.

"A foundation should be made around
the bastion of the old Battery, where
the flagstaff is placed, extending forty
or fifty feet from the present, and
upon this foundation a battery should
be constructed in such manner that
the run on the right will take in the
North river, while that upon the left
will range along the coastline of the old
Battery."

Such were the orders the govern-
ment gave Colonel Williams. But
Colonel Williams said it was impos-
sible for guns to command the en-
trance to the North and East rivers if
they were placed at the old Battery.
Two hundred feet out from the shore
was the least distance at which that
result could be accomplished, and some
time afterward the secretary of war
authorized the colonel's plan for the
fort's construction.

In 1822, eleven years after its erec-
tion, when the military headquarters
was transferred to Governor's island,
the federal authorities ceded Fort Col-
ton—as the present aquarium was then
called—back to the city. Throughout
the war of 1812 not one shot had been
fired at an enemy from this fort, nor
has one been fired since. The em-
broidures for the thirty and thirty-two
pounders that were never used against
an enemy can still be seen in the fine
foot outer wall.

It was then that the former fort be-
came a place of amusement and re-
ceived the name of Castle Garden, a
name which it retained for three quar-
ters of a century. Two years after the
shifting of soldiers to Governor's is-
land and Castle Garden was the scene of
a great reception given to General La-
fayette when he visited America in
1824. It was also the scene of a great
memorial service when he died ten
years later.

It was there that Samuel F. B.
Morse, inventor of the telegraph, first
demonstrated the possibility of control-
ing an electric current in 1835. During
those early years, too, it was the
scene of the receptions given to Ameri-
can presidents when they visited New
York. Jackson, Tyler and Van Buren
were received there, and later on the
Prince of Wales. There also many
great political meetings were held.
Some of Daniel Webster's greatest ora-
tions were delivered there.

Castle Garden was widely proclaimed
as the first real home of opera in
America. The great auditorium, now
occupied by fish, ordinary and extra-
ordinary, was then packed nightly
with people who gathered to hear those
famous artists of the middle nineteenth
century: Malibran, Sontag, Mario,
Grisi, the members of Julien's orches-
tra and—best known of all—Jenny
Lind, whom all the theatergoing public
of the United States and Europe wor-
shipped. The first night in 1850 that
the Swedish Nightingale appeared at
Castle Garden, under the management
of P. T. Barnum, the choice seats sold
for several hundred dollars. Her tre-
mendous popularity was made even
greater when she gave to local chari-
ties the \$10,000 which composed her
share of the box office receipts.

The next year Louis Kossuth, the
famous Hungarian patriot, came from
England to the United States and made
an address to a vast and enthusiastic
throne in Castle Garden.

This was one of the last great recep-
tions held in the historic old building.
Four years later it was converted into
an immigrant station for the port of
New York and from then until 1890,
when the immigration office was re-
moved to Ellis island, it served as the
gateway through which 8,000,000 of
people entered to work out their des-
tines in the new world. In 1896 it be-
came the aquarium.—New York Sun

The Far Horizon.

Little Arthur, taking part in a geog-
raphy examination, should be award-
ed a prize for his definition of "hor-
izon," which ran as follows:

"The horizon is where the sky and
water meet—only they don't."—Wo-
man's Home Companion.

It is well to think well. It is divine
to act well.—Horace Mann

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East Braintree.

P.O. Address, Weymouth.

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Tel. 427R.

MEETINGS OF THE
Selectmen & Overseers of the Poor

SELECTMEN

Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Willard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.

Meetings Savings Bank Building, East
Weymouth, Every Monday.
during the municipal year, from 2 to 5 o'clock p. m.

OVERSEERS OF THE POOR

Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Willard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
A. Francis Barnes, South Weymouth.

Meet at the Town Home every first Tues-
day of the month and at the Town Office,
East Weymouth, every third Tuesday from
2 to 5 o'clock p. m.
Weymouth, March 14, 1913.

BRAINTREE FIRE ALARM BOXES.

21—Quincy Ave. and Hayward St.
23—Quincy Ave. and Commercial St.
24—Elliot St.
25—Allen St. and Commercial St.
26—Allen St. and Shaw St.
27—Commercial St. opp. Fan Shop
29—Commercial St. and Elm St.
31—Elm St. and Middle St.
32—River St. and Middle St.
34—Elm St. and Washington St.
35—West St. and Washington St.
36—Ash St. and Hollis Ave.
38—Washington St. opp. Monatiquot
school.
41—Union St. and Middle St.
42—Union St. and Washington St.
43—Pearl St. and Washington St.
45—Pearl St. opposite Shoe Factory.
46—Hancock St. private, Hollingsworth
47—Pond St., opp. A. O. Clark's house
48—Franklin St. and Central Ave.
51—Corner Hancock and Highland Ave.
52—Corner Washington St. and South St.
123—Corner Quincy Ave. and Allen St.
125—Liberty St., opp. Elmer Vinton's.
131—Corner Cedar St. and Pleasant St.
135—West St. and Mt. Vernon Ave.
142—Corner Franklin St. and Central St.
143—South Braintree Engine House.
145—Fountain St. and Pearl St.
146—Corner Plain St. and Grove St.
147—Town St. and Pond St.
221—Corner Howard St. and Hayward St.
225—Corner Liberty St. and Stetson St.
244—Corner Tremont St. and Hobart St.

Regretted Losing Good Thing.

Ellis—"Mrs. Gayboy looks very sad
since she divorced her husband."
Bella—"Yes, she didn't know what a
good husband she had until she saw
how generous he behaved about the
alimony."—Club-Fellow.

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Business Accounts

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The officers of the Bank are always ready to
give their personal attention to the needs of
the depositors, and to advise in business matters

THE HINGHAM NATIONAL BANK

B. A. Robinson
President

E. W. Jones
Cashier

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We can supply you with a complete outfit of everything desired for
Parlor, Sitting Room, Dining Room
and Kitchen

No trouble to show the goods. Just give us a call.

Are you doing Spring cleaning? You may find that something is
needed in the way of Reupholstering or Repairing. We are
equipped to do it.

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738 Broad Street East Weymouth



C. R. Denbroeder
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MEN'S and BOY'S
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750 Broad St. East Weymouth
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The Man Who's

Always at Ease

The man you like and respect, whose judge-
ment is good and who has that unde-
finable charm of manner that quickly
makes and keeps friends

He Is The Man

Who Has Traveled

It's the greatest education in the world, this
getting away from the rut.

Meet other people, hear their views. See
new places, have new ideas. Brush el-
bows with the "other half".

Sounds inviting, is fascinating.

And It's Inexpensive.



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GEORGE W. PERRY, Gen. Mgr.

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COMMERCIAL SCHOOL
BOSTON

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Now located in its new school building, 334 Boylston Street, a most desirable opportunity for study and practice under the direction and supervision of a large corps of well known and experienced teachers.

COURSES—General commercial course, Stenographic course, Secretarial course, Civil service course, Commercial teachers course.

Every possible requisite is afforded for personal safety, rapid progress, with cheerful and healthful surroundings.

This school does not employ agents, solicitors, canvassers or runners.

Persons who cannot call for personal interview may have printed information of terms and conditions by mail. Will reopen September 8th.

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Carpenter and Builder

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DRUGGIST

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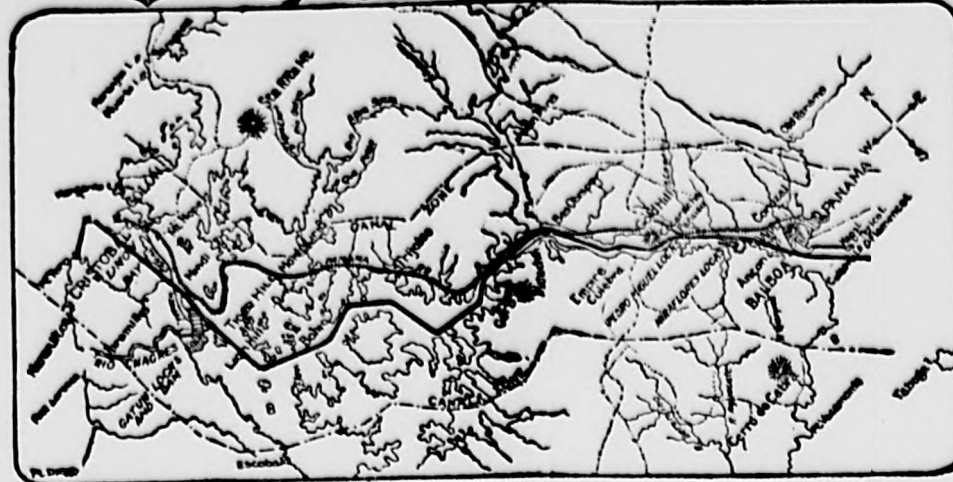
GORDON WILLIS, THE COLUMBIAN SQUARE GROCER.
South Weymouth

Advertise in the Gazette

FIRST THROUGH

the PANAMA CANAL

By E. K. PICKARD



Colon, C. Z.—I am going to take you through the completed Panama canal on the first vessel to pass across the isthmus from the Atlantic ocean to the Pacific. True, the canal is not yet completed, and will not be for a year or so, but that shall not prevent our making the trip now—on paper.

Let us imagine ourselves, then, on an ocean liner approaching the Atlantic or northern entrance of the great canal, prepared to enjoy this initial trip and to wonder at the sights in store for us. In that word "northern" lies the first surprise for many of the passengers who did not know that the canal runs not from east to west, but from northwest to southeast. This seeming anomaly is due to the fact that the isthmus of Panama here trends almost east and west.

It is still early morning when a watchful passenger shouts "Land," and all who are up rush to the port rail to gaze upon the hilly, jungle coast of the isthmus between Porto Bello and Colon. As the steamship plows swiftly through the waters as blue as ever were those of the Mediterranean a cheer goes up from the deck, for we have caught a glimpse of the Stars and Stripes fluttering above a fringe of cocoanut palms. That marks the location of one of the big forts built to protect the canal in time of war and is on Margarita island, virtually a part of the mainland. Colon, flat and unpicturesque, now comes into view, and directly ahead of us an immense breakwater stretches a mile out from the shore on the right. At its land end, on Toro point, is another fort whose great guns are masked by the tropical foliage.

Now we have virtually entered the canal, for the 500-foot channel extends far out from the shore line. At reduced speed we enter Colon harbor and the Bay of Limon and steam past the pretentious Washington hotel, Uncle Sam, proprietor; the docks of Colon, crowded with shipping from the United States, Europe and many a port of Latin America, and the American town of Cristobal on whose water front stands the statue of Columbus sent over long years ago by the Empress Eugenie. Skipping about the bay, looking like long, black water beetles, are the cayukas or native dug-outs, and moving lazily before the sea breeze are the little sailing craft in which the queer San Blas Indians are bringing their products to market.

Four miles and a half we steam through Limon bay and the shores narrow in on our 500-foot channel, still at tide level. Now look ahead three miles and get a glimpse of the Gatun locks, that tremendous flight of three water steps up which we are to be lifted. In a few minutes we reach the towering dividing wall of concrete, our own power is shut off and the electric locomotives on the lock walls take us in tow. Four of these powerful machines attach their hawsers to our ship, two in front to pull it and two astern to keep it steady and to bring it to a stop when entirely within the lock chamber. The immense gates close silently behind us and at once the water begins to flow into the chamber through culverts that have their openings in the concrete floor. Slowly the vessel rises until it is on a level with the second chamber, 28 1-3 feet above sea level, when the gate ahead is opened and the electric mules move forward, this time up a heavy grade by means of the center racks in the tracks. Twice this operation is repeated, and now we are at the summit, 85 feet above the sea. The last gate opens and the locomotives pull us into Gatun lake.

As our propellers begin to turn again and we steam out into this immense artificial lake, a marvelously beautiful landscape is spread before us. The surface of the lake is dotted with islets, once the summits of Tiger hill, Lion hill and a dozen other eminences; on both sides are steep promontories, lovely little peninsulas and deep bays and inlets where the water has spread into the once jungle-filled valleys.

Before we get too far from the locks, let us step to the starboard rail and have a look at the Gatun dam, enormous stretch of rock, sand and clay that has formed Gatun lake by impounding the waters of the Chagres river. It is in reality a low ridge, one and a half miles long, built across the valley, and when we are told that it is nearly half a mile wide at its base, 400 feet wide at the water surface and 100 feet wide at its crest, which is twenty feet above the level of the lake, how utterly ridiculous seem the fears of those alarmists who predicted the dam would be pushed over by the Chagres in time of flood!

Nearly in the center of the dam we can see the famous spillway through which pass the surplus waters of the Chagres. It is a concrete lined channel 285 feet wide cut through a hill of rock and across it is built a curved dam of concrete on top of which is a row of regulating gates. Just below the spillway, out of our sight, is the hydroelectric station which supplies power for the operation of the entire canal and the lighting of the whole zone.

Our channel through the lake—for we still must follow a path indicated by range towers on the shores—is now a thousand feet wide and leads us somewhat tortuously through a maze of islands. Look down as we near some of them and you will see below the surface the tops of giant trees. For we are sailing over what but a few months ago was the valley of the Chagres, dense with tropic vegetation and dotted with native villages surrounded by banana and coconut plantations. Close to the shores the stouter of the trees still stretch their naked, dead limbs above the water, but before long these, too, will have rotted and fallen, leaving the luxuriant landscape unmarred.

Passing over the sites of Bohio, Frijoles and Chagresito, we now come to the place where Tabernilla once stood, and here both lake and channel narrow down, the latter being first 800, then 700 and finally 500 feet wide. On the hillsides to the right stand a few abandoned houses, all that remains of Mamel, Juan Grande, Gorgona and Matachin, busy places while the canal was building, now covered by the spreading waters. Along the left shore of the channel runs the relocated Panama railway and here at Gamboa it crosses the Chagres river, which our vessel now leaves to enter the far famed Culebra cut. This great gash through the spine of the continent is 300 feet wide at the bottom, but, because of the tremendous earth slides which cost Uncle Sam so much money and time, its width at the top is astonishing, being half a mile just here opposite the town of Culebra. Beyond, on our left, towers Gold hill, 495 feet above the bottom of the canal. Far up on its rocky slope we discern a streak of white paint which marks the level to which the French company carried its excavations. Nearly opposite is Contractor's hill, 364 feet high. As we move between these, the loftiest hills along the route, and pass the location of that notorious "cockroach," the Cucaracha slide, the Pedro Miguel lock stands before us, white in the noonday sun. This, a single flight lock, is 30 feet high, the highest on the canal. Again we are taken in tow by electric mules and in less than half an hour we have been lowered those 30 feet and steam into another artificial body of water, Miraflores lake, only a mile long. At its southern end we pass the town of Miraflores and enter the locks of the same name, a double flight that lets us down once more to sea level.

The exciting part of the passage is over, but there is yet much of interest to see. Down the broad channel we look clear out onto the glittering waters of the Pacific ocean. Nearer at hand, on the left, Ancon hill rises its verdure-clad summit, and clustered on its slopes we see the many structures of the big hospital, the new administration buildings of the canal and the barracks of the marines. And now, steaming between filled-in swamp lands, we come to Balboa, where the government has made into a fine naval station, with an immense dry dock and extensive machine shops.

Stretching out from Balboa into the Pacific is a breakwater, two miles long, which protects the harbor from storms. At its outer end is a cluster of little islands, Naos, Perico, Culebra and Flamenco, and here we pass under the powerful guns that guard the Pacific end of the canal. They are mounted high up on the summits of these rock islets, rifled cannon, one shot from which would sink a battleship, and huge mortars whose shells can be dropped behind Tobago island 12 miles away in the direction of Japan.

In ten hours we have crossed through the continent and now float on the broad Pacific. As we look back the picturesque city of Panama lies bathed in the light of the western sun and on the side of Ancon hill shines the big white Tivoli hotel. The sudden night of the tropics is soon to fall, and already, as far back as we can see along our route and beside the ocean channel, are twinkling the lights that Uncle Sam has set up to guide the world's commerce through this most wonderful of canals which he has built.

HERBERT A. HAYDEN
PIANO TUNER.
PIANOS FOR SALE
78 Cleverly Court, Quincy Point.
Telephone 1153-M Quincy.

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Are you going to Repair or Enlarge?
Are you looking for

Contractor and Builder?

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Telephone 116-1 Weymouth

Chas. H. Chubbuck, Jr.
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EAST WEYMOUTH, MASS.
Telephone, Weymouth 149-W

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Town Officers of Weymouth and their Post Office Address.

TOWN CLERK.
John A. Raymond, East Weymouth.

TOWN TREASURER.
John H. Stetson, South Weymouth.

SELECTMEN.
Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Willard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.

OVERSEERS OF THE POOR.
Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Willard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
A. Francis Barnes, South Weymouth.

ASSESSORS.
John F. Dwyer, Chairman, Weymouth.
Frank H. Torrey, Clerk, North Weymouth.
Aldo Turner, East Weymouth.
Warren T. Simpson, South Weymouth.
Edward I. Loud, South Weymouth.

Regular meeting of Board first Wednesday evening of each month at Town Office Savings Bank building, East Weymouth.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.
Clarence P. Whittle, Chairman, Weymouth.
A. Lillian McGregor, Secretary, E. Weymouth.
E. E. Leonard, East Weymouth.
Arthur H. Alden, North Weymouth.
Theron L. Tirrell, South Weymouth.
Prince H. Tirrell, South Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.
Parker T. Pearson, East Weymouth. At use of school on Monday will be at the Athens building; Tuesday at Jefferson; Wednesday at Lowe Thursday at Hunt.

WATER COMMISSIONERS.
Frank H. Torrey, Chairman, North Weymouth.
George E. Bicknell, Clerk, Weymouth.
Robert S. Hoffman, East Weymouth.
John H. Stetson, South Weymouth.
Edward W. Hunt, Weymouth.

BOARD OF HEALTH.
George E. Emerson, Chairman, So. Weymouth.
Nelson B. Gladwin, Clerk, North Weymouth.
John S. Williams, Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF WATER WORKS.
Ivers M. Low, East Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF STREETS.
John L. Maynard, East Weymouth.

TAX COLLECTOR.
Winslow M. Tirrell, East Weymouth.

FIRE ENGINEERS.
M. O'Dowd, Chief, South Weymouth.
W. W. Pratt, Clerk, East Weymouth.
J. Q. Hunt, East Weymouth.
Charles W. Baker, Weymouth.
Philip W. Wolf, North Weymouth.

TRUCK WARDEN.
Charles L. Merritt, South Weymouth.

POLICE OFFICERS.
P. Butler, Chief, East Weymouth.
Thomas Fitzgerald, Weymouth.
A. H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
John D. Walsh, Weymouth.
Elbert Ford, South Weymouth.
Geo. W. Nash, North Weymouth.

CONSTABLES.
Isaac H. Walker, North Weymouth.
George W. Nash, North Weymouth.
Patrick Butler, East Weymouth.
Arthur H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
Thomas Fitzgerald, Weymouth.
John D. Walsh, Weymouth.
George B. Bayley, South Weymouth.
Elbert Ford, South Weymouth.
George W. Conant, South Weymouth.
Willard F. Hall, East Weymouth.

AUDITORS.
William H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
John P. Hunt, Weymouth.
Frank N. Blanchard, East Weymouth.

PARK COMMISSIONER.
William H. Clapp, Weymouth.
Louis A. Cook, South Weymouth.
W. E. Bean, North Weymouth.

SEALER OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.
Frank D. Sherman, Weymouth.

REPRESENTATIVE TO GENERAL COURT.
(From Seventh Norfolk District.)
John F. Dwyer, Weymouth, Mass.

SENATOR.
(First Norfolk District.)
John J. McDevitt, Quincy.

County Officers.
OFFICES AT DEDHAM.
Judge of Probate and Insolvency, James H. Flint of Weymouth.
Register of Probate and Insolvency, John D. Cobb.
Assistant Register, J. Raphael McCoolle, Clerk of Courts, Louis A. Cook of South Weymouth.
Assistant Clerk, Robert B. Worthington.
Second Assistant, Louis A. Cook, Jr., of South Weymouth.
Register of Deeds, John H. Burdakin.
Assistant Register of Deeds, Edward L. Burdakin.
County Treasurer, Henry D. Humphrey.
Sheriff, Samuel H. Capen.
Special Sheriff, Edward E. Wentworth, Cohasset.
County Commissioners, John F. Merritt of Quincy, chairman. Evan F. Richardson, of Quincy.
Evan F. Richardson, of Quincy.
Session every Tuesday at 10 a. m.
Special Commissioners, Fred L. Fisher, of Norwood; Henry A. Whitney, of Bellingham.
District Attorney, (Southeast District, Norfolk and Plymouth), Albert F. Barker, of Brockton.
Assistant, D. A. Fred L. Katzman, of Hyde Park.
Clerk of Dist. Court, (East Norfolk), Lawrence W. Lyons, of Quincy.

Calendar of County Courts.
Supreme Judicial Court Jury Sitting, third Tuesday of February.
Superior Court, Civil Sessions—For work with Juries—First Monday of January, first Monday of May, and first Monday of October. For Court work—First Monday of February, first Monday of April, first Monday of September, and first Monday of December.
Superior Court, Criminal Sessions—First Monday of April; first Monday of September; first Monday of December.
Probate Court—At Dedham, on the first and third Wednesdays of every month, except August. At Quincy, on the second Wednesday of every month, except August. At Brookline, on the fourth Wednesday of every month, except August.
County Commissioners' Meetings—Third Tuesday of April; fourth Tuesday of June; fourth Tuesday of September, last Wednesday of December. By adjournment: On Tuesdays, except during August.
District Court of East Norfolk Jurisdiction Randolph, Braintree Cohasset, Weymouth, Quincy, Haverhill and Milton. Court held at Quincy for criminal business every week day except legal holidays, and for civil business Tuesdays at 9 a. m. Justice, Albert E. Avery, Braintree. Special Justices, E. Granville Pratt, Quincy; Louis A. Cook, Weymouth. Clerk, Lawrence W. Lyons, Ass't James McDonald. Probation Officer, Francis A. Spear, 21 Prayer Street, Quincy. Court Officer and Bail Commissioner, William Marden, 24 Coddington Street, Quincy.

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Pianos and Organs
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and Organ Co.
RESIDENCE:
522 Commercial St., Weymouth Heights

Weymouth Gazette
AND TRANSCRIPTEntered in The Post Office at Weymouth, Mass.,
As Second Class Matter.

FRIDAY, AUG 29, 1913.

The Gazette & Transcript is printed and mailed Friday afternoons, and is for sale at all News-stands in the Weymouths and at the South Terminal, Boston.

All communications must be accompanied with the name of the writer, and unpublished communications cannot be returned by mail unless stamps are enclosed.

Notices of all local entertainments to which admission fee is charged must be paid for at regular rates, 10 cents per line in the reading matter, or regular rates in the advertising columns.

September and October are the months for what was called "Cattle Shows" in the early day, but in modern times much more is called for, and for its Annual Fair, which will take place on the 11th, 12th and 13th September, the Weymouth Agricultural and Industrial Society go far beyond the Cattle Show period and have put up big attractions for every day and the first day will be as good as any. Plan to see it all.

Twenty-six years ago the Selectmen of Weymouth issued a notice that the regular meeting for the following Monday would be held in the forenoon instead of the afternoon on account of "Labor Day."

This was the first year of "Labor Day," it being the latest born infant among our holidays. Since that time now legislation and a growing sentiment in its favor has made it a legal and generally observed day. Consequently we join the multitude in observing the day, and hope that Labor may be exalted and dignified next Monday.

While not an old man the editor of the Natick Bulletin is far enough advanced in years and had a business and worldly experience which taught him much that is useful he has now gone back to his school days and trying to solve a mathematical problem which even the celebrated author of Colburn's arithmetic would never have attacked.

Our friend wants to know why and how with an increase in valuation, a tax levy of but \$19,051 in excess of that of 1912 there should have been an increase of \$4.80 on the \$1,000 which would yield \$42,544.56.

We pride ourselves on our arithmetic and the problem is easy. It gives (?) Natick a surplus of \$23,493.56 for next year's use.

As this week comes to an end so does the long summer vacation period. While boating and bathing are laudable and pleasant pastimes when properly used, the season has had more than the usual number of fatalities by their reckless use, but we are pleased to note that these fatalities have not come to Weymouth proper.

The mountains and seashore are now sending back the vacationist to bleed out the tan and freckles and replenish their depleted exchequer.

The school teachers and scholars are rounding up for another school year, which will begin in all of the schools in town next Tuesday, with the exception of the Athens at North Weymouth, which will not open until Monday, the 15th, as the new rooms added to the building are not quite ready.

NORTH WEYMOUTH.

Last game of the season at the C. M. A. tomorrow Saturday at 3.30 P. M. Commonwealth Shoe Co. vs C. M. A. Admission 15 cents.—Advertisement.

Miss Mabel Bartlett has been visiting her brother, Mr. Frank Bartlett of Providence, R. I., the past week.

Miss Clara Tanguy has been ill the past two weeks and unable to attend to her accustomed duties.

Miss Bertha Estes returned home on Saturday of last week, having concluded a week's stay in Portland, Maine.

Miss Marion Browning is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. G. E. Cherrington.

Miss Uta Cossaboom is back at the store of Mr. C. W. Dyer after enjoying her annual vacation.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Tutty a daughter on Sunday, August 24th.

Miss Ruth Powers spent the week end with relatives in Belmont.

Mrs. Edward Kavanagh entertained the ladies of the Universalist Sewing Circle at a clam chowder dinner at her home at King Cove on Tuesday, August 26th.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Baker announce the engagement of their daughter, Mabel Frances, to Harry Irving Bicknell of Weymouth.

Howard Alden has accepted a position with the Converse Rubber Shoe Company of Boston and will begin his duties there on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Grassick of South Quincy are receiving congratulations on the birth of twin boys born on Monday, August 25th.

Miss Margaret Dingwall has returned to her home on Shaw street after spending five weeks in Pittsfield.

George Nash is enjoying his annual vacation.

Miss Belle Newton of Melrose Highlands has concluded a week's visit with Mrs. G. W. Clark at her summer cottage at Great Hill beach.

Carl Blanchard of New Haven, Conn., has been visiting his sister, Mrs. George W. Beane, the past week.

Miss Kathryn Egan left this week to spend a month in New York.

Mrs. John Welsh of Lincoln street has been entertaining Miss Alice Donovan of Brookline recently.

Miss Alice Sullivan of Everett was the week end guest of Misses Agnes and Mary Monahan.

Many friends from North Weymouth attended the wedding of Miss Ruth Merrill and Dr. Willis P. Middleton at Amesbury on Tuesday evening, August 26th.

Mrs. Andrew Culley was very pleasantly surprised at her home on Pratt avenue last Monday evening by about fifteen friends from the Woman's Relief Corps, the occasion being Mrs. Culley's birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Thomas have been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Libbey of Milford, Mrs. Coady and daughter of North Attleboro and Mrs. Hersey of Swampscott.

On Tuesday afternoon, Bridge street was the scene of the third automobile accident in one week; the same was near the residence of John Monahan.

Miss Bertha Dunbar is spending her vacation at Peaks Island, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Spavin of Wakefield have been recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Walker.

Miss Gladys Sidelinger is visiting her aunt, Mrs. A. G. Sidelinger.

Mrs. R. F. Vining entertained ten ladies from South Hingham and Norwell at a dinner party last Friday.

Rev. Charles Clark, pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational church, is enjoying his annual vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Sidelinger have

been spending a few days at Cataumet, Mass., the guests of Rev. Allan Hudson and family.

The alarm from box 14, Wessagusset road, at 4.15 on Tuesday afternoon, was for a small fire in a building used by Mrs. Grafton on the beach near the float, where many boats are anchored. Fortunately the flames were extinguished with but little damage before the department arrived. The auto truck made its usual good run, arriving in about seven minutes.

Miss Grace Sullivan of Jamaica Plain, a summer resident at Rose Cliff, rescued Miss Bessie and Miss Clare Nichols from drowning on Saturday morning. The girls were sinking for the third time when Miss Sullivan dived off the pier and saved them. The Misses Nichols were guests of Mr. Gordon Biggliestine.

While Mr. Nelson Gladwin was crossing Bridge street, on Neck street, last Thursday morning, his auto truck was struck by a machine coming from Hingham. The truck was turned around and tipped over, and Mr. Gladwin and his son Albert were thrown out but fortunately escaped without any serious injuries.

The 12th Annual Outing and Field Day of the Fort Point A. A., Inc. will be held on Labor Day, September 1st. Boat races at 10 a. m. Swimming races at 11 a. m. Ball game between the Married and Single men in the afternoon. Illumination at 8 p. m. and other attractions. The general committee is W. W. Arnold, A. L. Barr, George Cary, Charles Caldwell, E. W. Gorham, Charles Randall, Rowe Gladwin, R. H. Baker and W. H. Thayer.

Mothers' Day.

The following which we cut from an exchange is good enough for every boy and girl to read preparatory for "Mothers' Day" which will soon be here:

ONLY ONE MOTHER.

You have only one mother, my boy, whose heart you can gladden with joy, Or cause it to ache.

Till ready to break—

So cherish that mother, my boy.

You have only one mother who will stick to you through good and through ill

And love you although

The world is your foe—

So care for that love never still.

You have only one mother to pray

That in the good path you may stay;

Who for you won't spare

Self sacrifice rare—

So worship that mother always.

You have only one mother to make

A home ever sweet for your sake,

Who toils day and night,

For you with delight—

To help her all pains ever take.

You have only one mother to miss

When she has departed from this.

So love and revere

That mother while here,

Sometime you won't know her dear kiss.

You have only one mother—just one.

Remember that always, my son;

None can or will do

What she has for you.

What have you for her ever done?—Ex.

\$100 REWARD, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

NOTICE OF HEARING.

Upon the petition of Marshall P. Sprague for a license to sell gasoline at his store at Nash's corner, there will be a public hearing at the office of the Selectmen of Weymouth, on MONDAY, the eighth day of September, 1913, at two o'clock p. m.

By order of the Board of Selectmen of Weymouth.

BRADFORD HAWES, Secretary.

24-25

GIVING OUT.

The Struggle Discourages Many a Citizen of Weymouth.

Around all day with an aching back, Can't rest at night; Enough to make any one "give out." Doan's Kidney Pills are helping thousands.

They are for kidney backache; And other kidney ills.

Here is Weymouth proof of their merit:

William V. Brown, 15 Norfolk street, Weymouth, Mass., says: "Driving a team over the rough streets and roads had a weakening effect on my kidneys. It brought on severe pains which not only troubled me during the day while at work but also when I went to bed at night. The kidney secretions were irregular in passage, and in various other ways I knew that I had kidney complaint. I used about ten boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills and a cure which has lasted was the result."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents.

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Weymouth Fire Alarm Boxes.

12—Pole, River and Parnell Sts.

13—Bradley Fertilizer Works.

14—Pole, Wessagusset Road.

114—Pole, Wessagusset & Hobomac Sts.

15—Pole, Bicknell square.

115—Pole, Pearl and Norton Streets.

16—Pole, Bay View Street.

116—Pole, Bridge and Saunders Sts.

17—Pole, Sea and North Sts.

18—Pole, Lovell and Bridge Sts.

19—Pole, Church and North Sts.

21—Pole, Grant and High Sts.

221—Pole, Wharf St.

23—Pole, Jackson Square.

223—Pole, Commercial and Putnam Sts.

24—Pole, Electric Station, private.

224—Pole, Charles St.

25—Pole, Central square.

225—Pole, Middle St., near Lake.

26—Pole, Broad St., near Essex.

226—Pole, Cedar and Hawthorne Sts.

27—Pole, Broad St. and Bates Ave.

28—Pole, Shawmut St.

29—Pole, Strong's Factory, priv.

31—Pole, Summer and Federal Sts.

32—Pole, Congress and Washington Sts.

34—Engine House No. 3.

35—Pole, Prospect and Granite Sts.

36—Pole, Garfield Square.

38—Pole, Washington Square.

39—Pole, Commercial Street, opposite Wharf.

41—Pole, Lovells Corner.

42—Pole, Elm and Pleasant Sts.

43—Pole, Nash's Corner.

45—Pole, cor. Park Ave. and Main Sts.

46—Pole, Middle and Washington Sts.

47—Pole, Pleasant and Canterbury.

48—Lake View Park.

49—Pole, opp. Pratt School, Pleasant St.

441—Cor. Park and Pine Sts.

51—Pole, Pleasant, opp. Otis Torrey's.

52—Engine House No. 5.

53—Pole, Independence Square.

54—Pole, near Depot.

55—Pole, Pond St., near Robinson's.

56—Pole, Thicket and Pond Sts.

57—Pole, May's Corner, Union St.

58—Henry Chandler's, Union Street.

61—Corner Randolph and Forest Sts.

62—Pole, E. C. Staples, Main St.

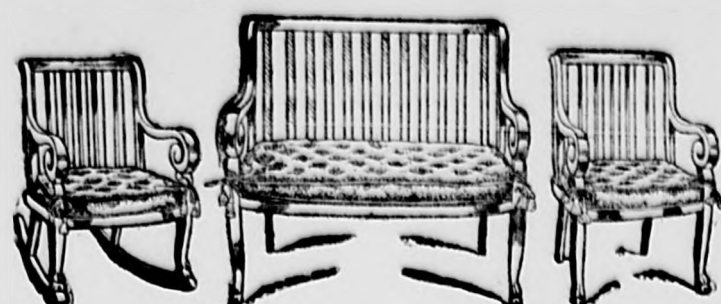
63—Cor. Columbian and Forest Sts.

NO SCHOOL SIGNALS.

2—2—2. Repeat once.

At 7.30 o'clock a. m., no school in any grade during a. m. The same signal at 8 o'clock, no school in grades 1 to 4 inclusive during a. m. The same signal at 11.45 o'clock, no school in grades 1 to 4 inclusive during p. m. The same signal at 12.45 o'clock p. m., no school in any grade during p. m.

NEW FALL STYLES



PARLOR SUITES

The very cream of the New Fall Styles in Three and Five Piece Suites are gathered here for your inspection now. Made by America's best manufacturers, we guarantee every suite to give perfect service and satisfaction. Prices range from \$20 up, on easy terms, or discount for cash.

SPECIAL FOR WEEK

3-piece Suite shown in window. Heavy Mohogized frame upholstered in French Gobelin Tapestry. Mighty good value at regular price, \$55, for one week only.

\$42.

HENRY L. KINCAIDE & CO. Quincy

Open Friday, Saturday and Monday Evenings.

FURNITURE—PIANOS—RUGS—RANGES

Come To The

Weymouth Fair

Sept. 11, 12, 13, 1913

Faster Racing For Bigger Purses

MISS RUTH BANCROFT LAW

AMERICA'S LEADING AVIATRIX

In Daily Aeroplane Flights

Daily Band Concerts

Martland's Military Band Stetson Shoe Band

Hair-Raising Motorcycle Races

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Championship Base Ball

All for the same Popular Price, 35 Cts.

SUBSCRIBE for the GAZETTE

DINNER'S READY

A CABINET GAS RANGE will make the preparation of meals a pleasure.

It will boil, bake and broil six things at the same time, in the ovens and on the top burners.

No stooping while cooking—these ranges stand on high legs, bringing all burners and ovens at just the proper height.

You are invited to visit our salesroom and see them on display and in operation.

Our special easy payment terms put this range within the reach of everyone.

ASK US—PHONE US—WRITE US. Braintree 310. Rockland 345.

OLD COLONY GAS CO.

KINCAIDE THEATRE
HANCOCK STREET QUINCY CENTRE
HIGH CLASS VAUDEVILLE REFINED MOVING PICTURES

Daily Matinee 2.30 P. M. Prices 5c, 10c, 15c. Evenings at 7.45, 10c, 15c, 25c.

SEE our own Moving Pictures of Field Day of St. Francis' Church, Braintree, Races of Quincy Yacht Club.

CHURCH SISTERS, dainty dancers; KELLEY & FINE, comedy entertainers; PAUL JAPPA, 200 lbs. on the slack wire; 4 EREZNOS, bar and trampoline artists. Feature Pictures and Orchestra.

Starting September 1st—Labor Day

CORMAN'S MUSICAL COMEDY CO.
Seventeen Singers—Dancers—Comedians, presenting an extravaganza farce by Matthew Ott

"THE REFINING OF FATHER"
Our Biggest, Brightest, Best Attraction Yet. Comedy Co. Prices 10, 15, 25, 30c

A FULL LINE OF
CHILDRENS' SCHOOL SHOES
Prices range from \$1.25 to \$3.00.

ALSO
CHILDRENS' SCOUT SHOES,
In all sizes. Prices \$1.25 to \$1.50.

W. M. TIRRELL, Hats, Caps, Etc. Gent's Furnishing Goods. Shoes and Rubbers.
771 BROAD ST. TELEPHONE 66 WEYMOUTH EAST WEYMOUTH

BUTTERICK PATTERNS . . .
We are agents for this old reliable line. Autumn "Fashions" and September Delineator now on sale.
Bargains in Remnants all this week.
A few Shirt Waists left; 75c value, 49c each.
Ask to see the new Apron Dress.

Vaughan's Daylight Store BATES BLOCK Washington Sq.

THE HARDWARE STORE
You Desire It. You Should Have It.
SATISFACTION
We Give It. Try Us And Receive It.
J. H. MURRAY
Atlas Roofing, Hardware, Paints and Oils.
759 BROAD STREET, EAST WEYMOUTH, MA S.
TELEPHONE 272-J WEYMOUTH

NOW IS THE TIME TO SELECT YOUR FURNITURE
as we have the largest stock now we have ever carried—floors crowded full.
We have some very handsome things in
FANCY and RATTAN CHAIRS, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and PARLOR FURNITURE, PICTURES and EASELS.
ALSO, A GOOD LINE OF **BABy CARRIAGES** THAT WE ARE SELLING LOW.
A COMPLETE LINE OF PAPER HANGINGS.
And we will Re-upholster your old Furniture, and make over your Hair Mattress, as good as new.

Ford Furniture Co.
Broad St. Tel. Con. East Weymouth.

LAST GAME OF SEASON!!
CLAPP MEMORIAL GROUNDS, EAST WEYMOUTH.
Tomorrow, Aug. 30, at 3.30 P. M.

Commonwealth Shoe Co.
OF WHITMAN
Batteries—Plausse and Ford for Commonwealth; Leonard and Wall for Clapp Memorial Association.
EVERYBODY COME. ADMISSION 15 CENTS.

L. CASSESE & SONS.
Limestone, Granite and Marble Cut
CEMENT BLOCKS
215 LAKE STREET, EAST WEYMOUTH.
TEL. 428-W.

SOUTH WEYMOUTH

—Last game of the season at the C. M. A. tomorrow Saturday at 3.30. P. M. Commonwealth Shoe Co. vs C. M. A. Admission 15 cents.—Advertisement.

—The Baraca cadets of the Old South church, in charge of Deacon Clarence W. Fearing, have recently purchased a dozen oak chairs for the furnishing of their Sunday schoolroom.

—Postcards have been received in town from Miss Mildred Thomas of this place who is on a tour of the principal points of interest in Europe.

—Grand Opening, Bates Opera House, Sept. 1—Labor Day night. Feature Picture Dagmar in three reels. Regular nights after, Wednesday and Saturday. The best lighted and ventilated theatre this side of Boston.

—Miss Almada C. Corbin, age 62, died Sunday from the effects of a shock sustained about two weeks ago while at the home of her sister, Mrs. Loring Orcutt. She was a native of Bethel, Vt., and was a nurse by occupation.

—The Misses Ella Manta and Margaret Dondero are in New Hampshire for two weeks.

—B. H. Larrabee, dean of Hillside college in Michigan has been the recent guest of his cousin, Miss Lucy Larrabee.

—Mr. and Mrs. Winfield S. Nevins of Salem have been visiting Judge and Mrs. Louis A. Cook.

—Judge George L. Wentworth is in Nantucket for a week's vacation.

—Percy Bicknell and family have concluded a two weeks' outing at Brant Rock.

—Gen. and Mrs. S. S. Sumner have had as their guest the past two weeks Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dalley of Montreal.

—Miss Fannie Raymond is home from a visit with Miss Buelah Homes of Marshfield.

—Thomas Nash of Highland place is enjoying a vacation from his duties in Boston.

—Sherman Lowell will enter Mercersburg Academy in Pennsylvania, next month.

—Miss Ethel Marsh has been on a visit with friends in Maine.

—The Misses Rita Brennan, Jennie Deane and Susie Burns are in Wolfboro, N. H., for two weeks.

—Mrs. Clifford Stone is in a hospital in Boston for treatment.

—Walter and Charles Reed, and David Potenger left the first of the week for a two weeks' outing at Sebago Lake, Maine.

—On account of the extensive holiday program of racing on next Monday, the usual Saturday Matinee of the Old Colony Driving Club will be omitted this week.

—Arthur Reed of Boston has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Reed.

—Charles T. Heald's new house on Columbian street is practically completed and will shortly be ready for occupancy.

—Miss Susie Carroll, who has been detained from her duties with the Alvin Hollis Co. for the past few months by illness has returned to her position much improved in health.

—Mrs. Elbridge Nash returned yesterday from an outing at Gloucester.

—Prof. and Mrs. Harry Alvord of Brunswick, Maine, are the guests of his father, Rev. Henry C. Alvord of Pleasant street.

—Miss Constance Patterson of Boston has been the recent guest of Miss Lucia Nash.

—Miss Herberta Stockwell of Park Avenue has been entertaining Miss Grace Taylor of Haverhill.

—Joseph Kohler has taken possession of his new home on Bates Avenue.

—Samuel Robinson is spending the week in Maine.

—The Stetson Shoe Co. band will give a concert in Columbian Square, this evening.

—Earl Bates and Harold Soule are at Pease's Island, Maine, for a two weeks' stay.

—A. E. Barnes, F. T. Barnes and George L. Barnes enjoyed a fishing trip at Scituate on Tuesday of this week.

—Miss Nellie Sprague of Nash's Corner is enjoying a two weeks' vacation from her duties with the Estey Organ Co. of Boston.

—Francis Carroll has been enjoying a few days' vacation this week from his duties with the K. J. Quinn Co. of Boston.

—Robert Alfords has returned home from a two months' stay in Torrington, Conn.

—Mrs. Sumner Torrey and Mrs. Maria Pratt are in town again after a visit with Preston Pratt of Scituate.

—Miss Nellie Sprague has been in Marshfield for a few days' visit.

—Miss Loretta Stetson is entertaining her sister Mrs. Turner of Roxbury and Sarah Pratt of Pembroke.

—Mrs. A. F. Bullock and Miss Josephine Madden leave tomorrow for a two weeks' visit to Great Barrington, Conn.

—Miss Ruth Wright entertained the members of her Sunday school class at her home on Pleasant street last Tuesday afternoon. Games and a delicious luncheon, served by Miss Wright, made the afternoon very pleasant for all.

—Miss Ruth Sargent is visiting relatives in Franklin.

Old South Church Notes.

Morning worship, with preaching by the pastor, next Sunday morning at 10.30, with Sunday school following. Evening service at 6.30, with the subject, "Missionary Essentials, Home and Abroad, 11 Prayer." A cordial welcome for all.

The Old South delegation to the Sagamore C. E. Institute, which opened on Monday for a week, includes Inez Allen, Miriam Fearing, Harriet Tirrell, Elizabeth Clark and Ralph Morrison.

Following Are a Few of the Items Which Appeared in the Gazette Years Ago This Week.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

John P. Burrell keeps a box of choice pears on the lawn in front of his house, on which is an invitation to passers-by to help themselves. When the box becomes empty it is replenished.

Rev. Mr. Huckel was taken quite seriously ill last Sunday afternoon. It was at first feared that he was threatened with a fever but happily did not prove so.

More than 500 ladies attended the ball game last Saturday at Institute park. The grand stand and the hillside were bright with the many colored costumes of the fair admirers the great American game.

A sign "No Crossing" was displayed on Union street last Tuesday afternoon on account of one of the large trees in front of the residence of the late John S. Fogg, being split by the gale, making passing very dangerous.

A pleasant home wedding took place at the residence of Andrew Culley, Bridge street, Wednesday evening when his daughter, Mabel Culley, was united in marriage to Chester O. Keene. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Allan B. Hudson.

The third gale within eight days struck this town on Monday and raged with even greater violence than the two preceding ones. Similar reports of injury to crops, shade trees and fruit reach us from all parts of the town, but as the earlier gales had blown off most of the fruit and laid flat the late corn in the exposed places, there was not much left for Monday's gale to wreak its vengeance upon.

TWENTY-TWO YEARS AGO.

Mackerel still continue to be plenty. The fishermen making a number of good catches daily.

At a firemen's tournament in Maine last week, the Gen. Bates came to the front again, paying 223 feet and taking the first prize.

The Holbrook Fire Department and the North Weymouth Fire Department played a game of ball at 1.30 o'clock Saturday at the North Weymouth grounds which resulted in victory for Holbrook by a score of 21 to 4.

A stranger would think that South Weymouth was a liberal place if he should chance to walk up Pleasant street and see barrels, tubs and baskets setting on the side of the street filled with fruit free to the public.

The town meeting in Braintree on Tuesday evening was very harmonious, and the plan for electric lighting went through without opposition.

The town is to be congratulated that the darkness in her streets will be dispelled at an early date.

Last Saturday afternoon quite a company assembled at the Tufts Library buildings to hear the cute auctioneer, J. W. Lombard, of Quincy, run the prices up to \$1,390 and \$1,210 respectively on the two buildings. The library building brought the first sum and was purchased by Francis Ambler, while the latter sum was bid for the corner building by S. W. Pratt.

TWENTY-SIX YEARS AGO.

The old school houses in Commercial square and on Pleasant street will be sold at auction by Joseph Totman, Saturday, Sept. 10, at 2.30 o'clock.

In this vicinity there is considerable interest in Labor Day, and it will be celebrated next Monday by a Grand Union picnic, on the part of the K. of L. assemblies from S. Weymouth, Whitman, Rockland, Abington, No. Abington, East Bridgewater and Hanson, at the Park of the Agricultural society of this village.

The foundations for the large granite building in Columbian square are attracting much attention on account of their solidity, and it becomes more evident as the work progresses that our village is to have a structure of which we shall all be proud, and Mr. Fogg has been very liberal in all the arrangements for the carrying out of a long contemplated plan.

Novel Method of Revenge.

Jilted by her fiancé, a young Paris dressmaker avenged herself on the young man recently by painting his face and hands with black varnish while he was asleep.

Exception to the Rule.

Briggs—"They say that 'two heads are better than one.'" Griggs—"That's all a mistake. Both my wife and I want to be the head of the house and it doesn't work at all."

Town of Weymouth**TAX COLLECTOR'S NOTICE**

COLLECTOR'S OFFICE

Weymouth, Aug. 29, 1913.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the town of Weymouth, in the County of Norfolk and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public are hereby notified that the taxes thereon, severally assessed for the years hereinafter specified according to the lists committed to me as collector of taxes for said town by the assessors of taxes, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said land and buildings, sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest, and all legal costs and charges, or the whole of said land and buildings if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction at the office of the Selectmen in the Savings Bank building, East Weymouth, on

Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 2 P. M.

Taxed to heirs or devisees of William Tobin, house, shed and lot, 34 Lake St., 80 rods more or less. Tax for 1910, \$27.71.

Taxed to heirs or devisees of William Tobin, house and lot, 38 and 40 Lake St., 80 rods more or less. Tax for 1910, \$31.44.

Taxed to J. Edgar Sprague, house, barn and lot of Oak St., 120 rods more or less, bounded as follows: northerly by heirs of Allen Vining, easterly by heirs of Walter J. Slade, southerly by W. J. Slade, Oak St.; westerly by Oak St. and Allen Vining. Tax for 1910, \$12.35.

Taxed to James H. and Mary J. Sullivan, lot 131 Witawaumet Rd., containing 5,000 sq. ft. Tax for 1910, \$8.05.

Taxed to Myron J. Dearborn, lots 167 to 170 inclusive Forest Park, 23 rods more or less. Tax for 1910, \$9.2.

Taxed to Charles B. Howe, lots 292 to 295 inclusive, land of Bartlett, 47 rods more or less. Tax for 1910, \$17.73.

Taxed to Annie L. Senter, lots 171 and 172 Cottage Park, 11 rods more or less. Tax for 1910, \$5.3.

Terms cash at time and place of sale. Deeds to be delivered in ten days.

WINSLOW M. TIRRELL,
Collector of taxes for 1910.
Weymouth, August 29, 1913. 23-26

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE PORT OF BOSTON.

40 Central Street, Boston.

Notice is hereby given that the North Weymouth Associates, Inc., has made application to the Directors for license to erect a pile foundation for club house in Weymouth Fore River, in the town of Weymouth, as per plans filed with said application; and Thursday, the twenty-eighth day of August, at 9.15 o'clock A. M., and this office, have been assigned as the time and place for hearing all parties interested therein.

For the Directors,
HUGH BANCROFT,
Chairman.

Sheriff's Sale.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

NORFOLK SS

QUINCY, August 4th, A. D. 1913.
Seized on execution and will be sold at public auction, on Saturday, the 13th day of September, A. D. 1913, at nine o'clock A. M., at my residence, No. 163 Franklin street, in said Quincy, all the right, title and interest that Mary L. Redmond, deceased, had in the lands and possession of Frank S. Redmond, executor (not exempt by law from attachment or levy on execution) on the said 4th day of August, at nine o'clock A. M., the time the same was seized on execution, in and to the following described real estate, to wit:—
A certain lot or parcel of land together with the buildings thereon situated in that part of Weymouth in the County of Norfolk and Commonwealth of Massachusetts called East Weymouth, and bounded and described as follows:—Commencing at the northwest corner of said lot and running southerly by School street in said East Weymouth, fifty-two feet and nine inches; thence turning and running easterly by land now or formerly of Cyrus Washburn through the centre of a well one hundred and twenty-one (121) feet; thence turning and running north fifty-four (54) feet by land now or formerly of Jotham Salisbury; thence turning and running westerly one hundred and nineteen (119) feet by land now or formerly of M. L. Cushing to the point of beginning, together with the privilege of using said well in common with other parties.
GEORGE H. FIELD,
Deputy Sheriff.

24-26

GENERAL SURVEYS

RUSSELL H. WHITING
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR
56 Sea Street
NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.
SURVEYS MADE AND PLANS PREPARED FOR THE LAND COURT

SPRING DELICACIES

ASPARAGUS, TOMATOES, CUCUMBERS,
DANDELIONS, RADISHES, LETTUCE,
SPINACH, RHUBARB, BERMUDA ONIONS
NEW MAPLE SUGAR and SYRUP

Hunt's Market Grocery
Washington Sq. Telephone 152 Weymouth

Act Quickly

Don't wait until you have some ailment caused by poor digestion, biliousness, or by inactive bowels which may lead to a serious sickness. Immediate relief is afforded by that best corrective and preventive

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

REAL ESTATE**INSURANCE**

Thomas J. White

Central Square East Weymouth

FOR SALE

NEW TWO-STORY, ALL MODERN DWELLING, 7 ROOMS, WITHIN FIVE MINUTES OF STATION, WITH 6,000 FEET OF LAND. PRICE \$2,000.

CALL AND SEE!

RUSSELL B. WORSTER,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent,
Auctioneer, Notary, Justice of the Peace
8 Commercial Street, Weymouth.

**HIGHLAND LINEN**

is a writing paper especially adapted to vacation time. It comes in neat boxes that you can bring to carry around with you at your summer resort. It is a paper that doesn't crumple easily and it is just heavy enough to let you write upon it outdoors without having it flutter in a breeze.

In texture and shape Highland Linen meets every requirement of the most exacting person. Yet with all its good taste, this is not a paper restricted to those who can afford to spend a great deal on their stationery. You will be surprised when you ask us to tell you the price—most agreeably surprised. Let us tell you today.

HUNT'S
On The Corner
EAST WEYMOUTH

Dogs Haul Artillery.

Dogs are made use of to haul light artillery in the Belgian army and are being experimented with by the Holland army.

THE HUSBANDS OF EDITH

By
GEORGE BARR
M'CUTCHEON

Copyright by Dodd, Mead & Co.

CHAPTER II. Mrs. Medcroft.

FOR ten minutes Brock protested, his argument growing weaker and weaker as the true humor of the project developed in his mind. He came at last to realize that Medcroft was in earnest and that the situation was as serious as he pictured it. The Englishman's plan was unusual, but it was not as rattle brained as it had seemed at the outset. Brock was beginning to see the possibilities that the ruse contained. To say the least, he would be running little or no risk in the event of its miscarriage. In spite of possible unpleasant consequences, there were the elements of a rare lark in the enterprise. He felt himself being skillfully guided past the pitfalls and dangers.

"I shall insist on talking it over thoroughly with Mrs. Medcroft before consenting," he said in the end. "If she's being bluffed into the game I'll revoke like a flash. If she's been to the adventure I'll go. Rox. But I've got to see her first and talk it all over."

"Don't worry, old chap, she's ripping, awfully good sort, even though I say it myself. She's true blue, and she'll do anything for me. You see, Brock, and his voice grew very tender, "she loves me. I'm sure of her. There isn't a nobler wife in the world than mine. Nor a prettier one either," he concluded, with pride in his eyes. "You won't be ashamed of her. You will be proud of the chance to point her out as your wife, take my word for it." Then they set out for the Ritz.

"Roxbury," said Brock soberly when they were in the Rue de la Paix after walking two blocks in contemplative silence, "my peace of mind is poised at the brink of an abyss. I have a feeling that I am about to chuck it over."

"Nonsense! You'll buck up when Edith has had a fling at you."

"I suppose I'm to call her Edith?"

"Certainly, and I won't mind a 'dear' or two when it seems propitious. It's rather customary, you know, even among the unhappily married. Of course I've always been opposed to kissing or caressing in public. It's so middle class."

"And I daresay Mrs. Medcroft will object to it in private," lamented Brock good naturedly.

"I daresay," said her husband cheerfully. "She's your wife in public only. By the way, you'll have to get used to the name of Roxbury. Don't look around as if you expected to find me standing behind your back when she says 'Roxbury, dear!' I shan't be there, you know. She'll mean you. Don't forget that."

"Oh, I say," exclaimed Brock, halting abruptly and staring in dismay at the confident conspirator, "will I have to wear a suit of clothes like that and an eyeglass and—and—good Lord! spats?"

"By Jove, you shall wear this very suit!" cried Medcroft, inspired. "We're of a size, and it won't fit you any better than it does me. Our clothes never fit us in London. Clever idea of yours, Brock, to think of it. And, here! We'll stop at this shop and pick up a glass. You can have all day for practice with it. And, I say, Brock, don't you think you can cultivate a—er—little more of an English style of speech? That twang of yours won't!"

"Heavens, man, I'm to be a low comedian too!" gasped Brock as he was fairly pushed on to the shop. Three minutes later they were on the sidewalk, and Brock was in possession of an object he had scorned most of all things in the world—a monocle.

Arm in arm they sauntered into the Ritz. Medcroft retained his clasp on his friend's elbow as they went up in the lift, after the fashion of one who fears that his victim is contemplating flight. As they entered the comfortable little sitting room of the suite a young woman rose gracefully from the desk at which she had been writing. With perfect composure she smiled and extended her slim hand to the American as he crossed the room with Medcroft's jerky introduction dinging in his ears.

"My old friend, Brock, dear. He has consented to be your husband. You've never met your wife, have you, old man?" A blush spread over her exquisite face.

"Oh, Roxbury, how embarrassing! He hasn't even proposed to me. So glad to meet you, Mr. Brock. I've been trying to picture what you would look like ever since Roxbury went out to find you. Sit here, please, near me. Roxbury, has Mr. Brock really fallen into your terrible trap? Isn't it the most ridiculous proceeding, Mr. Brock?"

"Call him, Roxbury, my dear. He's fully prepared for it. And now let's get down to business. He insists upon talking it over with you. You don't mind me being present, do you, Brock? I dare say I can help you out a bit. I've been married four years."

For an hour the trio discussed the situation from all sides and in all its phases. When Brock arose to take his departure, he was irrevocably committed to the enterprise. He was, moreover, completely enchanted by the vista of harmless fun and sweet adventure that stretched before him. He went away with his head full of the brilliant, quick-witted, loyal young American who was entering so heartily into the plot to deceive her own friends for the time being in order that her husband might profit in high places.

"She is ripping," he said to Medcroft in the hallway. All of the plans had been made and all of them had been approved by the young wife. She had shown wonderful perspicacity and foresight in the matter of details. Her capacity for selection and disposal was even more comprehensive than that of the two men, both of whom were somewhat staggered by the boldness of more than one suggestion which came from her fruitful storehouse of romantic ideas. She had grasped the full humor of the situation, from inception to denouement, and to all appearance was heart and soul deep in the venture, despising the risks because she knew that success was always at her elbow in the shape of her husband's loyal support. There was no condition involved which could not be explained to her credit; adequate compensation for the merry sacrifice was to be had in the brief detachment from rigid English conventionalities. In the hazardous injection of quixotism into an otherwise overly healthful life of platitudes. Society had become the sepulcher of youthful inspirations. She welcomed the resurrection. The exquisite delicacy with which she analyzed the cost and computed the interest won for her the warmest regard of her husband's friend, fellow conspirator in a plot which involved the subtlest test of loyalty and honor.

"Yes," said Medcroft simply. "You won't have reason to change your opinion, Brock." He hesitated for a moment and then burst out, rather plaintively: "She's an awfully good sort, demme, she is. And so are you, Brock. It's mighty decent of you. You're the only man in all the world that I could or would have asked to do this for me. You are my best friend, Brock—you always have been." He seized the American's hand and wrung it fervently. Their eyes met in a long look of understanding and confidence.

"I'll take good care of her," said Brock quietly.

"I know you will. Goodby, then. I'll see you late this afternoon. You leave this evening at 7:20 by the Orient express. I've had the reservations booked, and—and—" He hesitated, a wry smile on his lips. "I daresay you won't mind making a pretense of looking after the luggage a bit, will you?"

"I shall take this opportunity to put myself in training against the day when I may be traveling away with a happy bride of my own. By the way, how long am I expected to remain in this state of matrimonial bliss? That's no small detail, you know, even though it escaped for the moment."

"Three weeks." He almost reeled.

"That's a long time in these days of speedy divorces," said Medcroft blandly.

The Gare de l'Est was thronged with people when Brock appeared fully half an hour before departing time. In no little dismay he found himself wondering if the whole of Paris was going away or, on the other hand, if the rest of the continent was arriving. He felt a fool in Medcroft's unspeakable checked suit, and the eyeglass was a much more obstinate, untractable thing than he had even suspected it could be. The right side of his face was in a condition of semiparalysis, due to the muscular exertions required. He had a sickening fear that the scowl that marked his brow was destined to form a perpetual alliance with the smirk at the corner of his nose, forever destroying the symmetry of his face. If one who has not the proper facial construction will but attempt the feat of holding a monocle in place for unbroken hours he may come to appreciate at least one of the trials which beset poor Brock.

Every one seemed to be staring at him. He heard more than one American in the scurrying throng say to another, "English," and he felt relieved until an Englishman or two upset his

confidence by brutally alluding to him as a "reformed American today."

It was quite train time before Mrs. Medcroft was seen hurrying in from the carriage way, pursued by a trio of factious ladies with bags and boxes. "Don't shake hands!" she warned in a quick whisper as they came together. "I recognized you by the clothes."

"Thank God, it wasn't my face!" he cried. "Are your trunks checked?"

"Yes, this afternoon. I have nothing but the bags. You have the tickets? Then let us get aboard. I just couldn't get here earlier," she whispered guiltily. "We had to say goodbye, you know. Poor old Rox! How he hated it! I sent Burton and O'Brien on ahead of me. My sister brought them here in her carriage, and I dare say they're aboard and abed by this time. You didn't see them? But, of course, you wouldn't know my maids. How stupid of me! Don't be alarmed. They have their instructions, Roxbury. Doesn't it sound odd to you?"

Brock was icy cold with apprehension as they walked down the line of wagons lit in the wake of the bag bearers. Mrs. Medcroft was as self-possessed and as degenerate as he was (it at ease and awkward. As they ascended the steps of the carriage she turned back to him and said with the most malicious twinkle in her eyes: "I'm not a bit nervous."

"But you've been married so much longer than I have," he responded.

Then came the disposition of the bags and parcels. She calmly directed the porters to put the overflow into the upper berth. The garage came up to re-monstrate in his most rapid French.

"But where is monsieur to sleep if the bags go up there?" he argued.

Mrs. Medcroft dropped her toilet bag and turned to Brock with startled eyes, her lips parted. He was standing in the passage, his two bags at his feet, an aroused gleam in his eyes. A deep flush overspread his face. An expression of utter ruse succeeded the buoyancy of the moment before.

"Really," she murmured and could go no further. The loveliest pucker came into her face. Brock waved the garage aside.

"It's all right," he explained. "I shan't occupy the—I mean, I'll take one of the other compartments."

As the garage opened his lips to protest she drew Brock inside the compartment and closed the door. Mrs. Medcroft was agitated.

"Oh, what a wretched contretemps!" she cried in despair. "Rox has made a frightful mess of it, after all. He has not taken a compartment for me. I'm—I'm afraid you'll have to take this one—and let me go in with—"

"Nonsense!" he broke in. "Nothing of the sort! I'll find a bed, never fear. I daresay there's plenty of room on the train. You shan't sleep with the servants. And don't lie awake blaming poor old Rox. He's lonesome and unhappy, and he—"

"But he has a place to sleep," she lamented. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Brock! It's perfectly horrid, and I'm—I'm dreadfully afraid you won't be able to get a berth. Roxbury tried yesterday for a lower for himself."

"And he couldn't get one?"

"No, Mr. Brock. But I'll ask the maids to give up their—"

"Please, please don't worry, and please don't call me Mr. Brock. I hate the name. Good night! Now, don't think about me. I'll be all right. You'll find me as gay as a lark in the morning."

He did not give her a chance for further protest, but darted out of the compartment. As he closed the door he had the disquieting impression that she was sitting upon the edge of her berth, giggling hysterically.

(To Be Continued.)

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

NORFOLK, SS. PROBATE COURT.
TO the heirs-at-law, and all other persons interested in the estate of

MARY L. REDMOND

late of Weymouth in said County, deceased: Whereas, Frank S. Redmond, executor of the will of said deceased, has presented to said court his petition for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the order named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjudged best, the whole of a certain parcel of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dedham, in said County, on the third day of September, A. D. 1913, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Weymouth Gazette, a newspaper published in said Weymouth, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, James H. Flint, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this seventh day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirteen.

JOHN D. COBB, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

NORFOLK, SS. PROBATE COURT.
TO the heirs-at-law, next-of-kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of

MARGARET F. FORD

late of Weymouth in said County, deceased: Whereas, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate by Teresa E. Madigan of Weymouth, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Quincy, in said County of Norfolk, on the tenth day of September, A. D. 1913, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation, once in each week, for three successive weeks in the Weymouth Gazette, a newspaper published in said Weymouth the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, James H. Flint, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of August one thousand nine hundred and thirteen.

JOHN D. COBB, Register.

Her Reward.

Goodfellow (with newspaper) — "Here's an old bachelor in Ohio died and left all his money to the woman who rejected him." Cynic — "And yet they say there is no gratitude in the world."

The Scrap Book

Heard the Call of the Wild.

Senator Earle Chamberlain of Oregon smiled a few nights ago when the topic being talked turned to vacation time. He explained that he was reminded of a recent conversation in a popular cafe.

It was during the lunch hour, the senator said, and four genial business men were sitting at a table. Outside the air was soft and balmy, and everything in nature was a sweet allure-ment to buy a railroad ticket and beat it for the woods.

"It is in my system," remarked one of the party reflectively, glancing through the open window. "There's nothing so appealing as the call of the wild."

"It may strike you that way, old fellow," responded another, with a faint smile, "but right here I beg the privilege of casting a dissenting vote."

"You don't know what you are talking about, Jim," emphatically declared the first. "Did you ever hear the call of the wild?"

"Yes," replied Jim, with something akin to a sigh, "from the head of the stairs the other night, when I didn't get home till 2 o'clock in the morning." —Philadelphia Telegraph.

Tongue Couplets.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak. Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde," The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith, "A lengthy tongue—an early death."

Or sometimes takes this form instead: "Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed," Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab sages thus impart: "The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung, "Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole— "Who keeps the tongue doth keep his soul."

—Spurgeon.

Ripe For an Explosion.

It was children's Sunday, and the father of a growing family proudly led his assorted offsprings up the aisle and to the baptismal font to have a long neglected ceremony performed.

"Aha," said the clergyman, rubbing his hands in delight; "a fine family, sir, and what will be their names?"

The proud father drew in a big breath and began:

"Clarence Wood Burst, Helen May Burst, Frederic Otto Burst, Oscar Will Burst and Mary Kant Burst."

While the clergyman was fanning for air the patter of rain was heard on the church roof.

"I think, sir," he said, "we're going to have a cloudburst." —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Misunderstood Jest.

Lord Lytton when viceroy of India was seated one day at dinner next to a lady whose name was Birch and who, though very good looking, was not overintelligent. Said she to his excellency:

"Are you acquainted with any of the Birches?"

"Oh, yes," replied Lord Lytton. "I knew several of them most intimately while at Eton—indeed, more intimately than I cared to."

"My lord," replied the lady, "you forget the Birches are relatives of mine."

"And they cut me," said the viceroy, "but," and he smiled his wonted smile, "I have never felt more inclined to kiss the rod than I do now."

Sad to say, Mrs. Birch did not see the point and told her husband his excellency had insulted her.

A Rude Awakening.

Somewhere in Connecticut there lives a man named J. Coolidge Hills. Many years ago he was sporting himself with a party of friends in a lively surf down on the Long Island shore. A young woman of the party was overwhelmed by an unexpected breaker and before she could be rescued suffered a near drowning.

"It wasn't so bad after the first fright," she said. "I seemed to lose consciousness entirely, and when I came to again I thought I was in heaven. And then I looked around, and oh, dear! I was dreadfully disappointed. I saw Mr. Hills, and I knew it couldn't be heaven." —New York Post.

Called.

Friends of Johns Hopkins university are striving to raise \$750,000 to match Mr. Rockefeller's offer of \$250,000 and complete \$1,000,000 for the removal of the institution to Homewood, a splendid old estate on the heights overlooking Baltimore. Dr. Ira Remsen, the president, is enthusiastic over the new site, and he went upon it in an address to the students. During his remarks he said impressively:

"I stood on a bluff"—

Some one whistled softly, and a wave of merriment followed.

The doctor was nonplused, but repeated, "I stood on a bluff"—

The laughter rolled into a roar.

Vainly the doctor tried to complete his sentence. Afterward he asked members of the faculty what it meant, but they pitied his ignorance and claimed they did not know. Finally the doctor was told of certain elemental facts of the great American game of poker. The climax came when he overheard students referring to him as "a bluff old sport." But more sup-

First British Mounted Police.

When the departure of the Roman legions from Britain, as Tennyson tells us, left men to do about as they pleased in the absence of any adequate government, the roads were filled with robbery, and everywhere outside of walled towns men generally adopted the robbers' simple plan. "That they should take who have the power and they should keep who can." Therefore, King Arthur gathered men of noble instincts about his round table and made them knights to go forth, not to conquer territory or markets or win spoils, but to redress wrongs, to defend the weak, especially womanhood, in the spirit of the cross. They were "knights without fear and without reproach" who took King Arthur's oath —Christian Herald.

An Anniversary.

A man may be rough looking and yet have a touch of sentiment about him.

A ragged, ill kept looking man appeared at the door of a Providence woman's home, and in a pleading tone asked:

"Have you a piece of cake, lady, to give a poor man who hasn't had a bite for two days?"

"Cake?" echoed the woman in surprise. "Isn't bread good enough for you?"

"Ordinarily, yes, ma'am. But this is my birthday," explained the tramp —Harper's Magazine.

Tar and Feathers.

Tar and feathers are not a peculiarly American punishment. Richard the Lion Hearted first proclaimed this punishment. It was when he was setting out for the third crusade that he gave warning that "a robber who shall be convicted of theft shall have his head cropped after the fashion of a champion, and boiling pitch shall be poured thereon, and the feathers of a cushion shall be taken out on him, so that he shall be known."

Something to Remember.

"Now is the time to pitch in and achieve—now, now!" said Norman Hapgood, in a political address in New York.

"Remember, my friends," said Mr. Hapgood, "the present is the future from which you hoped so much."

Also a Musical Sharp.

Host (to caller)—What my daughter played just now on the piano was the overture from "Mignon." Caller—You don't say so! Who would have thought it!—Fleegende Blatter.

Logical Conclusion.

Lord Notisnot (moodily)—I dreamed last night, James, that I had plenty of money. The Valet (anxiously)—Ah! 'oo was the 'appy Hammerican girl, me lud? Puck.

Nothing of worth or weight can be achieved with a half mind, with a faint heart and with a lame endeavor —Barrow.

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Wm. GALLAGHER,

Head Master.

Only Perfect Baby.

The idea of picking out the perfect baby by means of a tape measure is all tommyrot. Might as well try to locate virtue by using a divining rod. Every baby is perfect. Its mother will tell you so.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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Mary Ellen's Boycott

And How It Worked Against
Her Father

By JANE VAN NAME

Mary Ellen Flynn was going to have a new dress—her father had promised. To be sure, he had promised three times before, but this time he had seemed more interested somehow, and, besides, he had agreed to stay with the children while she went to buy it.

In all her sixteen years there never had been anything that Mary Ellen wanted half so much. Anticipation had thrilled her deliciously all day, and her imagination had revealed in a bewildering assortment of fluffy light blues and frilly pinks. She had finally decided upon light blue. She sat on the doorstep and planned how she would make it while she waited for her father.

The last rays of the sun touched with fairy fingers the blossoms of the scraggy little quince tree that struggled for existence in the corner of the yard, and Mary Ellen changed her mind once again as to the color of the dress. It should be pink—that soft, lovely shade in the quince blossoms. She broke off one of the flowers, brushed two great drops of nectar from its petals and gazed longingly at the tall chimney of the rolling mill a short distance away.

Mary Ellen's father worked in the mill and made good pay, but he had two cronies who were always waiting for him on pay days in the doorway of Kelley's saloon. It was never a difficult matter to persuade Flynn to try his luck at cards, even though he invariably lost. His friends kept him generously supplied with his favorite brew while they coaxed the contents of his pockets into their own. In the same proportion to his losses Flynn acquired trustfulness, and his family bore the brunt of a chronic grouch.

Mary Ellen's mother was dead, and for two years the girl had been mother to the little brood of three—the twins, Fimble and Annie, and Toby, a baby of two. She washed, scrubbed, cooked and mended, working as hard and as faithfully as a woman of forty. It was a dreary, monotonous life for a girl of sixteen, and Mary Ellen hated it all—the dark, smoky kitchen and the wash tub—with a strong unwavering hatred. She never went anywhere, for there was no one with whom to leave the children. Her holidays in two years she could count on one hand and have fingers to spare, though if there had been opportunities to go out with the other girls she had nothing to wear. Her wardrobe had dwindled to one dress, decidedly the worse for wear, for it had done service for market and meeting for months.

It seemed sometimes to Mary Ellen that every other girl in the world but herself had good times and pretty clothes. These things, she reasoned and proved by her bosom friend, Kitty Kelly, belonged to youth, and she had a bitter feeling of resentment that waxed strong with constant nursing that she was being deprived of her rights. She thought of the talk she had had with Kitty only that morning and of the chance that was hers if only she could obtain her father's permission. A girl who worked in the store with Kitty was going to leave, and Kitty wanted Mary Ellen to take the place. They paid \$4 a week.

She thought of the pretty clothes she could buy—not like Kitty's, for she didn't like so much lace on her dresses or red shoes or the near willow plume that was the pride of Kitty's heart. Her mouth quirked a bit at the thought that she, a Cinderella with one shabby dress to her back, should dare criticize such gorgeousness as Kitty's.

Mrs. Duffy, who occupied the floor above the Flynn's, on her way to market stopped a minute to gossip.

"Ain't yer father come yet, dearie?" she asked.

"No, but he'll be along soon now."

"I s'pose you'll be a-dazzlin' us to-morrow," observed Mrs. Duffy, for Mary Ellen had told her about the dress.

"Which would you get," the girl asked, a happy little quiver in her voice. "A pink or a blue one?"

"Light blue's best," decided Mrs. Duffy after a careful survey of Mary Ellen's face and figure. "It'd go better with your hair than pink. You've got beautiful hair, child. Make him give you enough for a good one," she said kindly as she went down the steps. "You've earned it."

Mary Ellen went in and looked at the kitchen clock. It was fifteen minutes past her father's usual time. What if he had forgotten and gone to Kelley's! She looked apprehensively in that direction, then resolutely refused to worry about it. She hummed a little tune to reassure herself.

But as she watched he came around the corner, and she knew that he was bringing some of Kelley's wares with him, just enough so that the carrying of them made him ugly, for he wore a scowl as black as a thunder cloud.

"Well, are you workin' hard?" he growled. "Where's my supper?"

Mary Ellen followed him wearily into the kitchen and took the food from the oven. She poured his coffee and placed everything within easy reach. She hung around while he ate, frowning nervously at the stove and the dishes in the sink, not daring to speak of the dress and fearing that he would

not. She decided to lead up to it gradually, but with the wisdom of her sex waited until he had finished his supper. This is fact. Every woman child over ten possesses it.

"Kitty Kelly was here," she began, without preliminary, "and she says there's a chance for me in Neal's—I can go to work next Monday. All the girls round here work," she hurried on, for the scowl that he had come home with had deepened. "I'll pay half if Mrs. Malone will mind the children. I'll get \$4 a week, and I can buy my own clothes," saving her best argument for the last.

"Well, you can't do it," he snapped as he stooped to wipe his mouth on the corner of the tablecloth. "I ain't got no money to pay Mrs. Malone. Your job's here. I ain't goin' to have you gallivantin' around with a silly lot of clerks, neither. They're no good," he declared conclusively.

"You ain't forgot what you promised me this morning, have you?" she suggested indignantly.

He looked blankly at her. "My dress, you know, the money for my new dress."

"So that's what you been hangin' round for," he sneered. "Well, I ain't got any money. I paid it all to the store for vittles. This family's enough to bust a man," he grumbled. "You'll have to wait another week," he added indifferently.

"I won't wait another week, I won't!" she cried, brushing the scolding tears fiercely aside. "I'd be ashamed if I was you to promise a thing four times and then not do it. You don't intend to keep your word over. I got just one ragged dress to my back," she went on, her breath catching in a sob at the pity of it. "But I've earned more."

"Oh, you ain't abused much!" her father observed mildly.

"I ain't but sixteen, and I never go anywhere. I never have any fun. The reason you can't give me the money for a dress is 'cause Kelley gets it all." Her voice rose as her wrath increased with the rehearsal of her wrongs and her father's unconcern. "Tain't vit-



"I hate you," she shrieked at him. "It takes it; it's Kelley. I hate you!" she shrieked at him as she rushed out of the room.

Flynn followed her, his arm raised to strike, but the door slammed, missing him by an inch. He stood undecided for a minute; then he carefully lit his pipe, puffing slowly at it, a queer expression on his face, a mixture of shame and anger. He turned again as if to follow her, but changed his mind, shrugged his shoulders and went out the door and up the street. Kelley-ward.

Mary Ellen came back into the kitchen gulping convulsively. She looked disgustedly at the table littered with remnants of the meal and greasy dishes, and she dropped her head in her hands in a fresh burst of grief at the ruin of her hopes. She luxuriated in her misery until she had to stop finally for lack of breath and tears. Fiercely she snatched the dishes from the table, piling them helter skelter in the sink.

He hadn't even said he was sorry he couldn't give her the money.

Suddenly she had an idea. Like a flash it came, full grown and complete in all its detail.

She jumped up and ran to her father's room, catching up the scissors on the way. First she took his only clean pair of socks and snipped viciously at the neat patches she had put in the heels. His Sunday shirt she ripped up the back to the band. Then she jerked the clothes from the bed and rumpled them in a heap at the foot. She pulled out the bureau drawers and left their contents hanging. In two minutes the room looked as if a tornado had been playing tag in it. She set her teeth and went back to the kitchen in search of a pencil and paper.

For ten minutes she chewed the end of the pencil, with this result:

PATRICK FLYNN—NOTICE:
To mend 1 pair socks..... \$0.15
To mend 1 shirt..... 20
1 bed made seven days..... 50
21 meals cooked at 15c. meal..... 3.15

P. S.—There won't be no more meals cooked for P. Flynn, and the shirt and socks won't be mended until this account is paid. Mary Ellen Flynn is goin' to work in the store with Kitty Kelly Monday.

M. E. FLYNN.

She tacked it on her father's door and went to bed.

The calm of Sunday morning was rudely shattered by muffled curses, punctuated by bangs emanating from Flynn's room. Mary Ellen, tending the sizzling sausage and warming

beans, had little thrilly feelings in her throat. Things were beginning to happen. When she was putting the baby's breakfast on his plate her father's door burst open.

"Say, you, how do you s'pose I'm goin' to stay in this?" he demanded, holding up the shirt divided evenly in half. "You mend it!" and he tossed it into the kitchen, where it landed in the middle of the floor.

Mary Ellen went on with her breakfast.

Five minutes later he stuck his head out of the door. "Well, is it ready? I'm a-waitin'!"

Mary Ellen's heart was going a thousand miles, but she slipped daintily at her coffee and observed: "I guess you didn't read my notice very careful on your door. If your shirt's mended you'll have to do as the note says."

"You quit your kiddin' and mend the shirt. I ain't foolin'. Git busy."

"I ain't foolin' neither. I mean business," announced Mary Ellen, pale, but firm.

Flynn strode across the room clothed in nature's garb from the waist up and grabbed her by the arm and shook her. "Look here, you; cut out the tantrums and mind!"

A knock at the door and the entrance of Mrs. Duffy clipped the argument, and Flynn scuttled to cover, catching up the shirt on the way.

"Well, honey, an' did you get your dress?" she inquired, peering Toby up out of a pan of ashes and placing him on her knee.

"No. He said I'd got to wait another week," with a little catch in her voice. "He said he hadn't any money."

"Why, the old dar!" burst out Mrs. Duffy in a hoarse whisper. "He'd a wad the size of my fist when he paid his bill to Parker's. I seen it."

"He wouldn't let me get my dress anyhow," said Mary Ellen, "but" and her eyes twinkled. "I think I've fixed him. He's mending his shirt now." She showed the notice to Mrs. Duffy, who read it through and looked admiringly at Mary Ellen. "Course," the girl added, "on Sundays he'll eat when the kids do. That part starts tomorrow."

"Ain't you the cute one, though!" exclaimed the older woman. "Are you goin' to stick to what it says?"

"Sure I am. Things can't be any worse than they are now. Mrs. Malone said she'd look after the children if I went to work. I s'pose the next thing he'll be goin' to the neighbors to get his meals. He don't know nothin' about cookin', and he hates it."

"He needn't come to me," declared Mrs. Duffy. "All the neighbors is sorry for you, you poor chicken, an' I don't believe one of 'em 'ud help him any. I know of four I can fix in three minutes so they won't. We'll all get together an' make him treat you square."

The next morning Mary Ellen stopped Kitty on her way to work and asked her to tell them at the store that she'd be in to see about the job that day.

She agreed to report for duty at the notion counter at Neal & Neal's the following Monday at 8 o'clock, and so she informed her father when he came home to his supper that was not. This time she didn't ask him if she could; she told him flatly that she was going to.

He wasn't interested enough to object. He was hungry and looked it. He peered anxiously around the kitchen for six of supper. "Do I get somethin' to eat or not?" he asked.

"If I get \$4 you do," returned Mary Ellen, patting an imitation yarn back into place.

"I tell ye what, kid; ye ain't gainin' nothin' by yer high handed game," he growled.

"I wasn't gainin' nothin' by doin' the slave act neither," promptly retorted Mary Ellen.

He slammed out of the kitchen, and she hurried to the window and peeked. He turned jauntily into the Malones' gate, but in less than two minutes he came out again. His face was red, and his fingers worked. Dennis Malone shouted something at him, but Mary Ellen couldn't hear. Flynn walked along a few steps and hesitated, glancing furtively at the houses along the street. The Carters' door was slammed in his face.

Flynn slowly went back home. He didn't glance at Mary Ellen, who was absorbed in a book, turning the pages after nicely calculated pauses. He slammed the frying pan on the stove. Then he went in the pantry and rummaged around among the dishes and paper bags.

"Where the devil do yer keep yer eggs?" he roared.

A gentle, crunching, squashy sound and a double barreled oath indicated that he had found them. In the meantime the room was filling with stifling, choking smoke from the burning pan. He rushed from the pantry, snatched it from the stove and, gasping short swear words, made for the door, where he flung it with all his strength into the air. He came back nursing three fingers.

Mary Ellen had fled.

Flynn looked at the trail of grease from the stove to the door and at the bag on the pantry floor, from which a thick yellow rivulet oozed sluggishly. He gazed reflectively at Mary Ellen's chair.

"She means it all right," he muttered, "but the whole darn neighborhood's got my number." His hand stole to the pocket where he kept his money, and he counted out four one-dollar bills. He rolled it in a neat little wad, with this meek note: "Here's your money. I got a supper comin' to me."

He tucked it under Mary Ellen's door and went out on the back porch and waited.

Soon a low humming, the rattle of dishes and hungry odors told him that a meal was under way.

CHURCH SERVICES

Enter this heading the pastors of all the churches are cordially invited to make such announcements of services, etc., as they may wish. We only stipulate that such notices to be inserted shall reach us at the latest on Thursday morning of each week—the day before publication.

OLD SOUTH CHURCH (South Weymouth). Rev. H. C. Alvord, pastor. Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School, 11.45. Baraca Young Men's Class, 12.00. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.15. Evening service at 7.00. Thursday evening, 7.30.

TRINITY CHURCH (Weymouth) Rev. William Hyde, rector. Service with sermon at 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday School at 12.00 m.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (South Weymouth). Rev. Albert V. House, Pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6 p. m.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (North Weymouth). Rev. Rufus H. Dix, pastor. Sunday school at 1.15 p. m.; preaching at 2.30 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East Braintree). Rev. Nelson Allen Price, pastor. Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School, 11.45. Junior League, 4.30 p. m. Epworth League, 6.30 p. m. Evening preaching service, 7.15. Prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7.30. A cordial welcome is extended to all these services.

BAPTIST CHURCH (Weymouth) Lord's Day services. Preaching at 10.30 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Bible School 12 p. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday, evening, 7.45 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 5.45 P. M. on Sunday.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (Weymouth and Braintree). Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6.00. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening at 7.30. All are invited to attend these services.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East Weymouth). Rev. George A. Grant, pastor. Morning worship and preaching at 10.30. Sunday School at noon. Epworth League meeting at 6.30 p. m. Evening service at 7.30. Tuesday evenings, 7.45 p. m. prayer meetings. Holy Communion, first Sunday in every month following morning service.

OLD NORTH CHURCH (Weymouth Heights). Rev. Edward Yaeger, pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Evening service at 7.00. Sunday school at 11.45 a. m. Thursday evening at 7.30. A cordial invitation is extended to all of these services.

FLORIM CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (North Weymouth). Rev. Charles Clark, pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday school, 11.45 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. 6.15 p. m. Evening service at 7.00. A cordial welcome is extended to all of these services. Preaching at both morning and evening service.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (East Weymouth). Rev. Walter H. Commons, pastor. Morning worship at 10.30. Sunday school at 11.45. Evening service at 7.00. Tuesday evening service at 7.30.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (Weymouth). Rev. Rufus H. Dix, pastor. Sunday morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. C. U. at 5.30 p. m.

SECOND UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (South Weymouth). Minister; William Wallace Rose. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m.

PORTER M. E. CHURCH (Lovell's Corner) Rev. J. W. Reynolds pastor. Preaching service at 10.30 a. m. Sunday School at 11.45 a. m. Epworth League at 6.00. Social and Praise service at 7 p. m. All are cordially invited.

CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER (South Weymouth). Rev. D. J. Crimmins, rector. Sundays—Masses 8.00 and 10 a. m. Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. Rosary and Benediction at 3.30 p. m. Week days: Mass at 7.30 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART (Weymouth). Rev. J. B. Holland, rector. Sunday—Masses at 7.30, 10.00 a. m. Sunday School at 11.00 a. m. Vespers at 4 p. m. Week days—Mass 7 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION (East Weymouth). Rev. James W. Allison, rector. Rev. Maurice Lynch, assistant. Masses Sunday at 8 and 10.30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Vespers at 7.45 p. m. Masses week days at 7 and 7.30.

ST. JEROME'S CHURCH (North Weymouth). Pastor, Rev. James W. Allison, Assistant, Rev. Maurice Lynch. Mass, Sunday at 9. Sunday School at 8.

ZION'S HILL CHAPEL (East Weymouth) Social service at 2 and 6.30 p. m. Rev. E. W. Smith, Preacher.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Braintree). Preaching at 10.30 A. M. Kindergarten class in charge of Miss Elizabeth B. Pray at 10.30. Second session of this class at 11.45. Regular Sunday school at 11.45. All are welcome.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST (of Quincy, Alpha Hall cor. Hancock st. and Cottage Ave.) Morning service and Sunday School at 10.45. Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., an experience and testimony meeting. Reading room open every day from 3 to 5. All are welcome. Subject, Sunday morning Aug 31, "Christ Jesus."

Golden West Furniture

Dressing.

WHEN YOUR FURNITURE LOOKS DULL and NEEDS BRIGHTENING and CLEANING UP use the

GOLDEN WEST FURNITURE DRESSING (Not a Polish.)

J. H. MURRAY, dealer in Paints, Oils and Hardware, East Weymouth, Agent.

Prepared by OLIVER BURRELL, East Weymouth, Mass. Price 25 Cents. 11-17

WEYMOUTH AND EAST BRAINTREE

Tomorrow the people of Weymouth will be introduced to a new business house which will be opened by Geo. F. Harris at 122 Front street. See ad elsewhere in this issue.

—Last game of the season at the C. M. A. tomorrow Saturday at 3.30. P. M. Commonwealth Shoe Co. vs C. M. A. Admission 15 cents.—Advertisement.

—Daniel H. Clancy, Undertaker, Vine street, Weymouth. Tel. 336 W.—Advertisement.

—Irving Packard has resigned his position at the Walsh paint shop.

—The remains of Mrs. Hannah Nash, who died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Herbert Kimball in Brockton, were brought here Sunday and interred in the family lot in Village cemetery.

—Grand Opening, Bates Opera House, Sept. 1—Labor Day night. Feature Picture Dagmar in three reels. Regular nights after, Wednesday and Saturday. The best lighted and ventilated theatre this side of Boston.

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bryant are spending a few days in New York, from there they go to Gray, Maine, for a two weeks' stay.

—Joseph Sewall is building a house on Federal street.

—A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. John B. Garrity of Franklin street, Wednesday morning.

—Miss Katherine Galvin is visiting her cousin, Miss Nellie Dwyer at Scituate.

—Miss Blanche Taylor, a nurse in the Worcester State hospital, is spending her vacation with her mother.

—Miss Annie Ryan is on a trip to Quebec.

—Miss Gretchen Holmes of Kingston is visiting her cousin, Miss Olga Bailey.

—Edward E. Richards started Monday on a business trip through the West.

Wants, For Sale, To Let, Etc.

Four lines or less under this head. 25 cents each insertion; each extra line 10c. Count 8 words to a line. No ads. accepted in this department unless accompanied by the cash.

APARTMENTS FOR SALE—Delivered in carload lots by the Bay State St. Ry. Co. Apply to Thomas Gannan, Supt., 364 Hancock street, Quincy, Telephone, Quincy 7.

TO LET—To let parties, weddings, christenings, for long or short trips, 6-pass Buick, Tel. Wey. 255-W. Pine Point Auto and Motor Co., Bridge street, North Weymouth. 25-1f

CLOTHING—Men's and young men's. Hand-some patterns. Two hundred suits, \$4 to \$12. Bargains not to be found elsewhere. Geo. A. Hunt, 78 Front St., Weymouth. 11f

TO LET—A few mortgages, with private parties, and on reasonable terms if property is right. Address Box 553, E. Weymouth. 17f

TO LET—Furnished room, with or without board. Apply at No. 11 Tremont street, Weymouth. 23-1f

TO LET—An up-to-date tenement with modern improvements, on Broad street, in East Weymouth. Apply to W. H. Pratt, Broad street, East Weymouth. 11f

TO LET—A four or six room tenement, newly painted and papered, and pleasantly located, corner of Liberty and Middle streets, East Braintree. 24-1f

WANTED—Four girls. Apply at Lorraine Grove Co., Sterling street, Weymouth. 24-25

WANTED—To rent, a house with modern improvements, good location, in Weymouth Landing. Address, with description and rental, FRANK B. TAYLOR, Haver, N. H. 25-1f

WANTED—People to know that it costs only \$1.00 to get a new suit.

Real Estate

Do you want to BUILD or BUY?

I have property for sale in Weymouth and vicinity, of all kinds.

Call and see me and make known your wants

Reasonable terms.

CAREY'S
REAL ESTATE AGENCY
733 Broad Street
East Weymouth.
Telephone

Mrs. G. F. Curtis
LADIES' HAIR DRESSING PARLOR

Electric Massage. Shampooing and Manicuring. Facial and Scalp Treatment. Hair Work a Specialty. Switches made from Combs.

112 WASHINGTON STREET,
WEYMOUTH, MASS. Tel. Weymouth 253-M

—Lawrence and Carleton Gernyn have been visiting Alton Hall at Randolph.

—George Wentworth, Ernest Adams, Charles Mallen and Lee Lawrence of the East Braintree Y. M. C. A. are spending the week at Manomet beach. They made the trip on their bicycles.

—Mr. and Mrs. William S. Wallace have been spending a few days with his brother, Col. Cranmore N. Wallace at Beverly.

—Mr. and Mrs. William Powers of Lynn have been spending a few days with her parents in Beverly.

—Theodore Smith of Everett is visiting his cousin, George Delorey.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunt of Ashmont have been visiting his mother, Mrs. Charles P. Hunt.

—Mrs. Frederick Sherrick has been spending a week at Onset.

—Mrs. Andrew Kehoe is on a visit to relatives at Newport, R. I.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Hollis and children leave next week for a two weeks vacation at Claremont and Cornish, N. H.

—Mrs. Augustus J. Richards, who has been seriously ill at her summer home at Scituate beach is reported as much improved and will be able to return to town the last of the week.

—Charles Chambers of Boston, a former resident is spending the week in town.

—Mrs. Johnson of Prospect street is spending the week with friends in Providence, R. I.

—Miss Lena McCarthy is spending the week at Nantasket beach.

—The three months old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Leonard (nee Mary O'Connor) died in Jamaica Plain, Saturday.

—Louis St. Peter is to spend Labor Day with his parents at Greenville, N. H.

—Edwin R. Senior is spending the week at Milford, N. H.

—Charles O'Connor, who has been here on a visit to his brother, John W. O'Connor left yesterday for his home in Chicago.

—Robert Edward Nash arrived home Wednesday from Bath, Maine, where he has been spending the summer with Mr. and Mrs. William Blackwood, former residents of this town. Mrs. Blackwood came with him and will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Nash of Broad street.

—Mrs. James Condrick arrived home Wednesday from a six weeks' trip abroad.

—William Bowie has bought the house on Walnut avenue which he has occupied for sometime, of Mrs. Maria Pratt.

—Mrs. Milton Gould was operated on at the Brockton City hospital, early Sunday morning for appendicitis. The operation was successful and Mrs. Gould is rapidly recovering. Mrs. Gould before her marriage was Miss Katie Lyons, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Lyons of this place.

—James Denvinhorne employed as a wheelwright by Thomas South for the past two years, died suddenly on the train while going to his home in Cohasset after his day's work last Friday. Heart disease was the cause. He was 58 years old and leaves two sons. The funeral took place Sunday afternoon and was attended by a number from this town.

—When the whistle blows at 12.40 p. m. tomorrow at the works of the International Braid Company in East Braintree it will be for the last time. The machinery will be dismantled and moved to Montreal, Canada, where the company is to establish a plant and which throws a hundred or more people out of employment many of whom have worked in no other place. One man has been employed at that plant for 37 years. It is rumored that several concerns are negotiating for a lease of the plant.

Paint

Every gallon costs a painter's day's work.

Poor paint, more gallons: good paint, less gallons.

Every extra gallon adds to your job its price and the painter's day's work: not far from \$5 a gallon.

There are a dozen good paints and hundreds of poor ones. Devoe is one of the dozen. The chances are: there isn't another in this town.

DEVOE
Sells It.

Everett Loud, E. Weymouth; M. R. Loud & Co., S. Weymouth; A. J. Sidelinger, N. Weymouth.

If Lister Had Been Commercial.
If Lister had sold his discovery of the antiseptic dressing of wounds, would his name stand where it does among the immortals?—Toronto Globe.

Scholars as Chefs and Waiters.
Boys just out of school are trained by the London county council to become chefs and waiters. Not long ago a luncheon to one hundred visitors was cooked and served by the boys who are being so trained.

Government is a Necessity.
"Government is a necessity, and not a luxury, and no government has the right to take from the taxpayer one cent more than is absolutely necessary to conduct the business of government effectively and economically."—Thomas R. Marshall.

To Make Vegetarians of Kin.
In Leghorn, Italy, a wealthy Hebrew of the name of Modigliani has bequeathed a large estate to be used to provide a vegetarian diet for his children, with the object of accustoming them to abstain from meat.

EAST WEYMOUTH AND WEYMOUTH CENTER.

—Last game of the season at the C. M. A. tomorrow Saturday at 3.30. P. M. Commonwealth Shoe Co. vs C. M. A. Admission 15 cents.—Advertisement.

—Miss Loretta Looney, bookkeeper at J. F. & W. H. Cushing Co's. office has resumed her duties after a two weeks' vacation.

—Sturgis Robinson of Middle street, who has been teaching in a summer school in Long Island, is spending a few days at his home.

—Miss Katherine Conaty celebrated her 20th birthday at her home on Middle street last Saturday evening by entertaining twenty of her friends from this and surrounding towns. Games, music and refreshments made the evening an enjoyable one for all.

—Grand Opening, Bates Opera House, Sept. 1—Labor Day night. Feature Picture Dagmar in three reels. Regular nights after, Wednesday and Saturday. The best lighted and ventilated theatre this side of Boston.

—The Loyal Order of Moose in this place took in ten new candidates at its last meeting on August 19, in Temple of Honor hall in Commercial square. The charter of the new lodge will be closed at the next meeting on Tuesday evening, September 2, when a large number of candidates will probably be taken in. \$10 in gold will be presented to the member who brings in the most new members at the next meeting.

—After a six weeks' visit with her sister, Mrs. Robert B. Raymond of Fairmount avenue, Miss Ruth Skinner has returned to her home in South Manchester, Connecticut.

—Rev. Dr. George A. Grant of the M. E. church is enjoying his months' vacation at Provincetown.

—Rev. Father Colbert of Wakefield, who passed away last Saturday, was for ten years past, directly associated with Rev. Father O'Connor of Linden place in church work.

—Miss Olive Studley of Fairmount avenue delightfully entertained twenty five of her friends last Friday evening.

Games of various sorts, music and dancing were enjoyed by the gathering and Mr. and Mrs. Studley assisted by Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Dizer served a delicious luncheon during the evening.

—Many repairs and improvements are being made at the Clapp Memorial building, in preparation for the coming winter's season indoors. A new large arc light is being tested in the gymnasium, in place of many smaller lights, new metal ceilings are being put up in the locker rooms, combination locks are being installed on all the lockers and the pool tables are being recovered and repaired.

—Daniel Looney, the letter carrier, is back at work, after fifteen days' vacation, the last week of which, he spent in Philadelphia as the guest of Dan Howley, the catcher of the Philadelphia National league team.

—The picnic of the M. E. Church Sunday School has been canceled for this year, on account of the inability of the weatherman to pass out a suitable day, when arrangements can be made. The picnic was originally scheduled for Saturday August 2 at Ridge Hill Grove, but showers in the early morning caused the postponement until last Saturday. Showers all the morning last Saturday caused the committee in charge to cancel the event for good this year.

—Miss Margaret Looney and Miss Blanche Litchfield are home from a two weeks' vacation trip to York Beach, Maine.

—The religious services at the Town Home last Sunday were conducted by the Watchful Circle of King's Daughters.

—A large crowd attended the band concert by the Stetson Shoe Co. band in Jackson Square last Friday evening.

—Mrs. Peter Kramer and daughter, Clara, formerly of this town but now of Tuckahoe, N. Y., were in town the early part of the week calling on old friends and neighbors. Among the many attentions shown them was a reception given Tuesday evening by Mrs. Elvin Raymond to meet the King's Daughters, of which Mrs. Kramer was formerly a member. Much sociability and dainty refreshments made the evening one of great enjoyment to all.

—Miss Edith Pratt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Pratt of Braintree has been the guest for the past two weeks of her grandmother, Mrs. Augustus Tirrell of Middle street.

—Miss Ruth Porter, who has been visiting relatives on Essex street has gone to Andover for a short stay, previous to returning to her home in South Manchester, Conn.

—William Nolan, the letter carrier is enjoying his annual 15 days' vacation.

—The North Abington Y. M. C. A. have notified Archie Jeannette of this place of his appointment as wrestling instructor in that association for the coming winter.

—Basketball has sprung up again. The C. M. A. five of the South Shore league last winter will play the Holbrook A. A. at Holbrook next Monday morning at 9 o'clock. Several Clapp Memorial men will be entered in other athletic events to be held at Holbrook that day.

—Mrs. Frank Pratt of Cleveland, Ohio, formerly Miss Ruth Holbrook, soprano soloist in this place and Mrs. Humphrey Roberts of Waterman, Ill., formerly Miss Cynthia Holbrook, were the guests of

Mr. and Mrs. C. Will Bailey over Sunday.

—Reynolds W. R. C. 102 tendered Miss Evelyn Sherman a linen shower last Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. A. L. Flint on Commercial street, in honor of Miss Sherman's approaching marriage. A musical program was given and a delicious luncheon served. The ladies of the Relief Corps presented Miss Sherman with many beautiful and costly gifts of linen.

—J. E. Fabyan, physical director at the C. M. A. has been appointed by the Weymouth Fair committee to have charge of the wrestling at the annual fair next month. Mr. Fabyan announces that he is attempting to sign up Joe Ireadi of Boston with Archie Jeannette, the local mat artist for a finish professional bout. If these two men come together, the bout should be a fine one as both men are experts in the grappling game.

—Miss Georgia L. Cushing was the week end guest of Mrs. Jay Gates of St. Martins, Pa., at her summer home in Weymouth, Mass.

—Mrs. Joseph A. Cushing will entertain at her Oak Bluffs home over Labor Day, Mrs. Clara Mitchell and Miss Josie Cummings of this town, and Miss Cushing will have as her guest Miss Anna Hartwell of Allston, Mass.

—The Inasmuch Circle of King's Daughters were the guests of Mrs. Elvin Raymond on Tuesday evening. Special guests of the circle were Mrs. Peter Kramer and daughter, Miss Clara, of Tuckahoe, N. Y.

—Mrs. Lawrence Drew has been visiting friends in Hingham the past week.

—Mrs. Charles B. Cushing is at Vineyard Haven for a two weeks' stay.

—Mr. and Mrs. Edward Farrar of Leominster are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Tirrell of Cedar street.

—Mrs. Fred Lord of Quincy has been the guest the past week of her sister, Mrs. George Whitcomb of Cedar street.

—Richard Drew and Miss Priscilla Drew of Braintree are visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George Drew.

—At the Whale Island Club at North Weymouth on Wednesday, Mrs. W. C. Earle of High street entertained Mrs. Peter Kramer and Miss Clara Kramer of New York and Mrs. William Reamy and Mrs. Elvin Raymond of this place.

—Mrs. Grace L. Tirrell and daughter, Miss Esther, are visiting her sister, Mrs. Lovesta Page at New Haven, Conn.

—Invitations are out for the winter dancing classes conducted by Mrs. Louise Merritt Polly of South Weymouth.

Love Eternal.
They that love beyond the world cannot be separated by it.—William Penn.

GET YOUR NEXT HAIR CUT AND SHAVE IN OUR Up-to-Date Shop!

We know you will be satisfied.

Don't forget our special LADIES' Department Mondays, from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. Shampoo, Facial Massage, etc., etc., at right prices.

Amos Cantara
THE CENTRAL SQUARE BARBER
Central Square East Weymouth

Labor Day.

Next Monday is a holiday,
To labor 'tis devoted;
And in connection with that day
Just here we would be quoted.

All of our men will have a rest,
There will be nothing doing;
But all the pleasures of the day
They will be found pursuing.

To all the readers of these lines
Wherever you're abiding;
Anticipate your wants, my friends
And wisely be providing.

Put in an extra loaf of bread,
Some Hermits or some Jumbles;
Or anything in Whitcomb's line
That will prevent the grumbles.

WHITCOMB'S

A NEW CASH STORE

On the premises recently occupied by
Mr. Whitehouse

A FULL LINE OF

MEATS, VEGETABLES

AND

GROCERIES

OPENING

SATURDAY, AUGUST '30

I shall be pleased to see former patrons, old acquaintances, and the public generally

Geo. E. Harris

122 Front St., Corner Broad St.

WEYMOUTH LANDING

A Man Cannot Get a Wrong Thing Store Where They are All Right.

Any man who has so far hesitated about buying his Summer needs, and who has the smallest care for a cool, neat comfortable appearance, should come here and see how much value he can get for his money.

Nowadays most men of sense prefer to be sure of things of full value than to be doubtful about merchandise on which somebody decides to say that there is a "saving" of "a fourth," "a third" or "a half."

Also they prefer to deal with a store where they are always sure of getting 100 per cent value for their money, as against the store where there is one chance of getting something for almost nothing, and ninety-nine chances of getting taken in.

For these men of sense we are ready to-day with the good things for men to wear, and they are rightly priced—not too low priced to disgust any man.

STRAW HATS, SHIRTS, TIES, SHOES, TROUSERS,
COOL UNDERWEAR, SOFT COLLARS, HOSE, ETC.

GEORGE W. JONES
1 Granite St. "Just around the Corner" Quincy

COAL
FOR RANGE OR FURNACE
Free Burning White Ash and genuine Lehigh, Franklin or Shamokin
WOOD
SAWED and SPLIT
HAY, GRAIN AND FLOUR
AUGUSTUS J. RICHARDS & SON
Weymouth and Quincy. Tel. Con.

When You Paint USE

Devoe House Paints!

AND HAVE THE JOB RIGHT.

Get Your Paint and Supplies at

M. R. LOUD & CO.
Columbian Square South Weymouth, Mass.